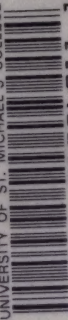


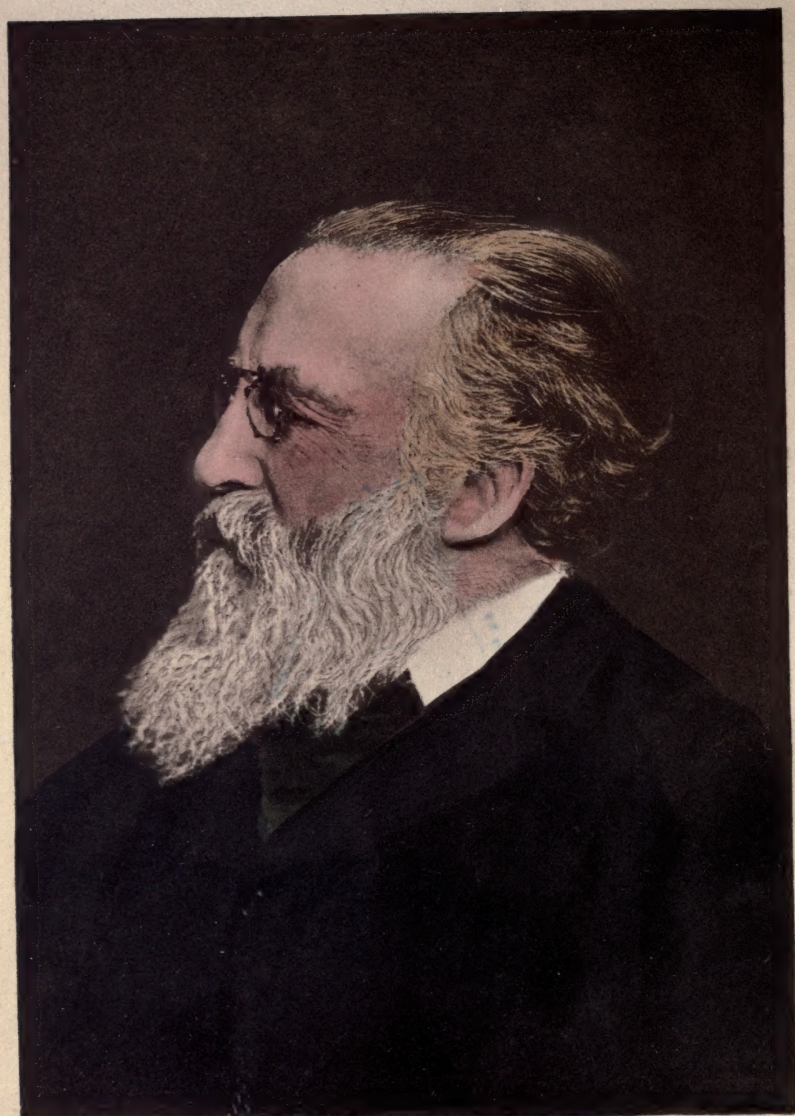
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VOLUMES I AND II

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Editor-in-Chief of Irish Literature
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EDITOR IN CHIEF

MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

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‘IRISH LITERATURE.’

‘IRISH LITERATURE’ is intended to give to the reading world a comprehensive if only a rapid glance at the whole development of literary art in prose and poetry from the opening of Ireland’s history. I may say at once that when I use the words “opening of Ireland’s history” I do not intend to convey the idea that the survey is limited to that period of Ireland’s story which is recognized as coming within the domain of what we call authenticated historical narrative. The real history of most countries, probably of all countries, could be but little understood or appreciated, could indeed hardly be proved to have its claim to authenticity, if we did not take into account the teachings of myth and of legend. This is especially to be borne in mind when we are dealing with the story of Ireland. Only by giving full attention to the legends and the poems, the memory of which has been preserved for us from days long before the period when the idea of authentic history had come into men’s minds, can we understand the character and the temperament of the Irish race.

The Gaelic populations have ever been deeply absorbed in legendary fancies and mythical creations, and only through the study of such prehistoric literature can we understand the true national character of these peoples. The mythical heroes which a race creates for itself, the aspirations which it embodies and illustrates, the sentiments which it immortalizes in story and in ballad, will help us to understand the real character of the race better than it could be expounded to us by any collection of the best authenticated statistics. We could not really know the history of Greece without the Homeric poems, and we cannot understand the history of Ireland without studying the legends and poems which have preserved for our time the aspirations and the ideals of prehistoric Erin. According to the accepted belief of prehistoric days, Ireland was occupied or colonized in the early past first by an invasion, or perhaps it might better be called a settlement, from the Far East, and afterward by an adventurous visitation from the shores of Greece.

One of the names given to the Irish people as it developed from this later settlement carries with it and must ever carry the proclamation of its Greek origin. There is indeed in the early literature of Ireland much that still illustrates that Hellenic character. It may therefore be fairly assumed that the Phenicians first and the Greeks afterward left their impress on the development of the Irish race. Nothing impresses a stranger in Ireland who takes any interest in studying the Irish people more often and more deeply than the manner in which poetic and prehistoric legend finds a home in the Irish mind. The sentiment of nationality is also a pervading characteristic of Irish literature from prehistoric times down to the present day. The idea of Ireland is metaphorically embodied in the conception of a mythical goddess and queen, to whom all succeeding generations of Irishmen give a heartfelt, even when half unconscious, reverence. In his marvelous poem 'Dark Rosaleen,' James Clarence Mangan, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated in Ireland in 1903, has made this conception seem like an embodied reality. To the ordinary matter-of-fact person this feeling of devotion to the national idea may sometimes appear like mere sentimentality. But even the most matter-of-fact person would have to acknowledge, if he looked into the question at all, that this idea, sentimental or not, has lived and never shows signs of decay through all the changes, all the conquests, and all the foreign settlements which have come upon Ireland in the centuries of which we can trace the authentic history.

No conqueror ever made more resolute attempts to suppress and to extirpate this national sentiment than have been made by the Normans, by the Anglo-Saxons, and by the English masters who have held possession of Ireland since the birth of Christianity. There never was a time when the Irish language ceased to be the vernacular of daily life among the Irish peasantry in many parts of the Green Island. As with the Greeks so with the Irish: there was always a vein of bright humor animating the native literature, even when the general tone of that literature was naturally most disposed to melancholy and even to tragedy. When, under the dominion of English-speaking rulers, the Gaelic language ceased altogether to be the

exponent of Irish literature, the same blended strains of humor and of pathos distinguished Irish poetry and Irish fiction from the poetry and the romance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Every effort was made at one time by the English conquerors to stamp out the use of the Gaelic tongue, but no efforts and no power could change the mold of the Irish mind. We know that in some memorable instances captive Ireland, like captive Greece, conquered her conquerors, and that the victor accepted and welcomed the sway of the vanquished. The race of the Geraldines came to be described as more Irish than the Irish themselves, and down to very modern days were identified with Ireland's struggle for the recovery of her national independence. So much of course could not be said for that great English poet Edmund Spenser, who lived so long in Ireland that some of the finest passages in his poems seemed to have caught their inspiration from the scenery and the atmosphere of that noble river on whose banks he mused so much, that "Avondhu which of the Englishmen is called Blackwater."

There came a time, as must naturally have been expected, when Irishmen ambitious of success in literature sought a more favorable field for their work by settling in the English metropolis. Irishmen became successful in English literature, art, politics, and science, and were able to hold their own in any competition. This was not, however, the greatest period of English literature. During the Elizabethan age, the age of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, the great change was taking place in Ireland which doomed the native tongue to temporary silence and the genius of Ireland to a time of eclipse while the English language was still only growing into use in Ireland. When we come to that great era of English letters represented by the Queen Anne period, and from that onward, we can find Irishmen holding their own in the language of the Anglo-Saxon against the best of the Anglo-Saxons themselves. The plays and poems of Goldsmith, the dramas of Sheridan, cannot be said to have had any rivals in the England of their time, and have certainly had no rivals in later days. Sheridan was one of the greatest parliamentary orators who ever delighted the House of Commons. The great Sir

Robert Peel declared that Edmund Burke was the most eloquent of the orators and the most profound of the philosophical politicians of the modern world.

During all this period there was little or nothing of proclaimed nationality in the literature which Irishmen contributed to the history of English letters. The public Irishmen addressed was, first of all, an English public, and it had to be supplied with literature appealing to the taste and to the experiences of English readers. Yet even during that time there was always strong evidence of nationality in the work done by these Irishmen. It is impossible not to see that the fervor of Irish feeling and the vividness of Irish imagination counted for much in the best speeches of Burke and Sheridan, and may be felt in some of the finest passages contained in Burke's 'French Revolution.' Swift never, to my thinking, developed in his own ways of thought and feeling any of the genuine characteristics of Ireland's national temperament. But it is certain that until long after Swift's time Ireland's literary work was still passing through that curious period of development when by the unavoidable conditions of the era it had to address itself in a foreign tongue to a foreign audience. The fact upon which I desire to dwell is that even through this era the national genius and spirit of Ireland showed itself distinct and vital, and never became wholly absorbed into the moods and methods of Anglo-Saxon literature.

As the years went on there began to grow up more and more in Ireland the tendency toward a genuine revival of the Irish national sentiment and toward the restoration of a national literature. In Ireland there arose a race of men who no longer thought of writing merely for the English public, but who were inspired by the conviction that there was still in their native country a welcome to be found for an Irish national literature. There was at that time no deliberate purpose for the restoration of the Irish national language, such as we can see giving ample proof of its existence in our own days; but there was very distinct and palpable evidence that a new generation had already come up which was to have an Irish literature of its own. It can be shown as a matter of fact that the uprising of this new spirit of vitality in Ireland's literary de-

velopment was due, in great measure, to that very scheme of English statesmanship which was introduced and carried into effect for the purpose of extinguishing Ireland's nationality altogether. That scheme was, I need hardly say, the Act of Union which deprived Ireland of her national Parliament with the object of blending the legislatures of Great Britain and the so-called sister island into one common Parliament and one common system of law, and thus extinguishing the national spirit of Ireland.

One of the immediate results of the Act of Union and the suppression of the Irish National Parliament was to bring about a sharp and sudden reaction against the growing tendency to make Irish literature merely a part of the literature of England. From that time, it may be said with literal accuracy, there came into existence the first school of really able Irish authors who, although writing in the English language, made their work distinctively and thoroughly Irish. Such novelists as Banim, Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and others were as inherently Irish as if they had written in the old language of the Gaelic race. I do not mean merely that the scenes and personages they described were Irish, but I desire to emphasize the fact that the feelings, the imagination, the way of looking at subjects, and the very atmosphere of the novels breathed the Irish nature as fully as a harp breathes the national music of Ireland. Take even the novels of Lady Morgan, with all their flippancy, their cheap cynicism, their highly colored pictures of fashionable life in Dublin, their lack of any elevated purpose whatever—even these novels were, in their faults as well as in whatever merits they possess, unquestionably Irish. There are descriptions in some of Lady Morgan's novels which give us the scenery and the peasant life of Ireland with a realism and at the same time a national inspiration which no stranger trying to describe a foreign country could ever have accomplished. Poor Lady Morgan—she had indeed many deficiencies and many positive defects; but after all it may be allowed that she would compare not disadvantageously with some English women who have written novels that are the rage among large masses of novel-readers in the England of our own times. I am not disposed to enter here into any study of Lady Morgan's literary productions. My only object in

writing of her is to show that even she who worked under the worst influences of the system of alien rule in Ireland, and who certainly could not be supposed to have written her novels in order to win the favor of the Irish, could not escape from the influence of the new era, and was compelled to write in the spirit and the style of the national revival.

My own conviction is that the most interesting, the most characteristic, and for my present purpose the most instructive of all Irish novels is 'The Collegians,' by Gerald Griffin. This story is a literary masterpiece, and is well entitled to take its place with some of the best of Sir Walter Scott's immortal romances. Its story, its most striking characters, its scenery are illumined by the very light of genius; its pathos is as deep and true as its humor is rich, racy, and genuine; it contains some original ballads which seem as if they ought to be sung in Irish; and its pictures of the Irish peasantry stand out like the living and breathing embodiments of the people they illustrate. Let me add that I do not know of any other Irish novelist who has the happy faculty of reproducing with perfect accuracy the different dialects of Ireland's four provinces and never making a Connaught man or woman talk quite like a native of Leinster or of Munster. I am afraid too many readers get their ideas concerning 'The Collegians' chiefly from Dion Boucicault's clever and, for stage purposes, most effective adaptation of the novel under the title of 'The Colleen Bawn.' The more exquisite qualities of the novel seem to vanish in the process of theatrical presentation, and the marvelous beauties of Gerald Griffin's prose style, as well as the finer and more subtle touches of character, are not reproduced for the benefit of the spectators in the stalls, boxes, or galleries of the theater.

After the days of Gerald Griffin's finest work came Charles Lever, with his broad, bright, comic humor, his rattling descriptions of the drolleries and the contrasts of Irish life among the landlord and the peasant class alike. I do not desire to say a word of disparagement where books like 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Jack Hinton,' and 'The Dodd Family Abroad' are concerned. They have served their excellent purpose, have given much amusement and likewise some telling instruction, and they are likely to find

readers for a long time yet to come. But there has often come into my mind a distinct pang of mortified national and literary pride at the thought that probably the great majority of English-speaking readers who accept these books as typical Irish novels know nothing whatever of that real masterpiece of Irish romance, 'The Collegians,' unless what they learn from the successful drama of Dion Boucicault. However that may be, what I have especially desired to explain in these latter pages is that the literature of Ireland broke away at a certain period altogether from its companionship with the literature of England, and asserted itself, consciously or unconsciously, as the genuine product of the Irish soil, claiming, on that account, the especial recognition of the Irish people.

There now arose a new movement in the national progress of Ireland. That movement showed itself in organized shape under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell claimed first of all the legislative repeal of the Act of Union and the restoration of the Irish National Parliament, but he asserted also the right and the duty of Irishmen to maintain their distinct nationality in literature and art as well as in political systems. I do not invite my readers into any consideration of the political effects of O'Connell's movement, but I wish to call their attention to the fact that it gave impulse and opportunity for the opening of a new chapter in the story of Irish national literature. The Young Ireland Party rose into existence to protest against what it believed to be the too passive and too dilatory policy of O'Connell, and to arouse the country into a more earnest, vigorous, and concentrated expression of nationality. Then came that brilliant chapter in Irish literature illustrated by such poets as Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Richard Dalton Williams (who was known as "Shamrock"); such prose writers as Charles Gavan Duffy, John Mitchel, Devin Reilly; and such orators as Thomas Francis Meagher and Richard O'Gorman. Most of those men had to pay for their conduct of the National movement the penalty which was habitual in earlier days, and were either sentenced by English law to expatriation or else compelled to seek in a foreign country that career which was made impossible for them in their own. Charles Gavan Duffy found a home and

success in Australia; Thomas Francis Meagher fought for the cause of the North in the American civil war and led his Irish Brigade on the heights of Fredericksburg; and Richard O'Gorman made his way to influence and position in New York.

From that time up to the present the national spirit of Ireland has asserted itself steadily in the literature of the country, although some of its most gifted exponents, like John Boyle O'Reilly, had still to seek for success and to find it in the United States. But with the rise of that literary movement which began with the days of "Young Ireland" there passed away altogether the period when Irish poetry and prose were content to regard themselves as the minor auxiliaries of English letters. The Irish men and women who now write histories, essays, romances, or poems are, as a class, proud of their nationality and proclaim it to the world.

The object of this library of 'IRISH LITERATURE' is to give to the readers of all countries what I may describe as an illustrated catalogue of Ireland's literary contributions to mankind's intellectual stores. The readers of these volumes can trace the history of Ireland's mental growth from the dim and distant days of myth and legend down to the opening of the present century. From the poetic legend which tells 'The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin' and that which tells the fate of the children of Lir, down to the poems and romances of our own time, this library may well help the intelligent reader to appreciate the spirit of Irish nationality and to follow the course of Ireland's literary stream from the dim regions of the prehistoric day to the broad and broadening civilization of the present. I desire especially to call the attention of readers to the fact that throughout that long course of Irish literature it has always retained in its brightest creations the same distinct and general character of Irish nationality. I think any one studying these volumes will see that even during the adverse and ungenial times when Irishmen seemed to accept the condition of disparagement under which they wrote, and to be quite willing to accept a place as contributors to England's literature, the characteristics of the Irish nature still found clear, although, it may be, quite unconscious, expression in their romances, dramas, and poems.

The same story has to be told of Scotland and even of Wales; but neither Scotland nor Wales was ever subjected to the same long and constant pressure for the extinction of its nationality which strove for centuries against the utterance of Ireland's genuine voice. Scotland was always able to hold her own against the domination of England, just as when she consented to merge her Parliament into that of Britain she was able to maintain her own system of laws, her own creed, and her own national institutions. No such pertinacity of effort on the part of the ruling power was ever made to suppress the language of Wales as that which was employed, even up to comparatively modern times, for the suppression of the language of Ireland. Yet the reader of these volumes will easily be able to see for himself that the true spirit of the Irish Celt found its full expression with equal clearness, whether it breathed through the hereditary language of the Irish people or through the Anglo-Saxon tongue which that people was compelled to adopt. The literature of Ireland remains from the first to the last distinctively Irish.

The study of this historical and ethnological truth may well give to the reader a new and peculiar interest while he is reading these volumes. But I must not be supposed to suggest that this constitutes the chief interest in the works of Irishmen and Irishwomen which are brought together in this collection. The fact to which I have invited attention is one of great literary and historical value, but the array of literary work we present to the world in this library offers its best claim to the world's attention by its own inherent artistic worth. We are presenting to our readers in these volumes a collection of prose and poetry that cannot but be regarded as in itself a cabinet of literary treasures. The world has no finer specimens of prose and poetry, of romance and drama, than some of the best of those which the genius of Ireland can claim as its own. When we come somewhat below the level of that highest order, it will still be found that Ireland can show an average of successful and popular literature equal to that of any other country. The great wonder-flowers of literature are rare indeed in all countries, and Ireland has had some wonder-flowers which might well charm the most highly cultivated readers. When we come to the literary

gardens not claiming to exhibit those marvelous products, we shall find that the flower-beds of Ireland's literature may fearlessly invite comparison with the average growth of any other literature. I have spoken of the great movement which is lately coming into such activity and winning already so much practical success in Ireland for the revival of the Gaelic language and its literature.

Every sincere lover of literature must surely hope that this movement is destined to complete success, and that the Irishmen of the coming years may grow up with the knowledge of that language in which their ancestors once spoke, wrote, and sang, as well as of that Anglo-Saxon tongue which already bids fair to become the leading language of civilization. But in the meanwhile it is beyond question that Ireland has created a brilliant and undying literature of her own in the English language and there can be no more conclusive evidence of this than will be found in the library of 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Austin McCottry.




FOREWORD.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDAL, an Irishman, was the first to show the world "the scientific use of the imagination." He shared with Professor Huxley the honor of being the most luminous exponent of abstract scientific propositions that the world has ever seen. Fanciful and vivid imagination, both mystic and scientific, is the characteristic and dominant element in Irish literature.

Even literary experts are hardly aware how many of the bright particular stars which stud the firmament of English literature are Irishmen. Ireland has produced men of mark and distinction in all departments of public life: some of the greatest administrators, some of the greatest soldiers, and last but not least, some of the greatest authors, poets, dramatists, and orators that have used the English language as a medium. Furthermore, Ireland is at last figuring before the world as "a nation once again," as the poet Davis so fervently sang, "a nation of men," and her national spirit is everywhere recognized. In the last twenty years also they have been, since the days when Ireland was the "island of saints and scholars," the land of intellectual light and leading in Europe; and it was, in quote Dr. Johnson, "the School of the West, the seat of habitation of sanctity and literature."

Justly tinged, in a letter addressed to the writer, while this book was going through the press, speaking of the good progress that is being made in Ireland toward the building up of the character of the country, says: "Its dignity has suffered from persistent caricature, and too often by the hands of its own children. I am not a politician, but I often say, if we are not working for Home Rule, we are preparing for it. Ireland is looked upon with far more respect by thinkers than it was ten years ago, and I feel sure that your Anthology will do good work in this direction."

The world has never yet fully recognized the fact that Ireland has produced a literature of her own, stood in the rank with that of any other nation, and this literature is far too important a contribution to the sum of human knowledge and delight to be obscured under a for-



ON THE OLD SOD

*From the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts,
New York*

"The Irish Farmer in Contemplation," by William McGrath.

This famous picture of a familiar Irish scene, painted by an Irishman, is a conspicuous and favorite object in our national collection.

FOREWORD.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, an Irishman, was the first to show the world "the scientific use of the imagination." He shared with Professor Huxley the honor of being the most luminous exponent of abstruse scientific propositions that the world has ever seen. Powerful and vivid imagination, both mystic and scientific, is the characteristic and dominant element in Irish literature.

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Lady Gregory, in a letter addressed to the writer, while this work was going through the press, speaking of the good progress that is being made in Ireland toward the building up of the character of the country, says: "Its dignity has suffered from persistent caricature, and too often by the hands of its own children. I am not a politician, but I often say, if we are not working for Home Rule, we are preparing for it. Ireland is looked upon with far more respect by thinkers than it was ten years ago, and I feel sure that your Anthology will do good work in this direction."

The world has never yet fully recognized the fact that Ireland has produced a literature of her own, fitted to take rank with that of any other nation, and this literature is far too important a contribution to the sum of human knowledge and delight to be obscured under a for-

eign name. Because it has been so obscured is one reason why Ireland has not been looked upon by thinkers with the respect which she deserves; but this condition of things will, it is hoped, be forever removed by the publication of this work.

Before Irishmen were forced to express themselves in English they had a literature of which the wealth and the wonder have been revealed in these later years by Dr. Whitley Stokes, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Eugene O'Curry, John O'Donovan, Miss Eleanor Hull, Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, M. de Jubainville, and Professors Zimmer and Wundlich, and others too numerous to mention. The rich field of ancient Celtic literature has been explored by them, and many of its treasures in translation will be found scattered through Volumes I. to IX. of this library. But more than this. In Ireland's progress toward becoming "a nation once again," her people have sought to make their native language a vehicle of literary expression once more—with what success our tenth volume shows.

After all, however, the great bulk of Irish literature consists of the contributions of Irishmen and Irishwomen to English literature. For the first time they are given their due in this library, and Irish people themselves will be astonished to find how the Irishmen and Irishwomen who have written in the English language, and have never been credited with their work as Irish, but have ever been classified under an alien name, have preserved an individuality, a unity, a distinctive characteristic, a national spirit, and a racial flavor, which entitle their work to a place apart.

The continuity of the Irish genius in its literature for nearly two thousand years is very clearly shown in these volumes. The rich, full, and elaborate vocabulary of the Irishmen who have written and spoken in English for the last two centuries or so had its taproots in the Gaelic of a far-off past. This will at once be seen by reading the adjective-laden 'Description of the Sea,' taken from 'The Battle of Magh Leana,' translated from the ancient Gaelic by Eugene O'Curry—almost Homeric in its form and Titanic in its forceful phrasing,—and comparing it with the best of Irish-English prose and verse, or even with the

literary efforts of any modern Irishmen. The same power of glowing description, the same profusion of cumulative adjectival phrase, the same simple yet bold and powerful imagery, the same rhythmic sense, will be found to underlie them all.

The nationality of Ireland expressed in her literature is the noblest monument she has reared, and to exhibit this monument to the world in all its beauty is one of the objects of this work. The Irish is the most readable literature in the world; it is entertaining, amusing, bright, sunny, poetical, tasteful, and it is written with an ease and a fluency which have been the salt that has seasoned the whole body of English literature.

This library contains in ten volumes representative selections from the works of Irish writers, ancient and modern, in prose and in verse. It gives examples of all that is best, brightest, most attractive, amusing, readable, and interesting in their work; and, while its contents have received the approval of the highest and most fastidious literary critics, it is, first and foremost, a library of entertaining and instructive reading.

Few people can afford to have the works of the three hundred and fifty Irish authors represented in this collection. Few, indeed, could select the one hundred greatest Irish books from a catalogue. The Editors have selected from the works of nearly three hundred and fifty authors, and this library is a guide, philosopher, and friend to conduct the reader through the wide fields of Irish literary lore.

From the vast storehouses of Irish literature they have extracted the choicest of its treasures, and have brought them within the reach of all—the mythology, legends, fables, folk lore, poetry, essays, oratory, history, annals, science, memoirs, anecdotes, fiction, travel, drama, wit and humor, and pathos of the Irish race are all represented. This library, therefore, focuses the whole intellectuality of the Irish people. It not only presents a view of the literary history of Ireland, but it gives also a series of historic pictures of the social development of the people, for literature is the mirror in which the life and movements of historic periods are reflected.

From the story of 'The Hospitality of Cuanna's House,'

translated by Connellan, in which we have a picture of social manners and customs nearly two thousand years ago, down to the stories of the life of the present day, Irish literature is full of pictures, some bright and some dark, of the way in which the people of Ireland have lived and loved and fought and prayed for twenty centuries.

This library will be found an inexhaustible source of inspiration to old and young alike, an influence in forming taste, in molding character, and in perpetuating all the best qualities associated with the name of Irishmen; furthermore, it will be a valued acquisition in every English-speaking home, for the qualities of the Irish are those which have made the chief glories of English literature. It gives every household a share in the treasures with which the genius of the Irish race has enriched mankind.

While this work brings together a representative selection of all that is best in Irish literature (and by "Irish literature" we mean the literature which is written by Irish men and women), it does not appeal to the Irish alone. Among the greatest novelists, dramatists, orators, poets, and scientists of the world, Irishmen are to be found, always vivacious, always lively, always bright, and always attractive; therefore this library presents such a body of representative reading as has never before been put together. It is distinctly national in flavor, quality, and character; it is entertaining at every point; it appeals to humanity on every side; there are no acres of dryasdust in 'IRISH LITERATURE.' Open any one of these volumes where you will, at any page, and there will be found something which, whether it amuses or instructs, will be sure to possess in the most eminent degree the great qualities of vivid imagination and readability.

Of the authors whose names appear in 'IRISH LITERATURE' one hundred and twenty are living to-day, or are of the last twenty-five years. This indicates how fully the new movement is represented. Here will be found the work of Jane Barlow, Stopford Brooke, Shan Bullock, Egerton Castle, John Eglinton, A. P. Graves, Lady Gregory, Stephen Gwynn, Eleanor Hull, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Coulson Kernahan, Seumas MacManus, George Moore, F. F. Moore, R. B. O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Standish O'Grady, T. W. Rolleston, G. W. Russell ("A. E."),

G. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Sigerson, the Misses Somerville and Martin, Dr. Whitley Stokes, John Todhunter, Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, William Butler Yeats, and Sir Horace Plunkett.

To mention these names is sufficient to show that this work properly represents the great modern revival in Irish intellectual life—in its literature and art, and the drama, as well as the great changes in the social, moral, and commercial conditions which have been going on for the past twenty-five years.

One of the most valuable features in 'IRISH LITERATURE' is a series of special articles written by men who are the best qualified to deal with the subject assigned to each of them. These special articles constitute a complete philosophical survey of the whole field and embody the latest knowledge on the subject of the origin, development, and growth of the national literature of Ireland.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's article introductory takes the reader by the hand, as it were, and genially describes to him the flowery paths along which he may wander in the pages of 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Mr. William Butler Yeats, the accomplished orator and poet, who has left such a good impression on the hearts of all Irish-American people, deals with Modern Irish Poetry. No living writer is better qualified to write on such a theme, for his work is the latest and most fragrant flower that has bloomed in the garden of Irish literature.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, the world-famous Irish scholar, poet, and actor, the greatest living authority on the subject, discourses upon 'Early Irish Literature,' while an article by Dr. George Sigerson on 'Ireland's Influence on European Literature' will be a revelation to thousands who have never considered Irish literature to have had a life apart from that of the English nation.

Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, professor of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., contributes a valuable analytical and historical essay on the subject of 'Irish Novels,' and a paper by the late John F. Taylor of the Irish bar, one of the greatest orators of his day and generation, gives an interesting and valuable appreciation of Irish orators and oratory.

Mr. Michael McDonagh, the Irish journalist, who prob-

ably is more familiar with Irish character than any other living writer, has contributed an essay on 'The Sunniness of Irish Life,' and Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the famous author-publisher of Dublin, has written on the inexhaustible subject of Irish wit and humor.

There is also an article giving a glance at Irish history, and another describing the origin, classification, and distribution of the Fairy and Folk tales of Ireland, by the present writer.

The Street Songs and Ballads and anonymous verse of Ireland are a feature of her literature which cannot be overlooked; it is but natural that the land which was the land of song for centuries should have countless unnamed and forgotten songsters. Though the names of the writers are forgotten, the songs have lived on the lips of the people, many of them coming down from considerable antiquity. The songs and ballads of the ancient Irish were full of love for country and for nature, and when it became treason to love their country, the songsters personified her in allegorical names, such as "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Coolin," and numerous others.

We have given, as a preface to a very large and representative selection of the Street Songs and Ballads, a special article which describes the vast area of subjects over which they ranged, their general qualities and characteristics, and also some hint of the manner of men and women who wrote and who sang them.

As a final word on the latest phase of the intellectual revival in Ireland, Mr. Stephen Gwynn contributes a special article on the subject of the Irish Literary Theater.

The tenth volume contains brief biographies of ancient Celtic authors, translations from whose works appear in the previous nine volumes under the names of the translators. It also contains, printed in the Gaelic characters on the left-hand pages, a number of folk tales; *ranns* (Irish sayings or proverbs); several ancient and modern Irish songs of the people; the play by Dr. Douglas Hyde entitled 'The Twisting of the Rope,' in which he has acted the leading character before many Irish audiences; and two or three stories and some historical sketches by modern Irish authors, with the English translations opposite—that is, on the right-hand pages. This volume has been compiled

by the foremost Irish scholars assisted by Dr. Douglas Hyde in consultation with Lady Gregory, and has had the advantage of being seen through the press by the former, as the type-setting and the plate-making were done in Dublin.

Therefore the ten volumes not only present the spirit of the Celtic writers before the dawn of the seventeenth century, but give examples of the very latest literary creations of the Irish people, printed in the Irish tongue.

The work of assembling the contents of this library is not that of one man. It is the outcome of the combined wisdom, taste, literary judgment, and editorial skill of a group of the foremost living Irish scholars and critics, as will be seen by the list of the ladies and gentlemen forming the Editorial Board and Advisory Committee.

First of all, the whole field of Irish literature in the English language from the seventeenth century down to our own day, including the works of the translators from the ancient Irish, was carefully surveyed, and a mass of material was collected sufficient in quantity for two or three such libraries as this. Lists of these authors and of these examples of their work were then prepared and forwarded to each member of the Committee of Selection, who subjected these lists to a most careful and critical process of winnowing and weeding. The results of their independent recensions were then carefully brought together, compared, and combined. A new list of authors and their works based upon this was made, and this was in turn finally examined and passed upon by the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and the eminent critic, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in personal conference.

Only by such effort could a selection have been made which would be thoroughly representative, and in which the people would have confidence that it really represented the best work of the best Irish writers. Popular taste, national feeling and sentiment, and scholarly requirements have been consulted and considered; and the result is a cabinet of literary treasures which gives a full and clear representation of what Ireland has done for the world's literature.

The selection has been made without bias, religious, political, or social, and without fear or favor. It would not, of course, be possible to present examples of all the

Irish orators, memoirists, divines, scholars, poets, and romancists in Irish literature. Some selection had to be made. Literary merit and human interest have been the touchstones employed in choosing the contents of the library; at the same time care has been taken to avoid anything which could wound the feelings or offend the taste of any class or creed.

After much thought and consideration, the alphabetical method of presenting the material was decided on; that is, each author is presented in alphabetical order, ranging from Mrs. Alexander to W. B. Yeats. The examples of the work of each author are prefaced by a biography giving the leading facts of his or her career, a literary appreciation of his or her writings, and a practically complete bibliography. In compiling these biographies the best and most authentic sources were drawn upon, and in many cases literary appreciations have been written by well-known critics.

Among the numerous illustrations in black-and-white and in color are facsimiles of the ancient Irish illuminated manuscripts; some source illustrations, such as ancient prints, and facsimiles of broadsides or street ballads; portraits of the men and women whose work appears in the library, views of places and objects in the country, and of such scenery and incidents as may help to elucidate the articles.

In the transliteration of the Irish words, place names, etc., we have followed the orthography of the author quoted, without attempting to present them in uniform manner all the way through. Authors differ in this matter, and had we attempted to employ a uniform method throughout the work, we should have given an unfamiliar look to many words and phrases which have become classic by reason of long usage.

In the form of footnotes we have given translations of the Irish words and phrases the first time they occur, and all these will be found arranged alphabetically at the end of the Index, the scope of which is fully set forth in the tenth volume. We have not, however, included the familiar Irish words and phrases that are to be found in an ordinary dictionary.

Perhaps the earliest decision in a question of copyright

of which we have any record occurs in the Irish annals. St. Columkille once borrowed from . . . Finnen his copy of the Psalms, and secretly made a copy for his own use before returning it. The owner heard of this and claimed both original and copy. The borrower, however, refused to return the copy which he had made, and they agreed to refer the matter to Dermot, the King of Ireland. He, after hearing both sides, gave his decision thus:—

“To every cow belongeth her little offspring-cow ; so to every book belongeth its little offspring-book ; the book thou hast copied without permission, O Columba, I award Finnan.”

Nothing herein that is copyrighted has been copied without the permission of the owner, and thanks are due to the publishers who have kindly granted permission to use extracts from copyrighted works (which are protected by the official notification on the page where the extract appears) ; to the various members of the Editorial Board and our Advisory Committee, who have co-operated in the work with enthusiastic fervor, placing all their store of knowledge of matters Irish at our disposal ; to Mr. John D. Crimmins of New York ; to Mr. Francis O'Neill of Chicago ; to Messrs. Ford of *The Irish World* ; to Mr. Charles Johnston, President of the Irish Literary Society of New York ; to Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke of *The New York Herald* ; to Mr. T. E. Lonergan of *The York World* ; to Professor J. Brander Matthews of Columbia University ; to Professor W. P. Trent of Columbia University ; to Professor F. N. Robinson of Harvard ; to Mr. H. S. Pancoast ; to Mr. H. Krans ; to Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue of Dublin, to Mr. George Russell (“A. E.”) ; to Mr. W. P. Ryan of London—for much helpful advice and suggestion, and to Mr. S. J. Richardson of *The Gael*, who has placed at our disposal the treasures of his ‘*Encyclopedia Hibernica*’ and materials for illustration, and has allowed free use of the material in the columns of his magazine.

Chas. Welsh

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IRISH LITERATURE.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

(1818—1895.)

MRS. ALEXANDER was born in Dublin in 1818 and died in 1895. She was the daughter of Major John Humphreys. She came early under the religious influence of Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, and subsequently of John Keble, who edited her 'Hymns for Little Children.'

In 1850 she married William Alexander, the protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who after her death collected and edited her poetical works.

As a writer of hymns and religious verse she has enjoyed a wide reputation, and she has written some vigorous poetry on secular subjects. Her poem on 'The Siege of Derry' is a fine example of her mastery of language and of rhythm.

Gounod remarked that the words 'There is a green hill far away' were so harmonious and rhythmic that they seemed to set themselves to music. When her 'Burial of Moses' appeared, anonymously, in 1856, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, Tennyson declared it to be one of the few poems by a living author that he would care to have written. Her poems have been published with an introduction by her husband under the title 'Poems of the late Mrs. Alexander.'

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale, in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man
there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling, or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly, as the Daylight comes back when Night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great
sun

Noiselessly, as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown, the great procession
swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie, looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man
knoweth not!

But when the Warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the
minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land we lay the Sage to rest,
And give the Bard an honored place, with costly marble
drest,—
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, along the
emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior that ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he wrote down for
men.

And had he not high honor,—the hill-side for a pall?
To lie in state, while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall?
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to
wave!
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the
grave!

In that strange grave without a name,—whence his uncoffined
clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought! before the judgment
day,
And stand, with glory wrapt around, on the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life, with the incarnate
Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep of him he loved so well.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

O my daughter! lead me forth to the bastion on the north,
Let me see the water running from the green hills of Tyrone,
Where the woods of Mountjoy quiver above the changeful river,
And the silver trout lie hidden in the pools that I have known.

There I wooed your mother, dear! in the days that are so near
To the old man who lies dying in this sore-beleaguered
place:

For time's long years may sever, but love that liveth ever
Calls back the early rapture—lights again the angel face.

Ah, well! she lieth still on our wall-engirdled hill,

Our own Cathedral holds her till God shall call His dead;
And the Psalter's swell and wailing, and the cannon's loud
assailing

And the preacher's voice and blessing, pass unheeded o'er
her head.

'T was the Lord who gave the word when His people drew the
sword

For the freedom of the present, for the future that awaits.
O child! thou must remember that bleak day in December
When the 'Prentice-Boys of Derry rose up and shut the gates.

There was tumult in the street, and a rush of many feet—

There was discord in the Council, and Lundy turned to fly,
For the man had no assurance of Ulstermen's endurance,

Nor the strength of him who trusteth in the arm of God Most
High.

These limbs, that now are weak, were strong then, and thy
cheek

Held roses that were red as any rose in June—

That now are wan, my daughter! as the light on the Foyle
water

When all the sea and all the land are white beneath the
moon.

Then the foemen gathered fast—we could see them marching
past—

The Irish from his barren hills, the Frenchman from his
wars,

With their banners bravely beaming, and to our eyes their
seeming

Was fearful as a locust band, and countless as the stars.

And they bound us with a cord from the harbor to the ford,

And they raked us with their cannon, and sallying was hot;
But our trust was still unshaken, though Culmore fort was
taken,

And they wrote our men a letter, and they sent it in a shot.

They were soft words that they spoke, how we need not fear
their yoke,
And they pleaded by our homesteads, and by our children
small,
And our women fair and tender; but we answered: "No
surrender!"
And we called on God Almighty, and we went to man the
wall.

There was wrath in the French camp; we could hear their
captain's stamp,
And Rosen, with his hand on his crossed hilt, swore
That little town of Derry, not a league from Culmore ferry,
Should lie a heap of ashes on the Foyle's green shore.

Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral Church
Above the tide-vest river looks eastward from the bay—
Dear namesake of Saint Columb, and each morning, sweet
and solemn,
The bells, through all the tumult, have called us in to pray.

Our leader speaks the prayer—the captains all are there—
His deep voice never falters, though his look be sad and
grave
On the women's pallid faces, and the soldiers in their places,
And the stones above our brothers that lie buried in the nave.

They are closing round us still by the river; on the hill
You can see the white pavilions round the standard of their
chief;
But the Lord is up in heaven, though the chances are uneven,
Though the boom is in the river whence we looked for our
relief.

And the faint hope dies away at the close of each long day,
As we see the eyes grow lusterless, the pulses beating low;
As we see our children languish. Was ever martyr's anguish,
At the stake or in the dungeon, like this anguish that we
know?

With the foemen's closing line, while the English make no sign,
And the daily less'ning ration, and the fall of stagg'ring
feet,

And the wailing low and fearful, and the women, stern and
tearful,
Speaking bravely to their husbands and their lovers in the
street.

There was trouble in the air when we met this day for prayer,
And the joyous July morning was heavy in our eyes;
Our arms were by the altar as we sang aloud the Psalter,
And listened in the pauses for the enemy's surprise.

"Praise the Lord God in the height, for the glory of His
might!"

It ran along the arches and it went out to the town:
"In His strength He hath arisen, He hath loosed the souls in
prison,
The wronged one He hath righted, and raised the fallen-down."

And the preacher's voice was bold as he rose up then and told
Of the triumph of the righteous, of the patience of the saints,
And the hope of God's assistance, and the greatness of resist-
ance,
Of the trust that never wearies and the heart that never
faints.

Where the river joins the brine, canst thou see the ships in
line?

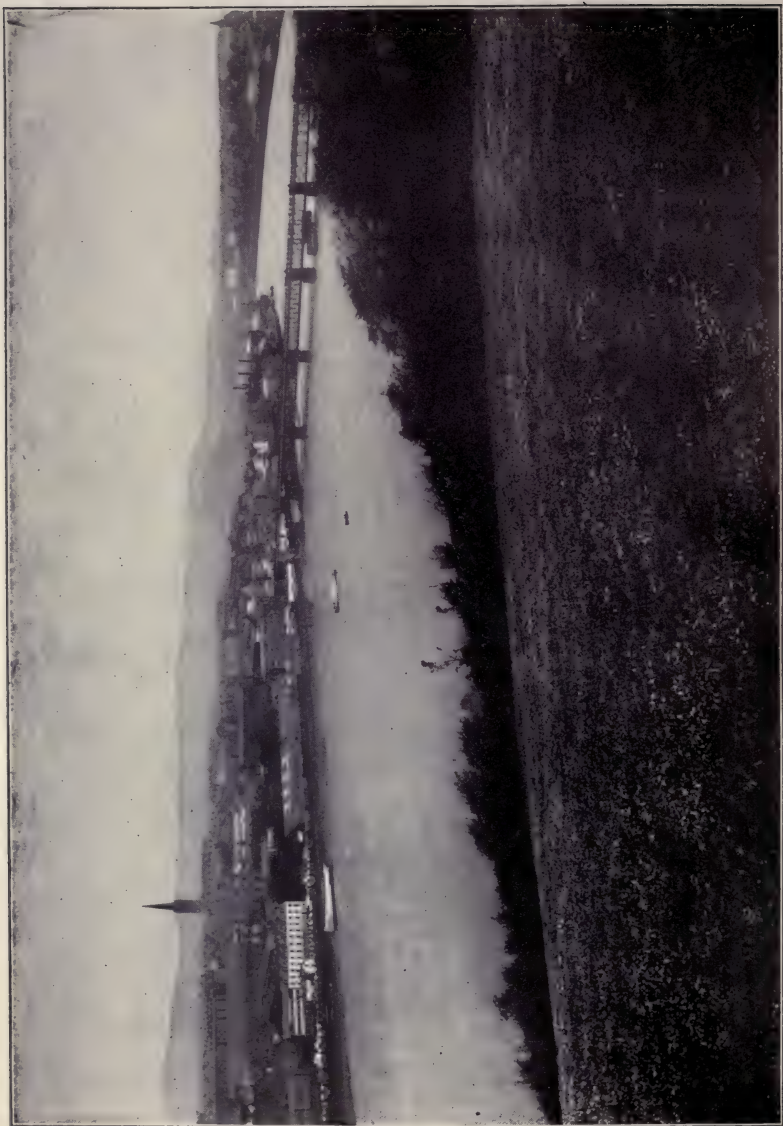
And the plenty of our craving just beyond the cruel boom?
Through the dark mist of the firing canst thou see the masts
aspiring,
Dost thou think of one who loves thee on that ship amidst the
gloom?

She was weary, she was wan, but she climbed the rampart on,
And she looked along the water where the good ships lay
afar:

"Oh! I see on either border their cannon ranged in order
And the boom across the river, and the waiting men-of-war.

"There's death in every hand that holds a lighted brand,
But the gallant little Mountjoy comes bravely to the front.
Now, God of Battles, hear us! Let that good ship draw near
us.

Ah! the brands are at the touch-holes—will she bear the
cannon's brunt?



LONDONDERRY
From a photograph

"She makes a forward dash. Hark! hark! the thunder-crash!
O father, they have caught her—she is lying on the shore.
Another crash like thunder—will it tear her ribs asunder?

No, no! the shot has freed her—she is floating on once more.

"She pushes her white sail through the bullets' leaden hail—
Now blessings on her captain and on her seamen bold!—

Crash! crash! the boom is broken; I can see my true love's
token—

A lily in his bonnet, a lily all of gold.

"She sails up to the town, like a queen in a white gown;
Red golden are her lilies, true gold are all her men.

Now the Phœnix follows after—I can hear the women's
laughter,

And the shouting of the soldiers, till the echoes ring again."

.

She has glided from the wall, on her lover's breast to fall,

As the white bird of the ocean drops down into the wave;

And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices singing,

And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph
stave:

"Sing ye praises through the land; the Lord with His right
hand,

With His mighty arm hath gotten Himself the victory now.

He hath scattered their forces, both the riders and their horses.

There is none that fighteth for us, O God! but only Thou."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

(1824 —)

WILLIAM ALEXANDER was born at Derry in 1824, and educated at Tunbridge and Oxford, where he received the degrees of D.D. and D.C.L. In 1850 he married Miss Cecil Frances Humphreys, who was destined to succeed in winning distinction for her new name. After holding cures at Upper Fahan and at Strabane he became, in 1867, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, Archbishop of Armagh in 1896, and in 1897 was called to the Primacy of all Ireland. He has published 'The Death of Jacob,' 1858; 'Specimens, Poetical and Critical,' 1867; 'Lyrics of Life and Light' (by W. A. and others), 1878; 'St. Augustine's Holiday,' 1886. Although it was as a poet that he first became known in the intellectual world, the life and duties of a churchman were his first occupation. The very titles of his prose works testify to this—as, for example, 'The Witness of the Psalms to Christ,' 'Leading Ideas of the Gospels,' 'Redux Crucis,' and others.

For a long time his poems were not collected in accessible form. The first volume in which his poetic writings were bound together took the shape of 'Specimens,' published in obedience to the demands of a special occasion. In 1853 he wrote the ode in honor of the then Lord Derby's installation, and in 1860 gained the prize for a sacred poem, 'The Waters of Babylon.' In 1867 he was a candidate for the professorship of poetry in Oxford; he was defeated by Sir F. H. Doyle after a close contest.

Dr. Alexander is eminent as a pulpit orator; and there are few preachers of his church who have such power of poetic imagery and graceful expression. He is a frequent contributor to ecclesiastic literature. His cultivated imagination, his feeling for the glory of Nature, his rich but never overloaded rhetoric, and the occasional strains of a wistful pathos which reveal a sensitive human spirit—all these qualities make his contribution to Irish literature one of high worth and distinction.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE STATUE ERECTED TO CAPTAIN BOYD IN ST. PATRICK'S
CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Oh! in the quiet haven, safe for aye,
If lost to us in port one stormy day,
Borne with a public pomp by just decree,
Heroic sailor! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.

And here, in this calm place, where never din
Of earth's great waterfloods shall enter in,
Where to our human hearts two thoughts are given—
One Christ's self-sacrifice, the other Heaven—
Here it is meet for grief and love to grave
The Christ-taught bravery that died to save,
The life not lost, but found beneath the wave.

VERY FAR AWAY.

One touch there is of magic white,
Surpassing southern mountain's snow
That to far sails the dying light
Lends, where the dark ships onward go
Upon the golden highway broad
That leads up to the isles of God.

One touch of light more magic yet,
Of rarer snow 'neath moon or star,
Where, with her graceful sails all set,
Some happy vessel seen afar,
As if in an enchanted sleep
Steers o'er the tremulous stretching deep.

O ship! O sail! far must ye be
Ere gleams like that upon ye light.
O'er golden spaces of the sea,
From mysteries of the lucent night,
Such touch comes never to the boat
Wherein across the waves we float.

O gleams, more magic and divine,
Life's whitest sail ye still refuse,
And flying on before us shine
Upon some distant bark ye choose.
By night or day, across the spray,
That sail is very far away.

BURIAL AT SEA.

Lines from 'The Death of an Arctic Hero.'

How shall we bury him?
Where shall we leave the old man lying?
With music in the distance dying—dying,
Among the arches of the Abbey grand and dim,
There if we might, we would bury him;
And comrades of the sea should bear the pall;
And the great organ should let rise and fall
The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in Saul—
Then, silence all!

And yet far grander will we bury him.
Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly!
Sailors! trail the colors half-mast high;
Leave him in the face of God most holy,
Underneath the vault of Arctic sky.
Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,
By the long sunlight be his forehead crowned.
For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,
For the tapers in the nave and choir,
Give him lights auroral—give him glories
Mingled of the rose and of the fire.
Let the wild winds, like chief mourners, walk,
Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.
Hush! for the breeze, and the white fog's swathing sweep,
I cannot hear the simple service read;
Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,
Or "we commit his body to the deep,
Till seas give up their dead"?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

(1824—1889.)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM was born in 1824, at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, a place of primitive and kindly folk—in a country of haunting loveliness which is often referred to in his poems. He was educated at his native place, and at the age of fourteen became a clerk in the bank, of which his father was manager. In this employment he passed seven years, during which his chief delight was in reading and in acquiring a knowledge of foreign literature. He then found employment in the Customs Office, and after two years' preliminary training at Belfast he returned to Ballyshannon as Principal Officer.

In 1847 he visited London, and the rest of his life was largely spent in England, where he held various government appointments. He retired from the service in 1870, and became sub-editor, under Mr. Froude, of *Fraser's Magazine*, succeeding him in 1874. Some years before, he had been granted a pension for his literary services. In the same year (1874) he married. He died at Hampstead in 1889.

Allingham was a fairly prolific writer, in both verse and prose : his first volume appeared in 1850, and there is a posthumous edition of his works in six volumes. No Life of him has been written, but the 'Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham,' edited and annotated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, with a valuable introduction, record the chief facts of his life and literary friendships.

Allingham's principal volumes are : 'Poems,' 'Day and Night Songs,' 'The Music Master, &c.' (containing Rossetti's illustration of 'The Maids of Elfinmere,' which moved Burne-Jones to become a painter), 'Fifty Modern Poems,' 'Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland,' 'A Modern Poem,' 'With Songs, Ballads, and Stories,' 'Evil May-Day,' 'Ashby Manor,' 'A Play,' 'Flower Pieces,' 'Life and Phantasy,' 'Blackberries.'

Mr. Lionel Johnson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says: "His lyric voice of singular sweetness, his Muse of passionate or pensive meditation, his poetic consecration of common things, his mingled aloofness and homeliness, assure him a secure place among the poets of his land and the Irish voices which never will fall silent. And though 'the Irish cause' receives from him but little direct encouragement or help, let it be remembered that Allingham wrote this great and treasurable truth:

" 'We're one at heart, if you be Ireland's friend,
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend :
There are but two great parties in the end.'

"We chiefly remember him as a poet whose aerial, Æolian melodies steal into the heart—a poet of twilight and the evening star, and the sigh of the wind over the hills and the waters of an Ireland

that broods and dreams. His music haunts the ear with its perfect simplicity of art and the cunning of its quiet cadences. Song upon song makes no mention, direct or indirect, of Ireland; yet an Irish atmosphere and temperament are to be felt in almost all."

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many
a shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is neat and pert, and smooth, just like a china cup,
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But blessed his luck to not be deaf when once her voice she
raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my
tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your
hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty
bright,
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
O might we live together in a cottage mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my distress.
It 's far too beauteous to be mine, but I 'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

ABBEY ASAROE.

Gray, gray is Abbey Asaroe, by Ballyshanny town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;
The carven stones lie scattered in briars and nettle-bed;
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride;
The bore-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Asaroe.

It looks beyond the harbor-stream to Gulban mountain blue;
It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic breakers too;
High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank of oars
Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon the shores;
And this way to his home-creek, when the summer day is done,
Slow sculls the weary fisherman across the setting sun;
While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cottage white
below;
But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above its broken bridge;
He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain ridge;
He turned his back on Sheegus Hill, and viewed with misty
sight
The abbey walls, the burial-ground with crosses ghostly white;
Under a weary weight of years he bowed upon his staff,
Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph;
For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure full of woe,
This man was of the blood of them who founded Asaroe.

From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell broad was
theirs;
Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and holy abbot's
prayers;
With chanting always in the house which they had builded
high
To God and to Saint Bernard,—whereto they came to die.
At worst, no workhouse grave for him! the ruins of his race
Shall rest among the ruined stones of this their saintly place.
The fond old man was weeping; and tremulous and slow
Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Asaroe.

ACROSS THE SEA.

I walked in the lonesome evening,
And who so sad as I,
When I saw the young men and maidens
Merrily passing by.
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
While the ripples fold upon sands of gold
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands; who will clasp them?
I call,—thou repliest no word:
O why should heart-longing be weaker
Than the waving wings of a bird!
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
For the tide's at rest from east to west,
And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,
There's peace in the parting day,
There's sorrow with every lover
Whose true-love is far away,
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
And the water's so bright in a still moonlight,
As I look across the sea.

FOUR DUCKS ON A POND.

Four ducks on a pond,
 A grass-bank beyond,
 A blue sky of spring,
 White clouds on the wing:
 What a little thing
 To remember for years,
 To remember with tears!

THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

Within a budding grove,
 In April's ear sang every bird his best,
 But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
 Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love;
 Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if in jest.
 To every word,
 Of every bird,
 I listened or replied as it behove.

Screamed Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet!
 Pretty lovey, come and meet me here!"
 "Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile, in fear
 Thy darling prove no better than a cheat
 And never come, or fly, when wintry days appear."
 Yet from a twig,
 With voice so big,
 The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

Then I, "The man forlorn,
 Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft."
 "And what 'll he do? What 'll he do?" scoffed
 The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn,
 Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft,
 With cackling laugh,
 Whom, I, being half
 Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

Worse mocked the Thrush, "Die! die!
 Oh, could he do it? Could he do it? Nay!
 Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!" (went his lay)
 "Take heed! take heed!" then, "Why? Why? Why?
 Why? Why?"

See-See now! ee-ee now! (he drawled) "Back! Back! Back!
R-r-r-run away!"

Oh, Thrush, be still,
Or at thy will

Seek some less sad interpreter than I!

"Air! air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I flee!"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)

"Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright
Whither I see, whither I see! Deeper, deeper, deeper, whither
I see, see, see!"

"Gay Lark," I said,
"The song that 's bred

In happy nest may well to heaven take flight!"

"There 's something, something sad,
I half remember," piped a broken strain;
Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin, sing again.

"Spring 's opening cheerily, cheerily! be we glad!"
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

One morning, walking out, I o'ertook a modest colleen,
When the wind was blowing cool and the harvest leaves were
falling.

"Is our road perchance the same? Might we travel on to-
gether?"

"Oh, I keep the mountain-side," she replied, "among the
heather."

"Your mountain air is sweet when the days are long and
sunny,
When the grass grows round the rocks, and the whin-bloom
smells like honey;
But the winter 's coming fast with its foggy, snowy weather,
And you 'll find it bleak and chill on your hill among the
heather."

She praised her mountain home, and I'll praise it too with
reason,
For where Molly is there's sunshine and flowers at every
season.

Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a feather?
Now I know the way by heart, every part among the heather.

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick and
stormy,

Yet I'd travel twenty miles for the welcome that's before me;
Singing "Hi for Eskydun!" in the teeth of wind and weather,
Love'll warm me as I go through the snow among the heather.

THE BAN-SHEE.

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT ERIN.

"Heard'st thou over the Fortress wild geese flying and crying?
Was it a gray wolf's howl? wind in the forest sighing?
Wail from the sea as of wreck? Hast heard it, Comrade?"

"Not so.

Here, all's still as the grave, above, around, and below.

"The Warriors lie in battalion, spear and shield beside them,
Tranquil, whatever lot in the coming fray shall betide them.
See, where he rests, the Glory of Erin, our Kingly Youth!
Closed his lion's eyes, and in sleep a smile on his mouth."

"The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—louder and nearer,
Circling our Dun—the *Ban-shee*!—my heart is frozen to hear
her!

Saw you not in the darkness a spectral glimmer of white
Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message to-night.

"Constant, but never welcome, she, to the line of our Chief;
Bodeful, baleful, fateful, voice of terror and grief.
Dimly burneth the lamp—hush! again that horrible cry!—
If a thousand lives could save thee, Tierna, thou shouldest not
die."

"Now! what whisper ye, Clansmen? I wake. Be your words
of me?

Wherefore gaze on each other? I too have heard the Ban-shee.

Death is her message: but ye, be silent. Death comes to no
man
Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his country's foeman.

"Streak of dawn in the sky—morning of battle. The Stranger
Camps on our salt-sea strand below, and recks not his danger.
Victory!—that was my dream: one that shall fill men's ears
In story and song of harp after a thousand years.

"Give me my helmet and sword. Whale-tusk, gold-wrought, I
clutch thee!
Blade, Flesh-Biter, fail me not this time! Yea, when I touch
thee,
Shivers of joy run through me. Sing aloud as I swing thee!
Glut of enemies' blood, meseemeth, to-day shall bring thee.

"Sound the horn! Behold, the Sun is beginning to rise.
Whoso seeth him set, ours is the victor's prize,
When the foam along the sand shall no longer be white but
red—
Spoils and a mighty feast for the Living, a carn for the Dead."

THE FAIRIES.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

THE LEPRECAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

Little cowboy, what have you heard,
 Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
 Only the plaintive yellow-bird
 Singing in sultry fields around?
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-e!
 Only the grasshopper and the bee?
 "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather sewn together,
 This will make a shoe.
 Left, right, pull it tight,
 Summer days are warm;
 Underground in winter,
 Laughing at the storm!"
 Lay your ear close to the hill:
 Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,
 Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
 As he merrily plies his trade?
 He's a span
 And a quarter in height:
 Get him in sight, hold him fast,
 And you're a made
 Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How should you like to roll in your carriage
 And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the shoemaker, so you may!

"Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 And pink for a ball:
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe,
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too!"
 Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks,
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,

Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them filled
 Full to the brim
 With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
 In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows;
 A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,
 Spectacles stuck on the top of his nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron, shoe in his lap;
 "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too!
 A grig stepped upon my cap,
 Away the moth flew.
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job's done."
 The rogue was mine beyond a doubt,
 I stared at him; he stared at me!
 "Servant, sir!" "Humph!" said he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
 The queer little Leprecaun;
 Offered the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,—
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

A DREAM.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
 I went to the window to see the sight;
 All the Dead that ever I knew
 Going one by one and two by two.

On they passed, and on they passed;
 Townsfellows all, from first to last;
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,
 Quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we played
 At soldiers once—but now more staid;
 Those were the strangest sight to me
 Who were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak, too;
 Some that I loved, and gasped to speak to;
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
 Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seemed lonely,
 Yet of them all there was one, one only,
 Raised a head or looked my way.
 She lingered a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
 Ah! Mother dear! might I only place
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
 Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
 Young and old, women and men;
 Many long-forgot, but remembered then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
 A sound of tears the moment after;
 And then a music so lofty and gay,
 That every morning, day by day,
 I strive to recall it if I may.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

By the shore, a plot of ground
 Clips a ruined chapel round,
 Buttressed with a grassy mound,
 Where Day and Night and Day go by,
 And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
 Shaking of the guardian trees,
 Piping of the salted breeze;
 Day and Night and Day go by,
 To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
 And Day and Night and Day go by;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
 As Day and Night and Day go by;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed;
Now the graves are also dead;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
 While Day and Night and Day go by
And stars move calmly overhead.

EDMUND JOHN ARMSTRONG.

(1841—1865.)

EDMUND JOHN ARMSTRONG was the elder brother of G. F. Savage-Armstrong (*q.v.*). He was born in Dublin, July 23, 1841. As a child he showed great intellectual power, and he began to write poetry while still a boy. He commenced his career at Trinity College in 1859 with a series of brilliant successes; but in the spring of 1860 he ruptured a blood-vessel and was obliged to go to the Channel Islands. His health being restored, he made a long tour in France with his brother in 1862, during which he collected the material for 'The Prisoner of Mount Saint Michael,' a poem which was highly praised, both for the treatment of the story and for the remarkable ease and power of the blank verse. In the same year he returned to Dublin and recommenced his university studies. In 1864 he was awarded the gold medal for composition by the Historical Society, and elected President of the Philosophical Society. In the winter of 1864, though apparently of strong physique and a great lover of outdoor life, he was attacked by consumption, and died Feb. 24, 1865.

A selection from his poems was published in the autumn of 1865, as a memorial, by the Historical and Philosophical Societies and several eminent friends; it was well received by the press and warmly praised by distinguished writers of the day. He was also the author of 'Ovoca, an Idyllic Poem,' and other poetical works, a second edition of which, with his 'Life and Letters' and 'Essays and Sketches,' was published in London in 1877. There can be little doubt that Armstrong might have attained to high poetic excellence. He had a bright fancy, a keen sensibility, and a fine character which endeared him to many.

THE BLIND STUDENT.

On Euripides' plays we debated,
In College, one chill winter night;
A student rose up, while we waited
For more intellectual light.
As he stood, pale and anxious, before us,
Three words, like a soft summer wind,
Went past us and through us and o'er us—
A whisper low-breathed: "He is blind!"

And in many a face there was pity,
In many an eye there were tears;
For his words were not buoyant or witty,
As fitted his fresh summer years.

And he spoke once or twice, as none other
 Could speak, of a woman's pure ways—
 He remembered the face of his mother
 Ere darkness had blighted his days.

ADIEU.

I hear a distant clarion blare,
 The smoldering battle flames anew;
 A noise of onset shakes the air—
 Dear woods and quiet vales, adieu!

Weird crag, where I was wont to gaze
 On the far sea's aerial hue,
 Below a veil of glimmering haze
 At morning's breezy prime—adieu!

Clear runnel, bubbling under boughs
 Of odorous lime and darkling yew,
 Where I have lain on banks of flowers
 And dreamed the livelong noon—adieu!

And, ah! ye lights and shades that ray
 Those orbs of brightest summer blue,
 That haunted me by night and day
 For happy moons—adieu! adieu!

FROM FIONNUALA.

With heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang
 The mystic, sweet, low-voweled Celtic rhyme
 Of Fionnuala and her phantom lover,
 Who wooed her in the fairy days of yore
 Beneath the sighing pines that gloom the waves
 Of Luggalà and warbling Anamoe—
 And how he whispered softly vows of love,
 While the pale moonbeam glimmered down and lit
 The cataract's flashing foam, and elves and fays
 Played o'er the dewy harebells, wheeling round
 The dappled foxglove in a flickering maze
 Of faint aerial flame; and the wild sprites

Of the rough storm were bound in charmed sleep—
 And how the lovely phantom lowly knelt,
 And pleaded with such sweet-tongued eloquence,
 Such heavenly radiance on his lips and eyes,
 That Fionnuala, blushing, all in tears,
 Breaking the sacred spell that held her soul,
 Fell on his bosom and confessed her love—
 And how the demon changed, and flashed upon her
 In all his hideous beauty, and she sank
 In fearful slumbers, and, awaking, found
 Her form borne upward in the yielding air;
 And, floating o'er a dark blue lake, beheld
 The reflex of a swan, white as the clouds
 That fringe the noonday sun, and heard a voice,
 As from a far world, shivering through the air:
 "Thou shalt resume thy maiden form once more
 When yon great Temples, piled upon the hills
 With rugged slabs and pillars, shall be whelmed
 In ruin, and their builders' names forgot!"—
 And how she knew her phantom lover spoke,
 And how she floated over lake and fell
 A hundred years, and sighed her mournful plaint
 Day after day, till the first mass-bell pealed
 Its silvery laughter amid Erin's hills,
 And a young warrior found her, with the dew
 Of morning on her maiden lips, asleep
 In the green woods of warbling Anamoe,
 And wooed and won her for his blushing bride.

PILGRIMS.

Wild blows the tempest on their brows
 . . . Lit by the dying sunset's fire;
 While round the brave ship's keel and o'er the bows
 The thundering billows break. And, as a lyre
 Struck by a maniac writhes with storms of sound,
 Wherein the moan of some low melody
 Is crushed in that tumultuous agony
 That sweeps and whirls around;
 So, in the roar and hiss of the vexed sea,
 And 'mid the flapping of the tattered sails,
 The thousand voices of the ruthless gales
 Are blended with the sigh of murmured prayer,
 The long low plaint of sorrow and of care—

The sound of prayer upon the storm-blown sea,
The sound of prayer amid the thunder's roll,
'Mid the howl of the tempest, the pale-flashing gleam
Of the waters that coil o'er the decks black and riven,
While hither and thither through chink and through seam
The foam of the green leaping billows is driven.
A moment their forms are aglow in the flash
Of the red, lurid bolt; then the vibrating crash
Of the echoing thunder above and below
Shakes the folds of the darkness; they reel to and fro
From the crest to the trough of the flickering wave,
Where the waters are curved like the crags of a cave
That drip with red brine in the vapors of gold
From the doors of the sunrise in hurricane rolled.

The sea-birds are screaming,

The lightning is gleaming,

The billows are whirling voluminosly;

Like snakes in fierce battle

They twist and they fold,

Amid the loud rattle

Of ocean and sky,

While the terrible bell of the thunder is tolled

And the fiends of the storm ride by;

Till the buffeting blast

Is hushed to a whisper at last;

And the sun in his splendor and majesty

Looks down on the deep's aerial blue;

And the soft low cry of the white seamew,

And the splash of the ripple around the keel,

Like a girl's rich laughter, lightly steal

O'er those true hearts by troubles riven;

And a song of praise goes up to Heaven.

SARAH ATKINSON.

(1823—1893.)

MRS. ATKINSON, a most prolific contributor to periodical literature and the author of at least one book which has made a distinctive mark, was born Oct. 13, 1823, in the town of Athlone, where she received her early education. From the age of fifteen it was continued at Dublin. At school she began that system of diligent note-taking which remained with her through life, and which helped her to the extraordinary accuracy and completeness of detail which marked her later work. She married Dr. George Atkinson in her twenty-fifth year; and in a life devoted to good works she found time for a good deal of writing. With perfect womanly sweetness, she had a masculine force and clearness of intellect. She would have made an ideal historian, for she had the broadest and most impartial of minds, a keen vision, a strong, clear, noble style, and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

The preface to her 'Life of Mary Aikenhead,' dealing with the penal days in Ireland, packed full as it is with out-of-the-way information most lucidly stated, excited the warm admiration of the late Mr. Lecky. Indeed, her mind was in many respects of the same encyclopædic character as that of this great historian.

WOMEN IN IRELAND IN PENAL DAYS.

From 'Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work, and Her Friends.'

Hardly necessary is it to remark that the home life of the people was their dearest refuge—their impregnable stronghold. Not that iniquitous legislation had overlooked this sanctuary of divine faith and domestic virtue. The penal laws, as we have seen, sought to make the fourth commandment a dead letter by encouraging disobedience to parental authority, and rewarding rebellion with privilege and wealth. The Code supplemented this attempt to set children against their parents, by endeavoring to disturb the relations between husband and wife; for, if the wife of a Catholic declared herself a Protestant, the law enabled her to compel her husband to give her a separate maintenance, and to transfer to her the custody and guardianship of all their children; and, as if to bring injury and insult to a climax, every Catholic was by act of Par-

liament deprived of the power of settling a jointure on his Catholic wife or charging his lands with any provision for his daughters. Disruption of the strong and tender bond that held the Irish household as a Christian family was not to be effected by royal proclamation or Parliamentary decree: nevertheless, the legislation that aimed at depriving the naturally dependent members of the family of manly protection and necessary provision was felt as a biting insult and an inhuman tyranny.

In Irish households, high and low, the women throughout those troubled times kept well up to the Christian standard, cherishing the domestic virtues, accepting with patience their own share of suffering, defying the temptations held out by the enemies of the faith, refusing to barter the souls of the young, in the midst of calamity keeping the eternal reward in view, and daily exercising works of charity and zeal. As far as circumstances would allow, the people in their domestic life followed the traditional standard of their ancestors and preserved the customs of immemorial days.

Women, from the earliest times, have ever been held in great respect in Ireland. The Brehon law, by which the inhabitants of the territories outside the Pale were governed from long before St. Patrick's time, to the reign of James I., and according to whose provisions the people in many parts of the country continued, up to a comparatively recent period, to arrange their affairs and settle their disputes, secured to women the rights of property, and provided for their rational independence in a far more effectual way than was contemplated by other codes. In social life the spirit of the Brehon law was embodied, and transmitted to succeeding generations, in the customs and manners of the people. One cannot read the annals of Ireland without observing how important was the position occupied by women in Erin. All, according to their degree, were expected to fill a part, both influential and honorable, in the constitution of the clan. A considerable share of the internal administration of the principality was intrusted to the wife of the chieftain or provincial king. The duties of hospitality—onerous and constant, and precisely defined by the Brehon law—were exercised by her. To her was intrusted the care of the poor and

suffering. She was expected to be an encourager of learning, and a friend to the ollamhs or professors, a benefactor to the churches, and a generous helper of the religious orders.

While the chieftain was out fighting or taking preys from his enemies, the chieftain's wife kept everything in order in the little kingdom, and held herself ready, at a moment's notice, to protect her people from robbers or defend her castle from invaders. The mother of Hugh O'Neill is described by the annalists as "a woman who was the pillar of support and maintenance of the indigent and the mighty, of the poets and exiled, of widows and orphans, of the clergy and men of science, of the poor and the needy; a woman who was the head of council and advice to the gentlemen and chiefs of the province of Conor MacNessa; a demure, womanly, devout, charitable, meek, benignant woman, with pure piety and the love of God and her neighbors." In the obituary notice of a certain great lady, the annalist tells us how she was "a nurse of all guests and strangers, and of all the learned men in Ireland"; of another we read that she was "the most distinguished woman in Munster in her time, in fame, hospitality, good sense, and piety." The old writers, in summing up the noble qualities of an Irish chieftain's wife, do not omit to mention that she was distinguished by her checking of plunder, her hatred of injustice, by her tranquil mind and her serene countenance.

We get the portrait of a woman of this stamp, and a picture of the manners of the fifteenth century in Ireland, in the account of Margaret, the daughter of the king of Ely, and wife of Calvagh O'Carroll. This lady was accustomed to give a great feast twice in the year, bestowing "meate and moneyes, with all other manner of gifts," on all who assembled on these occasions. The guests took their places according as their names were entered in a roll kept for that purpose, while the chieftain and his wife devoted themselves entirely to their guests. Margaret "clad in cloath of gold, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and judges too; Calvagh himself being on horseback, by the church's outward side, to the end that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively." On one of those days of festivity Margaret gave two chalices

of gold as offerings on the altar to God Almighty, and "she also caused to nurse or foster two young orphans." She was distinguished among the women of her time for preparing highways and erecting bridges and churches, and doing "all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soule." Her days were shortened by a fatal cancer; and the annalist concludes his notice with a beautiful prayer and a pathetic malediction. "God's blessing," he exclaims, "the blessing of all saints, and every other blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Gluair, be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be that sore in her breast that killed Margrett."

And should one of these fair women, who acted well her part in the chieftain's household, renounce "all worldly vanities and terrestrial glorious pomps" and betake herself to "an austere, devoute life" in a monastery, the chronicler fails not to speed thither the blessings of guests and strangers, poor and rich, and poet-philosophers of Ireland, which he prays "may be on her in that life." In recording the erection of churches and the foundation of monasteries, the old historians constantly note that it is a joint work of the chief and his wife. Sometimes, indeed, the wife seems to have been sole founder; and we are led to infer that she had at her disposal certain revenues, whether the property of the head of the clan or the proceeds of her own dowry.

We read that the wife of Stephen Lynch Fitz-Dominick, while her husband was beyond the seas in Spain, began, in the year 1500, to build a convent on an eminence over the sea at Galway. Church and steeple were finished before his return, and on entering the bay he was much surprised to behold so stately a building on the heights. Having learned on his landing that the edifice had been erected by his own wife in honor of St. Augustine, he knelt down on the seashore and returned thanks to Heaven for inspiring her with that pious resolution. Subsequently he took part in the good work, finished the monastery, and endowed it with rents and several lands. Another case in point may be noted in the story of the building of the famous Franciscan monastery of Donegal.

If the women of Erin took their full share of the bur-

dens and responsibilities of life in those bygone stirring times, they were not for that excluded from participation in the pleasures of life, and in the advantages of whatever culture was then attainable. Like their husbands, they were fond of traveling abroad, and made pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella; to Rome, "the capital of the Christians"; and even to more distant shrines. But it does not appear to have been customary for the chief and the chieftainess to leave home together: the one or the other should stay to receive strangers, entertain guests, and carry on the government of the principality. In days when certain important professions, such as those of Brehon, poet, and historian, were hereditary in certain families, the women of those families received an education fitting them to take a part in the avocations of their male relatives. Thus, among the Brehons, who were the lawyers of the clans, there were women eminent as judges or expounders of the laws; and in the learned families there were women historians and poets. The learned men of Erin, it is evident, enjoyed the sympathy and appreciation of the daughters of the land, and were not ungrateful for the encouragement and hospitality they received. They inscribed the names of their lady friends on the tracts compiled for their use or at their desire. One of the very ancient Gaelic manuscripts still in existence is a tract entitled 'History of the Illustrious Women of Erin'; another valuable relic of the olden times is inscribed 'Lives of the Mothers of the Irish Saints.'

It is interesting to learn what impression the women of Ireland at a later period—the middle of the seventeenth century—made on strangers from the classic land of Italy. The Rev. C. P. Meehan has enriched the fifth edition of his 'Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Hierarchy,' with the original account of the journey from Kenmare to Kilkenny of Rinucini, Archbishop of Fermo, who was sent to this country as Papal nuncio in 1645. Massari, Dean of Fermo, accompanied the nuncio as secretary, and wrote the narrative which is given in the appendix to the work just cited. The dean speaks more than once with genuine delight of the elegant hospitality with which the distinguished visitors were entertained by the lords and ladies of Munster, and

specially dwells on the reception they received from Lady Muskerry, whose husband was then from home, either with the army of the Confederates, or in Dublin discussing Lord Ormonde's peace. "The women," he says, "are exceedingly beautiful, and heighten their attractions by their matchless modesty and piety. They converse freely with every one, and are devoid of suspicion and jealousy. Their style of dress differs from ours, and rather resembles the French; all wear cloaks with long fringes; they have also a hood sewn to the cloak, and they go abroad without any covering for the head; some wearing a kerchief, as the Greek women do, which, being gracefully arranged, adds, if possible, to their native comeliness."¹

There may seem to have been but little relation between the position of a chieftainess in ancient times and that of the mistress of an Irish Catholic household in the eighteenth century; and yet, even during the penal days, the spirit of the earlier time survived, the old ideal was not supplanted by anything less worthy. The houses of the reduced gentry were still the center of a generous hospitality, and charity was dispensed from the gentleman's door with a liberality wholly incommensurate with the revenues of a fallen estate. The careful mother, who could not grace her home with the presence of the learned, sent forth her sons to encounter the risks of a perilous voyage and the dangers of foreign travel, that so they might escape the dreaded doom of ignorance; she lent her best efforts to the fostering of that magnanimous loyalty so requisite for the preservation of the ancient faith. The mother's lessons proved a stay and conscience to her sons when, in after-life, temptations rudely pressed upon them. The mother's ex-

¹ The Dean of Fermo does equal justice to the men of Ireland, who are, he says, "good-looking, incredibly strong, fleet runners, equal to any hardship, and indescribably patient. They are given to arms; and those who apply themselves to learning become highly distinguished in every domain of science." Of the people in general he speaks in high terms. "I have not words," he continues, "to describe to you the kindness and politeness which we experienced at the hands of this Irish people, whose devotion to the Holy See is beyond all praise, and I assure you that I was often moved to tears when I saw them, wholly forgetful of self, kneeling in the very mire in order to kiss the nuncio's robe and hands as if they were holy relics. At almost every stage of our journey, the nuncio was escorted by strong squadrons of horse to protect him from the enemy. We are in Ireland! we are in Ireland! praise to God."

ample taught her daughters how to unite a virile courage with womanly modesty and grace.

Nor was it among the higher classes alone that these characteristics remained distinctly marked during the days of the nation's trial; they were noticeable in the farmer's cottage and the peasant's hut. The poor man's wife did not turn the weary and the hungry from her door; she received the poor scholar with a motherly welcome;¹ she accustomed her children to think nothing of a run of two or three miles to the hedge-school. By precept and by example she taught them fidelity to the faith, love for the old land, reverence for God's ministers, and respect for learning. The high moral tone pervading the social life of the humbler classes in Ireland was at once the cause and consequence of the important position which the women maintained at the domestic hearth, and of the beneficial sway which they exercised among their neighbors of the same degree.

The circumstances of the time were favorable to the growth of this influence. As a rule the women did not work in the fields: their occupations were of an indoor character; and the habits of the people, both men and women, were domestic. The latter half of the eighteenth century being happily free from such famines which had laid waste the country during the previous two hundred years, and were fated to reappear at a later period, there was plenty of food for the people. The staff of life—the potato—was then in its prime, as to quality and quantity. Each little holding produced a crop sufficient for the support of a numerous family, with a large surplus for the poultry that crowded round the door, and the pigs, which even the poorest cottier reared; while a paddock was reserved from tillage as pasture for the high-boned native cow, which formed an important item of the live stock. In the

¹ In Ireland it is a custom, immemorially established, for those petty schoolmasters who teach in chapels, or temporary huts, *freely* to instruct such poor boys as come from *remote places*, and are unable to pay. The poor scholar, while he remains at the school, goes home, night and night about, with his school-fellows, whose parents that can afford it occasionally supply him with a few old clothes, as well as food and lodging. This appears to be a faint emanation of the ancient custom in Ireland, so celebrated by historians, of supplying, at the national expense, all foreign students with meat, drink, clothes, lodging, books, etc.

farmers' families linen and woollen stuffs were spun, woven, knitted, bleached, and dyed, and made into wearing apparel by the women. A spinning-wheel was as necessary a part of the furniture as a pot for cooking the stirabout. Public-houses were few and far between, facilities for locomotion were not abundant, and the men did not range to any great distance from home.

Their amusement was to sit by the fire in the winter evenings, or smoke their pipes at the door in summer, listening to the story-teller or the singer, while their wives and daughters knitted or spun: all, young and old, being ready to break out into a dance the moment a piper or fiddler appeared on the scene. Perhaps the greatest testimony borne to the genuine worth of the poor Irish Catholics was that afforded by the custom which prevailed among the Protestant and respectable classes, of sending their children to be nursed or fostered by the peasantry. Sons and heirs destined to fill prominent and honorable posts, and daughters born to grace luxurious homes, were in all trust committed to the care of peasant women, and grew from tender infancy to hardy childhood in the mountain cabins, sharing the homely fare and joining in the simple sports of their foster brothers and sisters. One thing was certain: the nurse's fidelity and affection could be implicitly relied on, and the gentleman's child would have no vice to unlearn when transferred from the peasant's guardianship to the protection of the parental roof.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL.

(1840 —)

ROBERT STAWELL BALL, LL.D., F.R.S., was born in Dublin, July 1, 1840. He is the son of Robert Ball, LL.D., of Dublin (the well-known naturalist). He married in 1863 Frances Elizabeth, the daughter of W. E. Steele, the director of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin. He was educated at Abbott's Grange, Chester; and at Trinity College, Dublin. He is an Honorary M.A. of Cambridge, 1892, and an LL.D. of Dublin. He was Royal Astronomer of Ireland from 1874 to 1892, and Scientific Adviser to the Commissioners of Irish Lights from 1884. He has been President of the Royal Astronomical Society, President of the Mathematical Association, and President of the Royal Zoölogical Society of Ireland. His title was created in 1886. He was Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge. He is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and he has been Director of the Cambridge Observatory since 1892.

Sir Robert's publications are: 'The Theory of Screws'; many memoirs on mathematical, astronomical, and physical subjects; and the following works on Astronomy: 'The Story of the Heavens,' 1885; 'Starland,' 1889; 'In Starry Realms,' 'In the High Heavens,' 'Time and Tide,' 1889; 'Atlas of Astronomy,' 1892; 'The Story of the Sun,' 1893; 'Great Astronomers,' 1895; 'The Earth's Beginning,' 1901.

His lectures on scientific subjects are much appreciated, and he is well known on the lecture platform in this country. He has a pleasing manner and a very happy method of presenting abstruse matters to popular audiences.

THE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

From 'The Starry Heavens.'

Now about the distances of the stars. I shall not make the attempt to explain fully how astronomers make such measurements, but I will give you some notion of how it is done. We make the two observations from two opposite points on the earth's orbit, which are therefore at a distance of 186,000,000 miles. Imagine that on Midsummer Day, when standing on the earth here, I measured with a piece of card the angle between the star and the sun. Six

months later on, on Midwinter Day, when the earth is at the opposite point of its orbit, I again measure the angle between the same star and the sun, and we can now determine the star's distance by making a triangle. I draw a line a foot long, and we will take this foot to represent 186,000,000 miles, the distance between the two stations; then placing the cards at the corners, I rule the two sides and complete the triangle, and the star must be at the remaining corner; then I measure the sides of the triangle, and how many feet they contain, and recollecting that each foot corresponds to 186,000,000 miles, we discover the distance of the star. If the stars were comparatively near us, the process would be a very simple one; but, unfortunately, the stars are so extremely far off that this triangle, even with a base of only one foot, must have its sides many miles long. Indeed, astronomers will tell you that there is no more delicate or troublesome work in the whole of their science than that of discovering the distance of a star.

In all such measurements we take the distance from the earth to the sun as a conveniently long measuring-rod, whereby to express the results. The nearest stars are still hundreds of thousands of times as far off as the sun. Let us ponder for a little on the vastness of these distances. We shall first express them in miles. Taking the sun's distance to be 93,000,000 miles, then the distance of the nearest fixed star is about twenty millions of millions of miles—that is to say, we express this by putting down a 2 first, and then writing thirteen ciphers after it. It is, no doubt, easy to speak of such figures, but it is a very different matter when we endeavor to imagine the awful magnitude which such a number indicates. I must try to give some illustrations which will enable you to form a notion of it. At first I was going to ask you to try and count this number, but when I found it would require at least 300,000 years, counting day and night without stopping, before the task was over, it became necessary to adopt some other method.

When on a visit in Lancashire I was once kindly permitted to visit a cotton mill, and I learned that the cotton yarn there produced in a single day would be long enough to wind round this earth twenty-seven times at the equator.

It appears that the total production of cotton yarn each day in all the mills together would be on the average about 155,000,000 miles. In fact, if they would only spin about one-fifth more, we could assert that Great Britain produced enough cotton yarn every day to stretch from the earth to the sun and back again! It is not hard to find from these figures how long it would take for all the mills in Lancashire to produce a piece of yarn long enough to reach from our earth to the nearest of the stars. If the spinners worked as hard as ever they could for a year, and if all the pieces were then tied together, they would extend to only a small fraction of the distance; nor if they worked for ten years, or for twenty years, would the task be fully accomplished. Indeed, upwards of four hundred years would be necessary before enough cotton could be grown in America and spun in this country to stretch over a distance so enormous. All the spinning that has ever yet been done in the world has not formed a long enough thread!

There is another way in which we can form some notion of the immensity of these sidereal distances. You will recollect that, when we were speaking of Jupiter's moons, I told you of the beautiful discovery which their eclipses enabled astronomers to make. It was thus found that light travels at the enormous speed of about 185,000 miles per second. It moves so quickly that within a single second a ray would flash two hundred times from London to Edinburgh and back again.

We said that a meteor travels one hundred times as swiftly as a rifle bullet; but even this great speed seems almost nothing when compared with the speed of light, which is 10,000 times as great. Suppose some brilliant outbreak of light were to take place in a distant star—an outbreak which would be of such intensity that the flash from it would extend far and wide throughout the universe. The light would start forth on its voyage with terrific speed. Any neighboring star which was at a distance of less than 185,000 miles would, of course, see the flash within a second after it had been produced. More distant bodies would receive the intimation after intervals of time proportioned to their distances. Thus, if a body were 1,000,000 miles away, the light would reach it in from five

to six seconds, while over a distance as great as that which separates the earth from the sun the news would be carried in about eight minutes. We can calculate how long a time must elapse ere the light shall travel over a distance so great as that between the star and our earth. You will find that from the nearest of the stars the time required for the journey will be over three years. Ponder on all that this involves. That outbreak in the star might be great enough to be visible here, but we could never become aware of it till three years after it had happened. When we are looking at such a star to-night we do not see it as it is at present, for the light that is at this moment entering our eyes has traveled so far that it has been three years on the way. Therefore, when we look at the star now we see it as it was three years previously. In fact, if the star were to go out altogether, we might still continue to see it twinkling for a period of three years longer, because a certain amount of light was on its way to us at the moment of extinction, and so long as that light keeps arriving here, so long shall we see the star showing as brightly as ever. When, therefore, you look at the thousands of stars in the sky to-night, there is not one that you see as it is now, but as it was years ago.

I have been speaking of the stars that are nearest to us, but there are others much farther off. It is true we cannot find the distances of these more remote objects with any degree of accuracy, but we can convince ourselves how great that distance is by the following reasoning. Look at one of the brightest stars. Try to conceive that the object was carried away farther into the depths of space, until it was ten times as far from us as it is at present, it would still remain bright enough to be recognized in quite a small telescope; even if it were taken to one hundred times its original distance it would not have withdrawn from the view of a good telescope; while if it retreated one thousand times as far as it was at first it would still be a recognizable point in our mightiest instruments. Among the stars which we can see with our telescopes, we feel confident there must be many from which the light has expended hundreds of years, or even thousands of years, on the journey. When, therefore, we look at such objects, we see them, not as they are now, but as they were ages ago;

in fact, a star might have ceased to exist for thousands of years, and still be seen by us every night as a twinkling point in our great telescopes.

Remembering these facts, you will, I think, look at the heavens with a new interest. There is a bright star, Vega, or Alpha Lyrae, a beautiful gem, so far off that the light from it which now reaches our eyes started before many of my audience were born. Suppose that there are astronomers residing on worlds amid the stars, and that they have sufficiently powerful telescopes to view this globe, what do you think they would observe? They will not see our earth as it is at present; they will see it as it was years (and sometimes many years) ago. There are stars from which if England could now be seen, the whole of the country would be observed at this present moment to be in a great state of excitement at a very auspicious event. Distant astronomers might notice a great procession in London, and they could watch the coronation of the youthful queen, Queen Victoria, amid the enthusiasm of a nation. There are other stars still further, from which, if the inhabitants had good enough telescopes, they would now see a mighty battle in progress not far from Brussels. One splendid army could be beheld hurling itself time after time against the immovable ranks of the other. There can be no doubt that there are stars so far away that the rays of light which started from the earth on the day of the battle of Waterloo are only just arriving there. Farther off still, there are stars from which a bird's-eye view could be taken at this very moment of the signing of Magna Charta. There are even stars from which England, if it could be seen at all, would now appear, not as the great England we know, but as a country covered by dense forests, and inhabited by painted savages, who waged incessant war with wild beasts that roamed through the island. The geological problems that now puzzle us would be quickly solved could we only go far enough into space and had we only powerful enough telescopes. We should then be able to view our earth through the successive epochs of past geological time; we should be actually able to see those great animals whose fossil remains are treasured in our museums, tramping about over the earth's surface, splashing across its swamps, or swimming with broad flippers through its oceans. In-

deed, if we could view our own earth reflected from mirrors in the stars, we might still see Moses crossing the Red Sea, or Adam and Eve being expelled from Eden.

WHAT THE STARS ARE MADE OF.

From 'The Starry Heavens.'

Here is a piece of stone. If I wanted to know what it was composed of, I should ask a chemist to tell me. He would take it into his laboratory, and first crush it into powder, and then, with his test tubes, and with the liquids which his bottles contain, and his weighing scales, and other apparatus, he would tell all about it; there is so much of this, and so much of that, and plenty of this, and none at all of that. But now, suppose you ask this chemist to tell you what the sun is made of, or one of the stars. Of course, you have not a sample of it to give him; how, then, can he possibly find out anything about it? Well, he can tell you something, and this is the wonderful discovery that I want to explain to you. We now put down the gas and I kindle a brilliant red light. Perhaps some of those whom I see before me have occasionally ventured on the somewhat dangerous practice of making fireworks. If there is any boy here who has ever constructed sky-rockets and put the little balls into the top which are to burn with such vivid colors when the explosion takes place, he will know that the substance which tinged that fire red must have been strontium. He will recognize it by the color; because strontium gives a red light which nothing else will give. Here are some of these lighting papers, as they are called; they are very pretty and very harmless; and these, too, give brilliant red flashes as I throw them. The red tint, has, no doubt, been produced by strontium also. You see we recognized the substance simply by the color of the light it produced when burning.

There are, in nature, a number of simple bodies called elements. Every one of these, when ignited under suitable conditions, emits a light which belongs to it alone, and by

which it can be distinguished from every other substance. Many of the materials will yield light which will require to be studied by much more elaborate artifices than those which have sufficed for us. But you will see that the method affords a means of finding out the actual substances present in the sun or in the stars. There is a practical difficulty in the fact that each of the heavenly bodies contains a number of different elements; so that in the light it sends us the hues arising from distinct substances are blended into one beam. The first thing to be done is to get some way of splitting up a beam of light, so as to discover the components of which it is made. You might have a skein of silks of different hues tangled together, and this would be like the sunbeam as we receive it in its unsorted condition. How shall we untangle the light from the sun or a star? I will show you by a simple experiment.

Here is a beam from the electric light; beautifully white and bright, is it not? It looks so pure and simple, but yet that beam is composed of all sorts of colors mingled together, in such proportions as to form white light. I take a wedge-shaped piece of glass called a prism, and when I introduce it into the course of the beam, you see the transformation that has taken place. Instead of the white light you have now all the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. These colors are very beautiful, but they are transient, for the moment we take away the prism they all unite again to form white light. You see what the prism has done; it has bent all the light in passing through it; but it is more effective in bending the blue than the red, and consequently the blue is carried away much farther than the red. Such is the way in which we study the composition of a heavenly body. We take a beam of its light, we pass it through a prism, and immediately it is separated into its components; then we compare what we find with the lights given by the different elements, and thus we are enabled to discover the substances which exist in the distant object whose light we have examined. I do not mean to say that the method is a simple one; all I am endeavoring to show is a general outline of the way in which we have discovered the materials present in the stars. The instrument that is employed for this purpose is called the spectroscope. And perhaps you

may remember that name by these lines, which I have heard from an astronomical friend :

“ Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now we find out what you are,
When unto the midnight sky
We the spectroscope apply.”

I am sure it will interest everybody to know that the elements which the stars contain are not altogether different from those of which the earth is made. It is true there may be substances in the stars of which we know nothing here; but it is certain that many of the most common elements on the earth are present in the most distant bodies. I shall only mention one, the metal iron. That useful substance has been found in some of the stars which lie at almost incalculable distances from the earth.

JOHN BANIM.

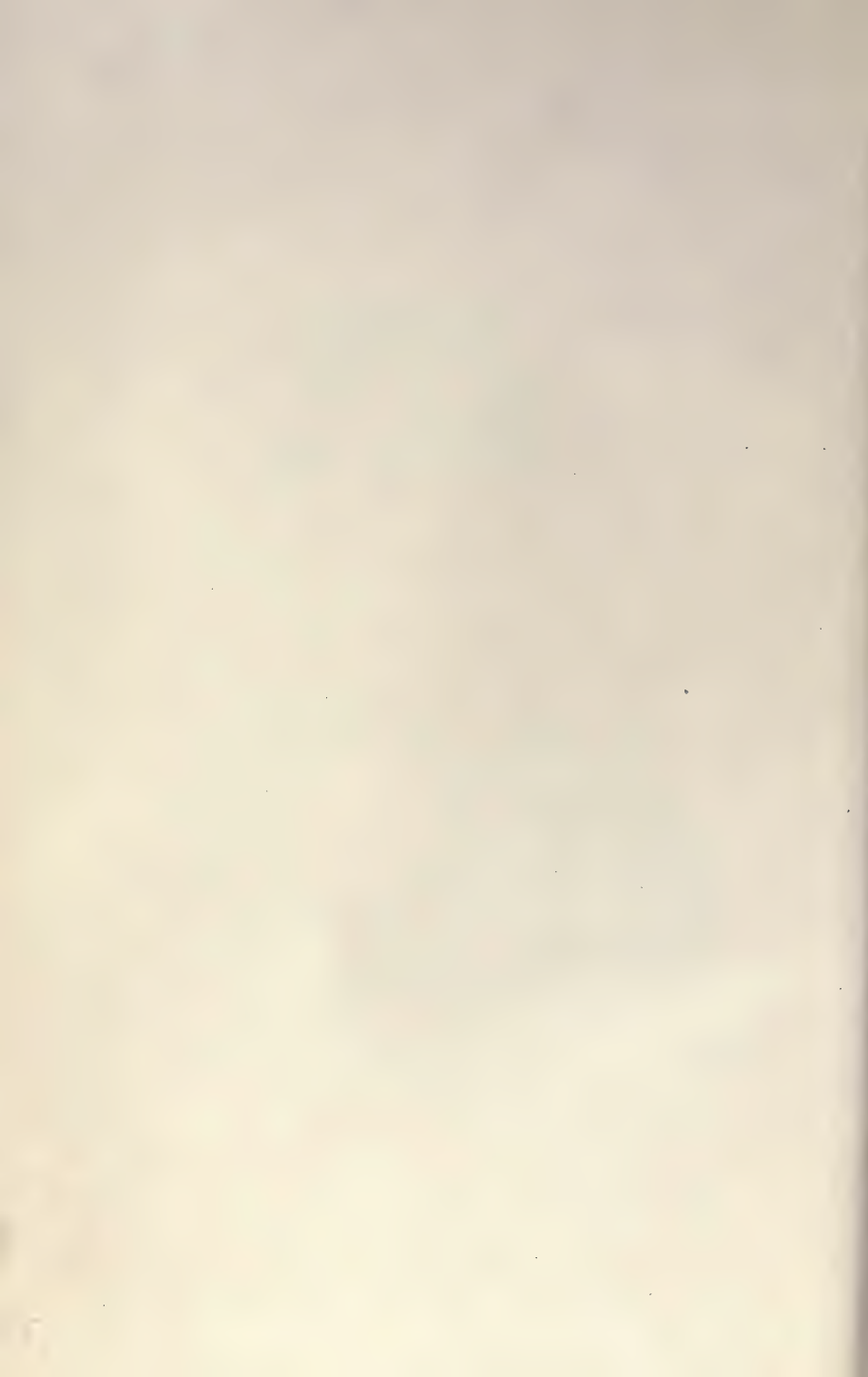
(1798—1844.)

JOHN BANIM, "a bright-hearted, true-souled Irishman," is chiefly known through the powerful 'Tales by the O'Hara Family,' which he wrote in conjunction with his elder brother Michael. He was born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798. His father was a farmer and trader, who gave his sons a good education. Instances of John's precocity are numerous : when only ten years old he had written a romance and some poetry. His progress at school was rapid, and at thirteen he was sufficiently advanced to enter the college of his native town. Here his decided talent as a sketcher and painter first developed itself, and when his father gave him a choice of professions he determined to become an artist. In 1814 he went to Dublin, and there entered the Royal Academy, to study art. After two years he returned to Kilkenny and began life as a teacher of drawing. At the same time his early taste for literature manifested itself in his frequent contributions of poems and sketches to the local periodicals.

His life was a checkered one. His first serious trouble was the death of a young lady (one of his pupils) to whom he was engaged. This blow affected his mind so deeply that his health was permanently injured, and he passed some years in an aimless and hopeless manner nearly akin to despair. At length, by the advice of his friends, he resolved to try change of both scene and employment, and in 1820 he removed to Dublin and relinquished his profession of art for that of literature. At this time his contributions to periodical literature were very numerous, and so continued throughout his whole career. Were it now possible to identify these many of them would probably add little to his fame as an author, since they were for the most part written hurriedly as a means of gaining a living. But among the sketches a few on theatrical topics, written over the signature of "A Traveler," appeared in a Limerick journal, and were remarked as particularly clever. In 1821 he published 'The Celt's Paradise,' a poem now almost forgotten ; but at the time it gained recognition of the talents of the young author, and the friendship of Sheil and other literary men. Banim now attempted dramatic composition, and the tragedy 'Turgesius' was written and offered in succession to the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theaters, but was rejected by both. Not deterred by this failure, the author once more composed a tragedy, 'Damon and Pythias,' which through the recommendation of his friend Sheil was produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1821, and met with a reception which amply consoled him for his former disappointment.



JOHN BANIM



In the summer of 1822 Banim revisited his home in Kilkenny, and during his stay he and his brother Michael planned and commenced writing the first series of the 'O'Hara Tales.' He married Miss Ellen Ruth, and subsequently removed to London, where he continued to reside for several years. Here he resumed his necessary labor as a periodical writer. In April of the following year the first series of the celebrated 'O'Hara Tales' was published, and commanded immediate success. 'John Doe, or the Peep o' Day' and 'The Fetches' were John Banim's sole work in this first series. His next work, 'The Boyne Water,' a political novel, the scenes of which are laid in the time of William of Orange and James II., depicts the siege of Limerick and other stirring events of that troubled period. The second series of the 'Tales' appeared in 1826, and included 'The Nowlans,' which was severely handled by the critics. In 1828 'The Anglo-Irish' was published. It was different in character from the 'Tales,' and was not so well received. In 1829 the concluding series of the 'Tales' appeared, commencing with 'The Disowned,' the work of John Banim, and ending in 1842 with 'Father Connell,' the work of Michael.

John's health now began to decline rapidly, and the death of a child and the illness of his wife pressed heavily upon his mind. In 1829, by the advice of numerous friends, he went to France for change of scene, but still continued his contributions to the journals, and wrote besides several small pieces for the English opera-house. In 1835 he returned home, but his health never rallied, and on Aug. 13, 1844, he breathed his last, aged forty-six years. A provision was made for his widow; his daughter died a few years after her father.

The 'O'Hara Tales' were a joint production in so far that they were published together, and one brother passed his work to the other for suggestions and criticism. Those written by John Banim were 'John Doe, or the Peep o' Day,' 'The Fetches,' 'The Smugler,' 'Peter of the Castle,' 'The Nowlans,' 'The Last Baron of Crana,' and 'Disowned.' We quote from Chamber's 'Cyclopædia of English Literature' the following estimate of Banim's powers as a novelist:—"He seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The force of the passions and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes; but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and coloring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects."

"Where his songs are at all tolerable," says Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, "they are full of fire and feeling, and written with quite a natural simplicity and strength. . . . His chief fault is his general disregard of metrical laws."

AN ADVENTURE IN SLIEVENAMON.

From 'The Peep o' Day.'

[Lieutenant Howard, pursuing some persons over the mountain, lost his way, and in springing across a chasm alighted on soft turf, which gave way and precipitated him through the roof of an illicit manufactory of spirits, presided over by Jack Mullins.]

The first perception of Howard's restored senses brought him the intelligence of his being in the midst of an almost insufferable atmosphere, oppressive as it was strange and unusual. He breathed with difficulty, and coughed and sneezed himself very nearly back again into the state of unconsciousness out of which, it would seem, coughing and sneezing had just roused him; for he gained his senses while performing such operations as are understood by these words. When a reasonable pause occurred and that reflection had time to come into play, Howard wondered whether he was alive or dead, and whether or no he felt pain. Due consideration having ensued, he was able to assure himself that, so far as he could judge, he lived, and without much pain of any kind into the bargain. Next he tried to stir himself, but here he was unsuccessful. Some unseen power paralyzed his legs and arms, feet and hands. He lay, it was evident, upon his back, and the surface he pressed seemed soft and genial enough.

While in this position he looked straight upward. The stars, and a patch of deep blue sky, twinkled and smiled upon him through a hole in a low squalid roof overhead. This was a help. He remembered having fallen in through the slope of the hill, and, as an aperture must have been the consequence or the cause of his descent, he ventured to argue accordingly. He had intruded, it would rather seem, upon the private concerns of some person or persons, who, from motives unknown to him, chose to reside in a subterranean retreat among the very sublimities of Slievenamon. Here the strange scent again filled his nostrils with overpowering effect. There was some part of it he thought he could or ought to recollect having before experienced, and he sniffed once or twice with the hope of becoming satisfied. But a fresh, and, he conceived, a different effluvium thereupon rushed up into his head, and

down his throat, and he had again to sneeze and cough his way into a better comprehension.

When Howard was in this second effort successful, he observed that he dwelt not in absolute darkness. A pandemonium kind of light dismally glared around him, clouded by a dense fog of he knew not what color or consistency. Was he alone? He listened attentively. The melancholy female voice that he had heard lamenting at the cabin and among the hills came on his ear, though it was now poured forth in a subdued cadence. Still he listened, and a hissing of whispers floated at every side, accompanied by the noise of a fire rapidly blazing, together with an intermittent explosion that very much resembled a human snore.

Again he strove to rise or turn, but could not. "I will just move my head round, at all events," thought he. He did so, very slowly, and his eyes fixed upon those of Jack Mullins, who, bent on one knee at his side, held his left arm tightly down with one hand, while with the other he presented a heavy horseman's pistol. Howard, little cheered by this comforter, turned his head as slowly in the other direction, and encountered the full stare of another ruffianly visage, while with both hands of his attendant he was at this side pinioned. Two other men secured his feet.

"Where am I? and why do you hold me? and how did all this happen?" asked Howard, as he began to comprehend his situation.

"Hould your tongue, and be quiet," said Mullins.

"I know *you* well, Jack Mullins," resumed Howard. "'T is some time since we met at the Pattern, but I know your voice and face perfectly well."

"Nonsense," said Mullins. "Hould your pace, I tell you."

"You surely would not take away my life for nothing. And it can be no offense to ask you why you hold me down in this strange manner."

"Bother, man. Say your prayers, an' don't vex me."

"Mullins, I have drunk with you out of the same cup, and clasped your hand in good fellowship; and I desire you for the sake of old acquaintance to let me sit up and look about me. I never did you an injury, nor intended one."

"I don't know how that is," observed Mullins.

"Never, by my soul!" repeated Howard with energy. "This unhappy intrusion, whatever place I may have got into, was an accident: I missed my way among the hills and wandered here unconsciously. Let me up, Mullins, and you shall have a handsome recompense."

"The divil a *laffina*¹ you have about you," said Mullins. "Don't be talkin'."

"As you have *found* my purse, then," rejoined Howard, easily suspecting what had happened, "you are most welcome to it, so you release me for a moment."

"An' who, do you think, is to pay us for the roof of our good, snug house you have tattered down on our heads this blessed night?" asked Mullins.

"I will, to be sure," replied Howard, "who else should? Come, Mullins, bid these men let me go, and you 'll never be sorry for it. Is this the way Irishmen treat an old friend?"

"For the sake of that evening we had together at the Pattern you may get up—that is, sit up, an' bless yourself. Let him go, men, bud watch the ladder."

The three other men instantly obeyed Mullins' orders, and, Jack himself loosening his deadly gripe, Howard was at last free to sit up.

"Now, never mind what you see," he continued. "An', in troth, the less you look about you, at all, at all, so much the better, I'm thinkin'." And Mullins sat down opposite his prisoner, still holding the cocked pistol on his arm.

This caution seemed in the first instance altogether useless, for Howard could observe nothing through the dense vapor around him, except, now and then, the blank and wavering outline of a human figure, flitting in the remote parts of the recess. The whispers, however, had deepened into rather loud tones; but here he was as much at a loss as ever, for the persons of the drama spoke together in Irish. At length he gained a hint to the mystery. A young man, stripped as if for some laborious work, approaching Mullins, said, somewhat precipitately, "Musha, Jack, the *run* 'ull go for nothin' this time unless you come down an' put your own hand to the still."

Here, then, from all he had previously heard, and could now see, smell, and conceive, Howard found himself in the

¹ *Laffina*, a halfpenny (a cent).

presence of illicit distillation, at work, though it was Sunday, in all its vigor and glory. He snuffed again, and wondered at his own stupidity, and indeed ingratitude, that he should not at once have recognized the odor of the pottheen atmosphere—a mixture of the effluvium of the liquor and the thick volumes of pent-up smoke, in which for some time he had lived and breathed.

When the young man addressed to Mullins the words we have just recorded, that person's ill-boding face assumed a cast of more dangerous malignity, and, after a ferocious scowl at the speaker, he said with much vehemence:

"Upon my conscience, Tim, a-gra,¹ you 're afther spakin' the most foolish words that your mother's son ever spoke: an' I don't know what bad blood you have to the Sassenach officer, here, that you couldn't lave him a chance for his life when it was likely he had id. Musha, evil end to you, Tim, seed, breed, an' generation!—Mahurp-on-duoul!² What matther was it if the whole *shot* went to Ould Nick this blessed evenin', providin' we didn't let strangers into our sacrets? Couldn't you let him sit here awhile in pace? But since the murther's out take this, you ballour [bab-bler] o' the divil," giving the pistol, "while I go down to the pot. An', Tim, lave well enough alone now, an' if you can't mend what's done try not to do any more. Don't be talkin' at all, I say; you needn't pull the trigger on him for spakin' a little, if it isn't too much entirely. Bud take care o' your own self, Tim, an' hould your gab till I come to you agin."

After this speech, the longest that Mullins was ever known to deliver, he strode away from Howard's side towards the most remote end of the place, where the fire was blazing. Howard, comprehending that Jack's indignation was aroused because of the revealing summons of the young man, and that his own life might probably be sacrificed to his innocent advancement in knowledge, very prudently resolved to avail himself of the hints contained in the harangue he had heard, by observing, in Mullins' absence, the most religious silence, and withal the most natural unconsciousness. The latter part of his resolve was, however, soon rendered superfluous and unavailing. The wind rose high abroad, and entering at the recent aperture,

¹ A-gra, my love.

² Mahurp-on-duoul, My soul to the devil.

attributable to Howard, took an angry circuit round the cavern, agitated the mass of smoke that filled it, and compelled the great portion to evaporate through another vent at the opposite side. In about five minutes, therefore, the whole details of the apartment became visible to any observer, nor could Howard refuse to his curiosity the easy investigation thus afforded. . . .

He was, however, little pleased on the whole with the scene revealed by the partial expulsion of the smoke. Mullins' late hints still rang in his ears, and, while contemplating the faces of those round the fire, the unintentional visitant thought he looked on men who would have little hesitation, all circumstances of prejudice and relative place duly weighed, to assist the master ruffian in any designs upon an Englishman and a redcoat. Then he recollected his untimely absence from his men; the intelligence Sullivan had given him; the disastrous consequences that to them might ensue: and his cheek and brow flamed with impatience; while, the next moment, a recurrence to his own immediate peril corrected, if it did not change, their courageous glow.

The young man who had relieved guard over Howard well obeyed the parting orders of Mullins, for he did not open his lips to the prisoner, contenting himself with watching his every motion, and keeping fast hold of the pistol. Utter silence, therefore, reigned between both, as Howard also strictly observed his own resolution.

After he had fully investigated every thing and person around him, and when thought and apprehension found no relief from curiosity, this blank pause disagreeably affected him. It was uncertainty and suspense; fear for others and for himself; or, even if he escaped present danger, the unhappy accident might influence his future character and prospects. Under the pressure of these feelings Howard most ardently desired the return of Mullins, in order that his fate might be at once decided.

And in his own due time Mullins at length came. Everything about the pot seemed prosperous, for, with a joyous clatter of uncouth sounds, the men now gathered near the worm, and, one by one, held under it the large shell of a turkey-egg, which was subsequently conveyed to their mouths. Mullins himself took a serious, loving draught,

and, refilling his shell, strode towards Howard, bumper in hand.

"First," he said, as he came up, "since you know more than you ought about us, taste that."

"Excuse me, Mullins," said Howard, "I should not be able to drink it."

"Nonsense," resumed Jack, "dhrink the Queen's health, good loock to her, in the right stuff, that is made out o' love to her, an' no one else. Drink, till you see how you'd like it."

"I cannot, indeed," said Howard, wavering.

"Musha, you'd better," growled Mullins. Howard drank some.

"So you won't finish it?—Well, what brought you here?"

"Ill luck," answered Howard, "I knew of no such place—had heard of no such place; but, as I told you, lost my way, and—and—in truth I tumbled into it."

"And well you looked, didn't you, flyin' down through an ould hill's side among pacable people?—An' this is all thrue? no one tould you?"

"Upon my honor, all true, and no one told me."

"By the vartch o' your oath, now?—Will you sware it?"

"I am ready for your satisfaction to do so."

"Well. Where's our own Soggarth, Tim?" continued Mullins, turning to the young guardsman.

"In the corner beyant, readin' his breviary," replied Tim.

A loud snore from the corner seemed, however, to belie the latter part of the assertion.

"Och, I hear him," said Mullins. "Run, Peg," he continued, speaking off to the girl, "run to the corner an' tell Father Tack'em we want him."

The girl obeyed, and with some difficulty called into imperfect existence a little bundle of a man, who there lay rolled up among bundles of straw.

"What's the matter now?" cried he, as, badly balancing himself, with the girl's assistance, he endeavored to resume his legs, and then waddle towards Mullins at a short dubious pace.

"What's the matter at all, that a poor priest can't read

his breviary once a day without being disturbed by you, you pack of—”

“Don’t be talkin’,” interrupted Mullins, “but look afore you, an’ give him the Buke.”

“The Book,” echoed Father Tack’em, “the Book for him! Why, then, happy death to me, what brings the like of him among us?”

“You’d bettther not be talkin’, I say, bud give him the Buke at once,” said Mullins, authoritatively; and he was obeyed. Howard received from Tack’em a clasped volume, “much the worse of the wear,” as its proprietor described it; and, at the dictation of Mullins, swore upon it to the truth of the statement he had already made.

“So far, so good,” resumed Mullins, “an’ hould your tongue still, plase your reverence, it’s bettther fur you. Now, Captain Howard—”

“I only want to ask, is the *shot* come off?” interrupted Tack’em, “for, happy death to me, I’m thirsty. And,” he mumbled to himself, with a momentary expression that showed the wretched man to be not unconscious of the sin and shame of his degradation, “it is the only thing to make me forget—” the rest of his words were muttered too low to be audible even to Howard, beside whom he stood.

“Here, Tim,” said Mullins, giving the shell to the young man, and taking the pistol, “go down to the worm and get a dhrop for the Soggarth.”

The shell returned top-full, and Tack’em, seizing it eagerly, was about to swallow its contents when, glancing at Howard, he stopped short, and offered him “a taste.” The politeness was declined, and Tack’em observed, with fresh assumption of utter flippancy:

“Ah, you haven’t the grace to like it yet. But wait awhile. I thought like yourself at first, remembering my poor old Horace’s aversion to garlic—which, between ourselves, à-vich,¹ is a wholesome herb after all”; and he repeated the beginning of the ode—

“Parentis olim si quis impia manu,
Senile guttur fregerit—”

“Bother,” interrupted Mullins, “ould Hurrish, whoever he is, an’ barrin’ he’s no friend o’ your reverence, could

¹ À-vich, my son.

never be an honest man to talk o' 'gutter' and the pot-
theen in one breath."

"Och, God help you, you poor ignoramus," replied Tack'em, draining his shell. "What a blessed ignorant crew I have round me! Do *you* know humanity, à-vich?" he continued, addressing himself to Howard.

"Nonsense," interposed Mullins, "we all know that in our turns, and when we can help it. Don't be talkin', but let me do my duty. I was a-sayin, à-roon,"¹ he went on, turning to Howard, "that all was well enough so far. Bud, somehow or other, I'm thinkin' you will have to do a thing or two more. 'T isn't clear to myself, a-gra, but you must kiss the Primer agin, in the regard of never sayin' a word to a Christhen sowl of your happening to stray down through that hole over your head, or about any one of us, or anything else you saw while you were stayin' wid us."

Howard, remembering that part of his duty was to render assistance at all times to the civil power of the country in putting down illicit distillation, hesitated at this proposition, doubtful but he should be guilty of an indirect compromise of principle in concealing his knowledge of the existence and situation of such a place. He therefore made no immediate answer, and Mullins went on:

"There's another little matther too. Some poor gossips of ours that have to do with this Captain John—God help 'em!—are all this time in the bog, we hear, in regard o' the small misunderstandin' betwixt you and them. Well, à-vich. You could jest let 'em out, couldn't you?"

"I can engage to do neither of the things you have last mentioned," said Howard, who, assured that concession to the first would not avail him unless he also agreed to the second, thus saved his conscience by boldly resisting both.

"Don't be talkin'," rejoined Mullins, "throth you'll be just afther promisin' us to do what we ax you, an' on the Buke, too;" and his eye glanced to the pistol.

"It is impossible," said Howard, "my honor, my character, my duty forbid it. If those unfortunate persons yet remain within my lines, they must stay there, or else surrender themselves, unconditionally, as our prisoners."

"I don't think you're sarious," resumed Mullins. "Suppose a body said—you *must* do this."

"I should give the same answer."

¹ À-roon, dear.

"Thonomon duoul!¹ don't vex me too well. Do you see what I have in my hand?"

"I see you can murder me if you like, but you have heard my answer."

"Stop, you bloodhound, stop!" screamed Tack'em. "Happy death to me, what would you be about? Don't you know there's wiser heads than yours settling that matter? Isn't it in the hands of Father O'Clery by this time? An' who gave you leave to take the law into your own hands?"

"Bother," said Mullins, "who'll suffer most by lettin' him go? Who bud myself, that gets the little bit I ate, an' the dhrop I taste, by showin' you all how to manage the still through the counthry? An' wouldn't it be betther to do two things at once, an' get him to kiss the Buke fur all I ax him?"

"You don't understand it," rejoined Tack'em, "you were never born to understand it. You can do nothin' but pull your trigger or keep the stone in your sleeve. Let better people's business alone, I say, and wait awhile."

Mullins, looking as if, despite previous arrangements, he considered himself called on, in consequence of a lucky accident, to settle matters his own way, slowly resumed:

"Then I'll tell you how it'll be. Let the Sassenach kneel down in his straw, an' do you kneel at his side, plase your reverence, an' give him a betther preparation nor his mother, poor lady, ever thought he'd get. Just say six Patterin'-Aavees, an' let no one be talking. Sure we'll give him a little time to think of it."

"Murderous dog!" exclaimed Howard, with the tremulous energy of a despairing man; "recollect what you are about to do. If I fall in this manner there's not a pit or nook of your barren hills shall serve to screen you from the consequences! Nor is there a man who now hears me, yet refuses to interfere, but shall become an accessory, equally guilty and punishable with yourself, if indeed you dare proceed to an extremity!"

"Don't be talkin'," said Mullins, "bud kneel down."

"I'll give you my curse on my two bended knees if you touch a hair of his head!" Tack'em cried, with as much energy as his muddled brain would allow. "And then see

¹ *Thonomon duoul*, thy soul to the devil.

how you 'll look, going about on a short leg, and your elbow scratching your ear, and your shins making war on each other, while all the world is at peace."

"An' don't *you* be talkin', ayther," resumed Mullins, who seemed pertinacious in his objection to the prolonged sound of the human voice; "bud kneel by his side an' hear what he has to tell you first. An' then say your Patterin'-Aavees."

Evidently in fear for himself Tack'em at last obeyed. The other men, with the old hag and the girl, gathered round, and Howard also mechanically knelt. He was barely conscious, and no more, of the plunging gallop in which he hastened into eternity. He grew, despite of all his resolutions to die bravely, pale as a sheet; cold perspiration rushed down his face; his jaw dropped, and his eyes fixed. Strange notions of strange sounds filled his ears and brain. The roaring of the turf fire, predominantly heard in the dead silence, he confusedly construed into the break of angry waters about his head; and the muttering voice of Tack'em as he rehearsed his prayers echoed like the growl of advancing thunder. The last prayer was said—Mullins was extending his arm—when a stone descended from the aperture under which he stood, and at the same time Flinn's well-known voice exclaimed from the roof: "Take that, an' bloody end to you, for a meddling, murtherin' rap!" Mullins fell senseless.

"Bounce up, à-vich; you 're safe!" said Tack'em, while, kneeling himself, he clasped his hands, and continued, as if finishing a private prayer that had previously engaged him—"in secula seculorum—Amen!—Jump, I say—jump!—*O festus dies hominis!—vix sum apud me!*—jump!" but Howard did not rise till after he had returned ardent thanks for his deliverance; and he was still on his knees when Flinn rushed down the ladder, crying out: "Tunder-un-ouns!—it's the greatest shame ever came on the counthry!—a burnin' shame! Och! captain, à-vourneen,¹ are you safe an' sound every inch o' you? And they were goin' to trate you in that manner? Are you in a whole skin?" he continued, raising Howard and taking his hand.

"Quite safe, thank you, only a little frightened," said Howard, with a reassured though faint smile.

¹ À-vourneen, my beloved,

SOGGARTH AROON.¹

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon!

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you,
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin door,
 And, on the earthen floor,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
 And when my heart was dim
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

¹ *Soggarth aroon*, "Priest, dear."

Och, you and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
 And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for Old Ireland's sake
 We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

AILEEN.

'T is not for love of gold I go,
 'T is not for love of fame;
 Though fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
 Aileen;
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
 Aileen;
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go: for this
 I lose thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young faithful smile,
 Aileen;
 Of thy young faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave and try a fate,
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Aileen;
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh, when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care,
 Oh, when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
 Aileen;
 I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me then,
 And a hand will welcome me,
 Aileen;
 A hand will welcome me.

HE SAID THAT HE WAS NOT OUR BROTHER.

[This ferocious attack was provoked by some utterances of the Duke of Wellington about Ireland.]

He said that he was not our brother—
 The mongrel! he said what we knew.
 No, Eire! our dear Island-mother,
 He ne'er had his black blood from you!
 And what though the milk of your bosom
 Gave vigor and health to his veins?
 He was but a foul foreign blossom,
 Blown hither to poison our plains!

He said that the sword had enslaved us—
 That still at its point we must kneel.
 The liar!—though often it braved us,
 We crossed it with hardier steel!
 This witness his Richard—our vassal!
 His Essex—whose plumes we trod down!
 His Willy—whose peerless sword-tassel
 We tarnished at Limerick town!

No! falsehood and feud were our evils,
 While force not a fetter could twine.
 Come Northmen—come Normans—come Devils!
 We give them our *Sparth*¹ to the chine!
 And if once again he would try us,
 To the music of trumpet and drum,
 And no traitor among us or nigh us—
 Let him come, the Brigand! let him come!

¹ *Sparth*, battle-axe.

MICHAEL BANIM.

(1796—1876.)

MICHAEL BANIM was born in Kilkenny in August, 1796, and for many years of his boyhood he attended school in his native town. This school the eccentric proprietor dignified with the name of "The English Academy," and a true and amusing picture of the school and its master is drawn in the pages of 'Father Connell.' At the age of sixteen he decided on the bar as a profession. After studying law for two years, a reverse of fortune overtook his father and undermined his health. Michael Banim at once gave up his cherished plans for a professional career, applied his whole energy and perseverance to the business, and at length had the satisfaction of unraveling the complication and replacing his parents in comfort. This done, he used his leisure hours for reading and study, and spent his spare time in rambles through the beautiful scenery of County Kilkenny. In these journeys he won the confidence of the peasantry, and gained that deep insight into their daily lives which he afterwards reproduced in his lifelike character sketches.

His brother John's arrival on a visit in 1822, after the success of his drama 'Damon and Pythias' gave a new direction to Michael's ideas. In one of their rambles John detailed his plan for writing a series of national tales, in which he would strive to represent the Irish people truly to the English public. Michael approved of the idea, and incidentally related some circumstances which he considered would serve as the foundation of an interesting novel. John, struck with the story and the clear manner of its narration, at once advised Michael to write it himself. After some hesitation the elder brother consented, and the result was one of the most popular among the first series of 'The O'Hara Tales'—'Crohoore of the Bill Hook.' This was written, as were his succeeding productions, in the hours which he could spare from business. To assist John with his work 'The Boyne Water,' Michael traveled in the south of Ireland and supplied him with a description of the siege of Limerick and the route taken by Sarsfield to intercept the enemy's supplies. An adventure befell him during this tour, which he also placed at the disposal of his brother, and it forms the introduction to John Banim's novel 'The Nowlans.'

In 1826 Michael visited his brother in London, and there made the acquaintance of Gerald Griffin, John Sterling, and other celebrities. In the following year the struggle for Catholic Emancipation was in progress, and, putting himself under the leadership of O'Connell, he devoted his energies to the cause. In 1828 'The Croppy' appeared. He had been engaged on this work at intervals during the previous two years. Although not so full of striking situations nor so sensational as 'Crohoore,' the characters were more carefully drawn and the composition was more easy and natural. For sometime now he was entirely prostrated with severe illness, and almost five

years elapsed before the appearance of the next tale, 'The Ghost Hunter and his Family.' This was considered by the critics quite equal to the best of 'The O'Hara Tales,' and presents a striking picture of Irish virtue. 'The Mayor of Windgap' appeared in 1834, followed by 'The Bit o' Writin',' 'The Hare, the Hound, and the Witch,' and other tales.

About 1840 Michael married Miss Catherine O'Dwyer. At this time his means were ample. But he had been married scarcely a year when the merchant in whose care his property had been placed failed, and Michael Banim found himself almost a ruined man; his health suffered severely, and for two years his life was despaired of. On his partial recovery he wrote one of his best novels—'Father Connell.' In this work the author sketches to the life the good priest whom he had known and loved in his childhood, and we find the piety, simplicity, and peculiarities of Father O'Connell reproduced in 'Father Connell.'

The publisher to whom this novel was intrusted failed after a portion of it was in type. The failure resulted from no fault of his own, and in time he was able to resume his business. This, however, delayed the appearance of the work, and so discouraged the author that it was many years before he resumed his pen. 'Clough Fion' at length appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1852, and, as its plot turned on a popular grievance, the country evictions, it was well received. 'The Town of the Cascades,' published in 1864, was his last literary work. Its purpose was to paint the awful effects of the vice of intemperance.

In 1873 he was forced by the state of his health to resign his situation of postmaster, which he had held for many years, and to retire with his family to Booterstown, a prettily situated coast town in the county of Dublin. He expired Aug. 30, 1874, leaving a widow and two daughters. The Premier, Mr. Disraeli, interested on her behalf by Dr. R. R. Madden and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, granted Mrs. Banim a pension from the civil list.

There was a marked contrast between the work of the brothers Banim. That of John had a strong and versatile character, and was often gloomy and tragic in style; while that of Michael displayed far more humor, a much more sunshiny temperament, and a greater tendency to depict the brighter side of life.

THE ENGLISH ACADEMY.

From 'Father Connell, a Tale.'

Jammed in between two more modern houses with shop windows, there was in the "main street" a curious old structure, or rather a succession of very curious old structures, situated to the rear of this introductory one. It had a high parapeted front, over which arose a gable, very

sharp-angled at top, and surmounted by a tall roundish stone chimney.

A semicircular archway, gained by a few steps, ran through it from the street, and led into a small quadrangle, one side of which was formed by its own back, and the other three sides by similar old buildings; that side to your left being partially dilapidated. A second semicircular archway passed under the pile confronting you, as you entered the inclosure from the street, and gave egress into a second, but larger quadrangle. Of this, the far or top side was composed of one range of an older edifice still; that behind you of the rear of the house that fronted you, in the lesser quadrangle; that to your right, of other ancient buildings entirely ruinous; and that to your left, partly of a dead wall, partly of a shed, before which was a bench of mason-work, and partly of a little nook, containing some evergreens, and remarkable for affording place to a queer sentry-box kind of structure, built of solid stone.

And now there was yet a third archway before you, but much narrower than the others, and very much darker, boring its way under the lower part of the structure facing you. In traversing it, your eye caught, to your right hand, doorways imperfectly filled up by old oak doors, half hanging off their old-time hinges, and leading into large, unoccupied, coal-black chambers; and when you emerged from it, the cheery daylight was again around you, in a third enclosed space, of which the most remarkable feature was a long flight of wide stone steps, terminating in a sharply arched door, which led into an elevated garden.

Why dwell on the features of the odd old place? Has no one guessed? Here, Father Connell put his adopted son to school. Here was the scene of years of that boy's pains and pleasures, sports and tasks, tears and laughter—likings and dislikings—friendships—nay, of a stronger and a higher passion, which though conceived in mere boyhood, passed into his youthful prime, and afterwards swayed and shaped the fate, not only of himself, but alas! of his aged protector. . . .

In the middle of the inner quadrangle, there used to be a roundish space, quite smooth, and well sanded over, while the rest of the yard around it was roughly paved—and could human foresight have contrived anything more

appropriate for the marble ring, and the pegtop ring? In "hide and seek," where could the appointed seeker find such a retreat as the old stone sentry-box—the boys called it an old confessional—in which to turn away his head and eyes, until the other urchins should have concealed themselves among some of the fantastic recesses around them? And where could leap-frog be played so well as under the old archways?—and if a sudden shower came on, how conveniently they afforded shelter from it! To such of the boys as had courage for the undertaking, what places above ground, ay, or underground, so fit for enacting "the ghost," as were the pandemonium retreats of the black chambers of the third archway? Was there ever so luxurious a seat for a tired boy to cast himself upon, fanning his scarleted face with his hat, as that offered to him by the bench in the larger quadrangle, canopied overhead by its two umbrageous sycamores, one at its either end? Or, if a poor boy happened to play too much, and too long, and were summoned up to his task, without having conned a single word of it, what crumbling old walls under the sun could compare with those at the opposite side of the square, for supplying in perfection a weed called—locally at least—"Peniterry," to which the suddenly terrified idler might run in his need, grasping it hard and threateningly, and repeating the following "words of power":

"Peniterry, peniterry, that grows by the wall,
Save me from a whipping, or I pull you roots and all" ?

And there was a third sycamore, in a corner belonging to a thrush, who from year to year built her nest, and brought forth her young in it, and she was the best-fed thrush in the world. Her nest lay almost on a level with one of the schoolroom windows—you could nearly touch her, by stretching out your arm from it—and outside this window projected a broken slate, constantly kept filled with various kinds of provisions, for her and her family. Her husband seemed to grow lazy under these circumstances. He would scarce ever leave home in quest of food, and, indeed, do little else than perch upon the very topmost bough over her head, and whistle to her all day long. As for herself, she seemed, out of her trustiness in her little purveyors, to

live in a delightful state of happy quietude. Not a bit startled was she, or even put out, by all their whoopings and uproar in the yard below. Nay, she seemed to take a matronly interest in their studies too; for the boys of the head class, during school-hours, could plainly see her sitting on her eggs, while they sat to their books or slates, and they would fancy that her little, round, diamonded eye used to be watching them.

Well. The old house confronting you, as you entered the first quadrangle from the street, and the rear of which looked into the second quadrangle, was the old school-house. Passing its sharply arched doorway of stone, you entered a hall, floored with old black oak, and ascended a spiral staircase of black oak, coiling round an upright of black oak, and stepped into the schoolroom, floored with black oak, and divided by a thick partition of black oak from the master's bedchamber; in fact, all the partitions, all the doors, all the stairs, all the ceiling-beams—and ponderous things they were—downstairs, and upstairs, through the interior of the crude old edifice, were all, all old black oak, old black oak, nearly as hard as flint, and seemingly rough from the hatchet, too; and the same was the case in the interiors of the other inhabitable portions of the concatenation of ancient buildings.

Through the partition separating his bedchamber from the schoolroom the head of the seminary had bored a good many holes, nearly an inch in diameter, some straight-forward, some slantingly, to enable himself to peer into every corner of the study, before entering it each morning; and this is to be kept in mind. At either end of the long apartment was a large square window, framed with stone, and, indeed, stone also in its principal divisions. Overhead ran the enormous beams of old oak, and in the spaces between them were monotonous flights, all in a row, and equally distant from each other, of monotonous angels, in stucco—the usual children's heads, with goose wings shooting from under their ears; and sometimes one or two of these angels became fallen angels, flapping down on clipped wings either upon the middle of the floor, or else upon the boys' heads, as they sat to their desks, and confusing them, and their books, and slates with fragments of stucco and mortar, rotten laths, and rusty nails.

In a kind of recess, on the side of the schoolroom opposite to the boys' double desks, was an old table, flanked by a form, to which, at certain hours of the day, sat some half-dozen young girls, from six to ten years, who came up from the quaint old parlor below, under the care of the master's daughter, who therein superintended their education in inferior matters, to be occasionally delivered into his hands for more excelling instruction.

The principal of this celebrated seminary wrote himself down in full, and in a precise, round hand, James Charles Buchmahon; and his establishment as "the English Academy";—principal we have called him—despotic monarch, we should have called him; for he never had had more than one assistant, and the head of that one he broke before they had been many weeks together.

And never were absolute monarchy, and deep searching scrutiny, more distinctly stamped and carved on any countenance, than upon that of James Charles Buchmahon, master of the English Academy. And that countenance was long and of a soiled sallow color; and the puckering of his brows and eyelids awful; and the unblinking steadiness of his bluish gray eyes insufferable; and the cold-blooded resoluteness of his marbly lips unrelaxable. At the time we speak of him, James Charles Buchmahon might have been between fifty and sixty, but he wore well. He was tall, with a good figure and remarkably well-turned limbs, "and he had the gift to know it," for in order not to hide a point of the beauty of those limbs from the world, he always arrayed them in very tight-fitting pantaloons, which reached down to his ankles. His coat and waistcoat were invariably black. A very small white muslin cravat, and a frill sticking out quite straight from his breast, occupied the space from his chin to his waist. And James Charles Buchmahon's hat was of cream-color beaver, high crowned, and broad brimmed: and he even carried either a formidable walking-stick of stout oak, or else a substitute for it made of five or six peeled switches, cunningly twisted together, and at one end loaded with lead.

Sometimes even the redoubtable James Charles Buchmahon, master of the English Academy, used to indulge in a social glass after dinner—nay, after supper, too, with a

few select friends; and the following day was sure to remain longer than was his wont, in his bedchamber. By some means or other, the young gentlemen of his seminary were scarcely ever ignorant of the recurrences of such evenings; and consequently, for an hour or so, upon the mornings that succeeded them, the schoolroom of the English Academy used to be very unusually relaxed in discipline. It was, indeed, rather a venturesome thing, even with the temptation mentioned, to utter a loud breath, or for a moment vacate a seat, when, as will be remembered, the young students were divided from the awful bedroom by an oak plank, solely; to say nothing of the spy-holes which James Charles Buchmahon had bored through the old partition.

It is evident, however, to the meanest capacity—and even George Booth quite understood the matter—that if the spy-holes were good for the master's *espionnage* upon the boys, they were just as good for the *espionnage* of the boys upon the master—and, indeed, they were as often used one way as the other. Almost every morning in the year, reconnoitering parties were appointed from the first and second classes, who, with the help of those spy-holes, and their own eyes, telegraphed through the school the most minute proceeding of James Charles, from the instant he gave the first stir in his bed, until he laid his hand on the door-handle, to pass out to begin his duties for the day; and it need not be added, that upon the especial occasions of stolen enjoyment alluded to, our young acquaintances were most particularly watchful. It is, then, one of these half-holiday mornings before breakfast. The school abounds with fun and gambol, Neddy Fennell being one of the greatest, if not the very greatest truant among all his compeers. James Charles has been sleeping later than ever was known before; and his subjects, believing that he must have been very drunk indeed the previous night, happily conjecture that he may not waken time enough for the morning lessons—nay, nor for the afternoon lessons—nay, that under Providence he may never waken at all.

But a change soon occurred in Neddy Fennell's sportive idling.

Mention has been made of some very dirty fellows in

the English Academy. They were in their own way jocose fellows, too, particularly upon this memorable morning. They had prepared a little blank paper book, and written upon each of its pages words that betokened, they said, a future fortune of some kind or other, to any or everybody who, by insinuating a pin between two of its leaves, should cause the mystic volume to unfold. The device was not a very original one in the school; and when practiced by boys of anything like neatness of mind, produced much harmless fun. But in their hands the simple plaything, from the nature of the matter they had scribbled through it, degenerated, of course, merely into a vehicle of nastiness.

Neddy Fennell passed them after they had just offended — ay, and abashed to the very crown of his head, Tommy Palmer, by inducing him to read his future destiny; our little friend could also see that James Graham's eyes were fixed on the dirty fellows with deep indignation. They enjoyed, however, the success of their joint invention in fits of smothered laughter; and he overheard them arrange to have "rare sport" among the girls at the other side of the room, so soon as they should come up from the parlor to receive their morning lessons at the hands of James Charles Buchmahon. He started, reddened, and said, "I'll try my fortune too."

They held the book of prophecy to him. He divided its leaves in the usual manner, and read something very like what he had expected. He turned over some more of its leaves, and became satisfied of the nature of all its contents. Just then, the young girls entered the schoolroom, chaperoned by their mistress as far as the door. Neddy glanced towards one of the little troop, and his blood boiled.

"You shall never take this fortune-book to the other side of the room, you blackguards," said Neddy.

"An' who 'll hinder us?" asked they.

"I'll hinder you," he replied, and he put the book into one of the side pockets of his jacket.

There was a remonstrance, and then a pulling and dragging scuffle, and at last a boxing-match; the two dirty fellows, now even more cowardly than they were dirty, falling together upon one little boy, much their inferior in years, height, weight, and strength, while he, nothing daunted, jumped about them, rolling his little fists round

each other, making a good hit whenever he could, and taking all their heavy punishment like a Trojan. But he could not fail having the worst of it. His lips and nose were bruised, and spouted with blood; his left eye became unwillingly half shut up, and he staggered often, and was clean knocked down at last.

A little scream came from the girls' table, and at the same moment one of the dirty fellows said, "The master is coming out."

"Wait till I see," said Neddy, "and if he is not, I'll come back to you."

He ran round the long desk, and was just applying his eye—his only available one—to one of the spy-holes, when, ye gods!—another eye, a well-known, large, gray, bluish eye, a cold, shiny, white and blue delft eye, was in the act of doing the same thing at the other side of the auger-hole.

Neddy's first impulse was, of course, to start back in terror; but the next instant, he stuck his own eye as closely as ever he could, into the opening, shrewdly judging that such a proceeding was the only one which could hinder his opponent from noting and ascertaining his personal identity. And now it became a real trial of skill and endurance between the two eyes; but, oh! the horrors of the ordeal that Neddy had to endure! Sometimes, the large grayish blue eye would withdraw itself about the fourth part of an inch, from its own side of the partition, as if to admit light enough into the orifice, to enable it to mark the rival orb, and connect it with its owner; and then, the cold, freezy scintillations which shot from it curdled his very blood! Sometimes it would adhere as closely to its end of the hole, as did Neddy's at the other end; and then all was darkness to Neddy's vision—but he thought the fringes of the two eyelids touched! and his trembling limbs scarce supported him. He winked, and blinked, and so did the antagonist organ, and then he became assured that the opposing eyelashes absolutely intertangled, and felt as if his own optic was to be drawn out of his head. Mental delusion almost possessed him. The cold, grayish blue eye seemed to become self-irradiated, and to swell into the compass of a shining crown-piece, while it darted into his rays of excruciating light.

Still, however, he courageously held on, until at last, James Charles Buchmahon gave up the contest, and withdrew towards his bedroom door; upon which Neddy hastened to his place at his desk, but not before he had ascertained by a glance across the room, that the dirty fellows, having filched the fortune-book from his pocket during his late trepidation, were in the act of introducing it to the notice of the little dames, who sat to the old table in the recess. In fact, the alarm that had been given by one of the dirty fellows, that "the master was coming," was but a ruse to send Neddy to the spy-hole, in order to enable himself the more easily to recover his precious property; and this was now evident, from the two friends being seen, without the least apprehension of the approach of that said master, endeavoring, in high glee, to impart a portion of their own nastiness to the pure little hearts and minds before them. Neddy had scarcely resumed his seat when James Charles entered the schoolroom, and Neddy's eyes, or rather eye, fastened on his book. Almost at the same moment, the little voice—Neddy knew it well—which had before uttered a little scream, broke into a sudden fit of crying. Neddy again glanced at the girls' table. The child who was crying had just flung into the middle of the room the atrocious fortune-book; and he was about to vault across the desk a second time, to possess himself of the evidence of blackguardism, when James Charles Buchmahon saved him the trouble, by picking it up himself.

The two detected dirty fellows were slinking to their places. "Have the goodness to stand where ye are, gentlemen," entreated James Charles Buchmahon. They stood stock still before him. He sat down to his desk, put on his spectacles, and deliberately began to read the fortune-book.

In a few seconds he suddenly stopped reading, drew his chair smartly back from his desk, raised his hands and eyes, and then screwed the latter into those of the base culprits; he resumed his studies, again pushed back from the desk, again made a silent appeal upwards, and again as silently told the two dirty fellows what he thought of their playful device, and of themselves, and what they had to expect for their cleverness. Having quite finished the rare volume, he stood up, and beckoned them towards him.

They came. He held it open in his hand, before their eyes, pointed to it, and uttered the one word, "Read." He then pointed to the girls' table, tapped the now closed book with his forefinger; slowly opened his desk, slowly deposited therein the "sybilline leaves," and uttered another monosyllable—"Kneel."

The despairing blackguards knelt.

"No!" interrupted James Charles Buchmahon, with great and severe dignity, stepping back from them—"I was wrong; do not kneel; go on all-fours; prop yourselves on your knees and hands together, and remain in that position; I will explain why to you, anon."

Again they obeyed him, their dirty faces growing pallid as death, and their dirty hearts quailing with an undefinable fear and horror at this unprecedented proceeding.

James Charles Buchmahon again returned to the desk, now standing upright before it, however. Very slowly and solemnly he next drew out his pocket-handkerchief, used it—and what a quavering, trumpet sound there then was!—folded and rolled it up into a round hardish lump, held it in both hands tightly, bent his head over it, and began rubbing across it, from side to side, the base of his very broad-backed and hooked nose. Great awe fell upon his subjects, big and little. The process described—which they used to call "sharpening his beak"—was one which, by experience, they well knew betokened the approach of some terrific catastrophe; while they were also very well aware that, during the sharpening of the beak, the two bluish gray eyes were scowling round, from one to another of them—as before remarked, under their proper brows, and over their proper spectacles.

The beak was sharpened. The pocket-handkerchief was unfolded from its sphere-like form, shaken, and put up. James Charles Buchmahon then produced before himself a horn snuff-box, of his own manufacture; tapped it often; gravely took off its lid; dipped deep his finger and thumb into its pungent contents; put on its lid; returned it into his waistcoat-pocket, sniffed up, in a long, long-drawn sniff, about half of the huge pinch he had abstracted from it, and then he uttered three words more.

"Master Edmund Fennell!"

The individual so summoned left his seat, and stood before the throne.

James Charles applied his spectacles close to Neddy's face, deliberately and diligently scanning it, now upwards and downwards, now from side to side. With much suavity he then took him by the shoulder, and induced him to turn round and round, that he might critically inspect the evidences left upon his dress of his fall on the very dusty, old oak floor.

This investigation ended, a piercing "Whew!"—which continued while his breath lasted, followed it; the "whew" was, by the way, usual on such occasions as the present, and it used to traverse the boys' heads, as if a long needle had been thrust into one ear, and out through the other. And then, after finishing the pinch of snuff, he politely addressed Neddy.

"Why, sir, you are quite a buffer—a perfect Mendoza. I had no conception whatsoever, sir, that my seminary had the honor of containing such an eminent pugilist. But, sir, any young gentleman, who aspires to become a bully, under this roof, must begin by fighting with me, and more than that—he must become my conqueror, before I can permit the English Academy to be turned into a bear-garden. But we shall speak of this, sir, when I shall have discharged a more pressing duty. In the meantime, Master Edmund Fennell, have the kindness to kneel down—a little apart, however, from those two prone animals," pointing to the two dirty fellows, who of course still continued on their hands and knees.

Neddy could have said something in his own defense, but he was either too proud or too much put out to do so; or perhaps he wisely reserved himself for the re-investigation of his case, which seemed to have been promised; so he knelt down.

A new fit of crying and sobbing was heard from the old table in the recess, and a beautiful little girl, her cheeks streaming tears, ran forward to the judgment-seat.

And—"Sir, sir," she exclaimed, clasping her little hands, "do not punish Ned Fennell—he doesn't deserve it!—he is a good little boy, and often comes to see my father, with old priest Connell—and my father says he is a good boy—and so does priest Cornell;—and least of all does he

deserve your anger, for what has happened this morning! I saw and heard it all, sir—and I can make you sure that he has done nothing wrong,—no—but done everything that was right, sir. Oh! good Mr. James Charles Buchmahon, do not take him into your room and hurt him!”

Neddy had not shed a tear before this moment; after an upward glance at his little advocate, he now cried heartily—but they were happy tears he shed. James Charles Buchmahon stood motionless—his large, cold eyes became half-covered by their upper lids. He smiled, in something like the kindness of human nature, and the boys thought, as well as they could judge through his spectacles, that a softening moisture came over them. At all events, he quietly sat down, took the little girl by the hand, drew her to his knee, and began to question her in a low voice.

She informed him that Neddy's scuffle, in the first instance, with the two dirty fellows, arose out of his endeavoring to hinder them from approaching the girls' table with their atrocious book of fortunes. She repeated the words that passed between Neddy and them; and how Neddy put the book into the pocket of his jacket, and then how they fell upon him, while he would not give up his prize, but defended himself as well as he was able. James Charles listened attentively, and questioned the child over again, and very minutely. When she had said all she could say, he bent his lips to her ear and whispered a few words. The little thing clapped her hands, dashed aside with them the tears and the golden hair at once, which were both blinding her, and her lovely little face was one glowing smile, as she whispered in her turn—“Oh! thank you, sir.” But James Charles Buchmahon, becoming somewhat scandalized at so unaffected a show of feeling and of nature, raised his forefinger and said, in almost one of his freezing tones—“Now go back to your seat, Miss M'Neary.”

Little Helen, after making her little salaam, obeyed; but not before her smiling eyes and those of Neddy Fennell, now also smiling, had contrived to meet.

A death-like silence ensued—

“It was as if the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end!”

And during the "awful pause" James Charles Buchmahon, half inclining himself backwards, and holding his head perfectly erect, while his hands hung clenched by his sides, frowned downwards upon the two dirty fellows, in, as it were, speechless abhorrence and indignation.

At length he broke the pause by uttering, in tones that seemed to come from the depths of his laboring bosom:—

"Quadrupeds! become, for a moment, bipeds—imitate humanity by standing upright."

With the facility of dancing bears the quadrupeds did as they were bid.

"Quadrupeds! how many senses are there?"

"Five, sir!" they bawled out in a breath.

"You, quadruped, to my right hand, name those five senses."

"Feeling, hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, sir."

All this seemed very wide of the mark, and puzzled the dirty fellows, and the whole school besides, exceedingly.

"So far, so good. Well, then, none of my five senses ever yet perceived, so as to cause my reflective powers to apprehend, and thereby my understanding to arrive at the conclusion that the English Academy was founded and instituted by me, for the training up of any of the inferior animals—or any of the brute creation, in fact. I could not have possibly imagined that, at this time of my life, I was to degenerate into an instructor of beast brutes—ay, of the foulest among the foul brutes—of foul, snorting swine. But you have undeceived me. And allow me to ask you, how has it come to pass that you have been enabled to stand upright in your sty, and present yourself, upon two feet, at the threshold of the English Academy? By what 'mighty magic' has been wrought the presumptuous deception?"

The quadrupeds did not venture to answer the question.

"I say to you both that, in daring to stand erect on your hinder legs, you have attained the very climax of audacity. But—" here James Charles slowly took out of his desk the cat-o'-nine-tails—"but I will assert over you the outraged dignity of human nature. Great as may have been the spell which enabled you, for a season, to look like human beings, I can overmaster that spell by a higher one, and force you to resume your pristine positions

on the earth. Down, therefore! Down again on all-fours—I command your retransformation!” he waved the cat slowly around his head; “abandon the bearing of humanity and once more move along with prone visages and snouts, delving into your native mire and filth.”

The swine, as James Charles now called them, evidently did not comprehend this long harangue, and only glared at him with pallid visages.

“Did you not hear me, unclean brutes?”

“Yes, sir,” they gasped.

“Obey, then!”—a hissing of whipcord came round their ears and then its crash descended on their bare heads. They shouted, clapped their hands to their smarting craniums, and jumped aside. The cat next applied her claws to the backs of those hands; and there was a still louder yell, and a wider jump aside.

“We don’t know what you want us to do, sir!” they screamed out.

But James Charles Buchmahon soon made them know; and again they were on their hands and knees.

“Grunt now, ye swine—manifest your nature a little further. Grunt!” he again elevated the cat.

They earnestly assured him they could not grunt.

“Can’t? I will soon show all the young gentlemen here that I have not mistaken your nature or qualities—come, grunt, I say!” and the cat was scratching wherever she could insert a claw.

“Ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh—oh-ah!” they at last grunted and shouted together.

“Did I not judge aright, gentlemen of the English Academy—hark, how plainly they can speak their original language—walk forward, now, swine—but still, still on your four legs—do you hear? and grunt as ye go, that all human beings may avoid you.”

Round and round the schoolroom he made them crawl, while, perforce, they still imitated the discordant sounds of the animals they personified. In vain did they attempt to escape under desks or forms. With a smart cane, which he had now substituted for the cat, their merciless driver soon hunted them out again to the middle of the floor; and if they ceased their motion, for one instant, or refused to grunt, down came the cane on them.

At last, growing tired of his occupation, James Charles halted, and allowed them to do the same.

"So far, swine," he said, "you have been only enforced to resume your proper natures, and display your proper attributes. Real punishment for your crimes you have not yet received. Punishment first, for your unnameable crimes at yonder table, and all your proceedings connected therewith; punishment, secondly, for your cowardly swinish crime of attacking together one little boy; one little human creature, certainly inferior to you in mere brute strength—and rending and disfiguring the comely human features that Providence had blessed him with. I am still your debtor, I admit. But please God, I shall not long be so."

Only waiting to imbibe a fresh pinch of snuff, as a kind of piquant stimulus to his already perfect good will for the task before him, James Charles then belabored the two dirty rascals, from the nape of the neck to the termination of the back-bone—allowing them, at last, to go halting and roaring to their places, only because his arm was no longer able to hit them hard enough.

Again returning to his desk, he again called out, "Master Edmund Fennell—" speaking still very loudly, though the boy was within a very few inches of him. Neddy arose willingly enough.

"I, the more readily, and the more easily, have been induced to remit the punishment due to your offense, sir, of repelling even by one single ungentlemanlike blow, the attack made, no matter how brutally, upon you, because your late re-entrance into the English Academy, after a long absence from it, since your good father's death—" Neddy burst out crying—"may have caused you to forget that I require from the youth of my establishment, not the turbulence of prize-fighters, but the habits of young gentlemen. Sir, there shall be no boxing-matches in the English Academy. If there be cause of quarrel, it must be immediately referred to me, and justice shall be dealt to both parties. Go now, Master Edmund Fennell, and return your respectful thanks to Miss Helen M'Neary, to whose generous interference you stand chiefly indebted on this important occasion; go, sir—if indeed the young lady

can bear to regard, even for an instant, the present very ungentlemanlike state of your features."

Neddy was instantly hastening, as fast as he could walk, his arms wide open, to obey this reasonable and pleasant request.

"Stop, sir," roared James Charles Buchmahon. This unexpected countermand sounded like a gun-shot in Neddy's ears, and he certainly did stop.

"Pray, sir, in what seminary did you acquire that uncouth and bruin-like method of paying your respects to a young lady? Retire some distance back, and make an obeisance to Miss M'Neary; thus, sir; look at me, sir, if you please."

Ned looked accordingly, and beheld James Charles Buchmahon advance his finger and thumb to the brim of his cream-colored beaver, keeping his elbow turned out, and his arm well rounded as he did so; and then he beheld him solemnly raise the beaver from his bald, gray head, sway it downward gradually and gracefully, and bend his body, until his head came on a line with his hips; and James Charles, during all this process, smiled and simpered his very best, and at last said in a fascinating tone—"Miss Helen M'Neary, I return you my most sincere and respectful acknowledgments."—"Now, sir!" And James Charles again stood very straight, and holding his head very high, proud of the perfection of his politeness, while his eye took a short circuit round the schoolroom to notice the universal admiration which his dignified gracefulness must have called forth. Neddy Fennell contrived to turn his face from the observation of his preceptor, while he performed the task prescribed to him; and then gave—repeating every syllable he had heard—so correct an imitation, in tone, manner, and action of James Charles Buchmahon, that the row of young ladies before him, and all the boys around him, were nearly suffocated with the attempt they made to suppress their laughter.

"That will do, sir: you may now retire to your place," added James Charles.

LYNCH LAW ON VINEGAR HILL.

From 'The Croppy.'

After the great mass of the insurgents abandoned their position on Vinegar Hill to advance upon Wexford (which, as we have seen, was yielded to them without a struggle) a considerable number, attached to their cause, still remained on the rocky eminence, ostensibly as a garrison to guard the conquered town below, but really to shun the chance of open fighting, or else to gratify a malignant nature. We might indeed say that all who acted upon either of the motives mentioned were influenced by both. For it is generally true that the bravest man is the least cruel, the coward most so. That he who hesitates not to expose himself in a fair field, will yet hesitate to take life treacherously, coolly, or at a disproportioned advantage over his opponent. While the boastful craven, who shrinks from following in his footsteps, glories to show a common zeal in the same cause by imbruing his hands in the blood of the already conquered, of the weak, or of the defenseless.

Apart from the new recruits that continued to come in to the popular place of rendezvous, the majority of the executioners and butchers of Vinegar Hill were, according to the accounts of living chroniclers on both sides of the question, individuals of this last kind. Amongst them, indeed, were some who, if peculiar outrages had not temporarily repressed their revenge to a maddening thirst for blood, would never have brutalized themselves and shamed the nature they bore by participation in such deeds as were done upon the breezy summit of that fatal hill. But these were outnumbered by their brethren of a different character; men, demons rather, to be found in all communities, whose natural disposition was murderous, and who, but for the coward fear of retributive justice, would spill blood upon the very hearthstone of household peace. Alas for our boasted nature when such beings share it!

At the head of the main force all the principal or more respectable leaders had necessarily taken their departure from "the camp." The so-called leaders who remained in nominal command over the skulking mob we have de-

scribed were themselves scarce raised above the scum and dregs who, for a recognised similarity of character rather than for any merit, chose them as their "capt'ns." And by these men were conducted or despatched, during the previous night and day, different bands in different directions, to seize on provisions, to drive in cattle and sheep, and to lead captive to the rendezvous all whom they might deem enemies to the cause of what was now pompously styled—poor, brave little Peter Rooney's heart jumping at the sound—"The Wexford Army of Liberty."

Accordingly sheep, cows, oxen, and Orangemen, or supposed Orangemen, had, previous to Sir William Judkin's approach to the hill, been abundantly provided for the satiety of the only two cravings felt by their ferocious captors. Such of the former as could not immediately be devoured were suffered to ramble among the rocks and patches of parched grass on the side of the eminence until hunger again called for a meal; such of the latter as, from whim or fatigue, were not summarily despatched, were thrust into a prison—a singular one—until revenge or murder again roared for its victims.

On the summit of the height stood a roofless, round building, originally intended for a windmill but never perfected, because, perhaps, in the middle of the projector's work it became tardily evident to him that the river at his feet supplied a better impetus for grinding corn than was to be gained from the fitful breeze after mounting up the side of the steep hill. In Ireland such buildings rarely occur, inasmuch as in almost every district the river or the rill invites the erection of the more diligent water-wheel. Indeed we have heard that the half-finished pile in question was the first thought of an English settler, accustomed to such structures in his own country, and subsequently abandoned for the reasons already mentioned.

But at the time of our story this roofless round tower, about seven paces in diameter and perhaps twenty-five feet in height, was appropriated to a use very different from that for which it had been planned. It served, in fact, as a temporary prison for the unfortunate persons captured by the marauding garrison of Vinegar Hill. Many were the victims thrust through its narrow doorway to meet a horrid death on the pikes of the savages abroad.

Never before or since, in Ireland, did the summer sun dart fiercer rays than, as if in sympathy with the passions and acts it witnessed, during the hot struggle of civil war in the year 1798. As Sir William Judkin spurred his jaded smoking horse towards the eminence, beast and rider were faint with heat and toil.

His horse, although stretching every muscle at the goad of his bloody spur, could but creep with distended nostril and bursting eye against the steep and rock-encumbered acclivity. Impatient of the animal's tardy progress, Sir William sprang, with an imprecation, from his back, and pushed upward; drenched indeed in perspiration at every step, yet with a constancy and a nerve scarce to be accounted for, unless that his heated brain gave him such stimulus as imparts incredible strength to the maniac. He gained a view of the old windmill tower. Upon its top was hoisted a rude flag of sun-faded green, on which, in clumsy white letters, had been inscribed "Liberty or Death." Had the breeze been brisk enough to float the banner to its full extent such were the words that would have met the eye. But the summer breeze had fled the summit of Vinegar Hill, leaving that baleful flag to droop over the scene beneath it, until within its heavy folds the word "Liberty" became hidden, and "Death" alone was visible.

His banner it might indeed well appear to be—drooping, in appropriate listlessness, as it flaunted the name of the destroyer above the havoc he had made. For, just below the base of the tower the rocks and the burned grass were reddened, and lifeless bodies, frightfully gashed, lay here and there, some fully to be seen, others partly concealed by the stunted furze and shrubs.

Sir William still toiled upward. In different places along the hill-side, and even at some distance beyond its foot, were groups of men, women, and children,—some reposing after fatigue, others seated round blazing fires of wood and furze. The slaughtered carcasses of sheep and cows often lay in close neighborhood with the mortal remains of their enemies. And the houseless Croppy, when necessitated by hunger, hacked a piece from the plundered animal he had killed, held it on his pike-head before the blaze, and when thus inartificially cooked, either stretched his rude spit, still holding the morsel on its point, to some

member of his family, or voraciously devoured it himself. Even here, amongst these houseless and friendless people—none, we would add, of the ferocious garrison of the wind-mill prison, but rather some poor wanderers from a burned cabin, recently come in—even amongst these, surrounded by sights of horror, and stifling their hunger in this almost savage manner, national characteristics were not beaten down. The laugh was frequent as the cook made some droll remark upon the novelty of his occupation or the excellence of the fare, the words deriving half their import from his tone and manner as he perhaps said—“Well! it’s nate mate, considerin’ Orange sheep;”—or “By gonnies! Orange is the Croppy’s friend, an’ who ’ll deny it?”—holding the broiled flesh high on his pike:—“Sure it’s no other than a friend ’ud feed fat sheep for a body;—open your mouths an’ shet your eyes. Now boys an’ girls—the biggest mouth ’ill have this undher the teeth, I’m thinkin’.” And they gaped and laughed loud, as, with a grave face, the examiner went round to decide on the comparative width of each yawning cavern.

There were carousing groups too, sending illicit whisky or other more legal liquor from hand to hand; and the beverage did not fail of its enlivening effect. And leaders appeared, with green ribbons or perhaps a military sash around their persons, or epaulettes on their shoulders, torn from officers they had slain. These were busy inspecting different bands of insurgents as they practiced their pike exercise, now driving forward the weapon at a given object, now darting it over their shoulders as if to meet a foe from behind, now adroitly grasping it at either end with both hands, and bringing into play the elastic staff, as with great dexterity they whirled it round their persons to keep off an attack in front. Through all arose loud vociferations, each directing the other, according as he arrived, or fancied he had arrived, at greater proficiency than his neighbor.

Sir William’s attention was at length riveted upon the particular throng who, variously occupied, surrounded the narrow entrance to the old tower. With furious action and accents the clamorous crowd here hustled together, and a first glance told that their present occupation brought into energy all the ferociousness of their nature.

Some of them who were on horseback waved their arms, and endeavored to raise their voices over the din of those around, who, however, vociferated too ardently to listen to their words. While all looked on at the slaughter committed by a line of pikemen drawn up before the tower, whose weapons were but freed from one victim to be plunged into another, it was not merely a shout of triumph but the more deadly yell of gluttoned vengeance or malignity, which, drowning the cry of agony that preceded it, burst with little intermission from all.

Two sentinels armed with muskets guarded the low and narrow entrances to the temporary prison, and grimly did they scowl on the crowded captives pent up within its walls. Another man, gaunt and robust in stature, having a horseman's sword buckled awkwardly at his hip, a green ribbon tied round his foxy felt hat, the crimson sash of a slain militia officer knotted round his loins, two large pistols thrust into it, and a formidable pike in his hand, rushed from time to time into the tower, dragged forth some poor victim, and put him to a short examination. Then, unless something were urged in favor of the destined sufferer sufficient to snatch him from the frightful fate numbers had already met, he flung him to his executioners. And this man, so furious, so savage, and so remorseless, was Shawn-a-Gow.

Armed also with a musket, and stationed between the line of pikemen and the door of the tower in order that he might be the first agent of vengeance, stood the ill-favored scoundrel we have mentioned in a former chapter—the murderous Murtoch Kane, late a “stable-boy” at the inn of Enniscorthy. As he leveled at his victim, proud of the privilege of anticipating his brother-executioners, the ruffian's brow ever curled into the murderer's scowl.

The hasty interrogatories proposed to each cringing captive by Shawn-a-Gow midway between the tower and the pikemen had exclusive reference to the religious creed of the party. The acknowledgment of Protestantism, deemed synonymous with Orangeism, at once proclaimed, or rather was assumed as proclaiming, a deadly enemy, meriting instant vengeance. Yet in this the rabble insurgents of Vinegar Hill acted with a curious inconsistency. Many Protestants held command in the main force of which they called

themselves adherents; nay, the individual selected by unanimous choice as "commander-in-chief" was of the established religion of the state. But why pause to point out any departure from principle in the persons of such men as are before us? Were their deeds to be justly visited on the more courageous as well as more numerous bodies of the insurgents, we might indeed occupy ourselves with the question.

Panting and nearly fainting, Sir William Judkin gained the tower, and ere he could address a question to those around, stood still to recover his breath. Two prisoners were dragged forth by the relentless Shawn-a-Gow.

"Are you a Christian?" he demanded, glaring into the face of one trembling wretch as he grasped him by the collar.

"I am, Jack Delouchery," he was answered.

"Are you a right Christian?"

"I am a Protestant."

"Ay—the Orange."

"No, not an Orangeman."

"Now, hould silence, you dog! every mother's son o' ye is Orange to the backbone. Is there any one here to say a word for this Orangeman?"

There was an instant's silence, during which the pale terror-stricken man gazed beseechingly upon every dark and ominous face around him. But the cry "Pay him his reckonin'" soon sealed the victim's doom. With a fierce bellow, the words, "Ay, we'll weed the land o' ye—we'll have only one way; we'll do to every murtherer o' ye what ye'd do to us!"—was the furious sentence of the smith as he pitched him forward. Murtoch Kane shot, and a dozen pikes did the rest.

The smith seized the second man. One of the lookers-on started forward, claimed him as a friend, and told some true or feigned story of his interference previous to the insurrection between Orange outrage and its victims. He was flung to his patron by Shawn-a-Gow with the carelessness of one who presided over life and death; the same savage action tossing the all but dead man into life which had hurled the previous sufferer into eternity.

Sir William Judkin, as the smith again strode to the door of the prison, came forward, with the question ready

to burst from his chapped and parched lips, when the man whose name he would have mentioned, already in the gripe of Shawn, was dragged forth into view.

The baronet stepped back, his manner changed from its fiery impetuosity. He now felt no impulse to bound upon a prey escaping from his hands. In the Gow's iron grasp, and in the midst of a concourse of sworn enemies, the devoted Talbot stood closely secured. Either to indulge the new sensation of revenge at last gratified, or compose himself to a purpose that required system in its execution, Sir William stood motionless, darting from beneath his black brows arrowy glances upon his rival, his breathing, which recently had been the pant of anxiety, altered into the long-drawn respiration of resolve.

Captain Talbot appeared despoiled of his military jacket, his helmet, his sash, and all the other tempting appendages of warlike uniform, which long ago had been distributed amongst the rabble commanders of "the camp." No man can naturally meet death with a smile: it is affectation even in the hero that assumes it; it is bravado on other lips to hide a quailing heart. And Captain Talbot, whatever might have been the strength and the secrets of his heart, as he instinctively shrank from the rude arm of Shawn-a-Gow, was pale and trembling, and his glance was that of dread.

Hopeless of mercy, he spoke no word, used no remonstrance; it was unavailing. Before him bristled the red pikes of his ruthless executioners; behind him stood Murtoch Kane, cocking his musket. The grasp that dragged him along told at once the determination and the strength of the infuriated giant.

"There's a dozen o' ye, I'm sure!" sneered Shawn: "I'll stand out to spake for Sir Thomas Hartley's hangman." The tone of bitter, savage mockery in which he spoke grated at Talbot's ear, as, first grinning into his prisoner's face, he glanced in fierce triumph over the crowd.

"A good pitch to him, Capt'n Delouchery," cried one of the executioners; "don't keep us waitin'; we're dhry and hungry for him." A general murmur of execration followed, and an impatient shout at the delay of vengeance.

"My undeserved death will be avenged, murderers as

you are," cried the pallid Captain Talbot, in accents distinct through desperation.

Shawn-a-Gow held him at arm's-length, and with an expression of mixed ferocity and amazement again stared into his face.

"An' you 're callin' us murtherers, are you?" he said, after a moment's pause—"Boys, bould Croppy boys, d'ye hear him? Tell me, ar'n't you the man that stood by the gallows' foot, wid the candle in your hand, waitin' till the last gasp was sent out o' the lips o' him who often opened his door to you, and often sat atin' and dhrinkin' wid you, under his own roof? Ar'n't you, Talbot, that man?"

No answer came from the accused.

"You don't say No to me. Ay! because you can't! Yet you call murtherers on us. Are you here, Pat Murphy?" he roared.

"I'm here," replied the man who had before raised the first cry for instant vengeance.

"Do you know anything good this caller of names done to you?"

"It was him an' his yeomen hung the only born brother o' me."

"D'ye hear that, *you* murtherer? D'ye hear that, an' have you the bouldness in you to spake to us?—I'll tell you, you Orange *skibbeah*! we'll keep you up for the last. Ay, by the sowl o' my son! we'll keep you for the very last, till you 're half dead wid the fear, an' till we'll have time to pay you in the way I'd glory to see, or—Come here, Murphy! Come out here—stand close—you ought to be first. Take your time wid him! Keep him feeling it as long as a poor Croppy 'ud feel the rope, when they let him down only to pull him up again.

The man stepped forward as he was ordered. Shawn-a-Gow swung the struggling Captain Talbot around. With his instinctive avoidance of a terrible death the prisoner grasped with the disengaged hand the brawny arm that held him, and, being a young man of strength, clung to it in desperation—in desperation without hope. But although he was young and strong and desperate, he opposed the sinew of a Hercules. The smith, with his single arm, dashed him backwards and forwards, until maddened by Talbot's continued clinging and his agile recovery of his

legs, at every toss Shawn's mouth foamed. He seized in his hitherto inactive hand the grasping arms of the struggler, and tore them from their hold. "Now, Murphy!" he bellowed, as Murphy couched his pike, and pushed down his hat and knit his brows to darkness. Shawn-a-Gow's right side was turned to the executioner, his black distorted face to the weapon upon which he should cast his victim; he stood firmly on his divided legs, in the attitude that enabled him to exert all his strength in the toss he contemplated;—when Sir William Judkin, hitherto held back by a wish perhaps to allow all vicissitudes of suffering to visit his detested rival, sternly stepped between the writhing man and his fate.

"Stop, Delouchery!" he said, in a deep impressive voice. Before the smith could express his astonishment or rage at the interruption,—“Stop,” he said again, in higher accents; “this villain”—scowling as he used the term of contempt—“this villain must be given into my hands—I must kill him!”—he hissed in a whisper close at Shawn's ear—“I must kill him myself!”

“Why so?” growled the smith.

“He is the murderer of my father-in-law, Sir Thomas Hartley.”

“People here has just as good a right to him,” answered Shawn-a-Gow surlily, much vexed at the interruption he had experienced, and scarce able to stay his hand from its impulse. “Here's Pat Murphy. He hung the only born brother of him: Murphy must have a pike through Talbot. I had one through Whaley!”

“And he shall. But, Delouchery, listen farther. Talbot has forced off my wife—has her concealed from me—Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter. After murdering the father he would destroy the child—and that child my wife. Before he dies I must force him to confess where she is to be found. And then, Murphy and I for it between us.”

“I'll soon force out of him, for you, where the wife is.”

“No, Delouchery, he will tell nothing here.”

“An' where will you bring him to make him tell?”

“Only to yonder field at the bottom of the hill.”

The smith paused, and seemed resolving the proposition in all its points. He cast his eyes around. “Molloney,

come here—Farrell, come here,” he said. Two men advanced from the interior of the prison.

“Where’s the rope that tied the Orangemen that come into the camp from Bunclody?”

“It’s to the good for another job, capt’n.”

Without further explanation he forced Captain Talbot backward into the prison, reappeared with him, his hands tied behind his back, and gave the end of the rope into Sir William Judkin’s hand. Then he called Murphy aside, and, in a whisper of few words, directed him to accompany “Curnel Judkin,” and give him a helping hand, or watch him close, as the case might seem to demand. Then turning to the baronet, “There he’s for you now: have a care an’ do the business well,” he said.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known; perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm to exhibit them in a favorable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed (then came England’s munificent donation—God prosper her for it!) wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a

bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him): “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into the corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under “the sickness.” He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out-of-doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expres-

sion of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbors who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michaul Carroll, “a body could spake forn’ent him, and not spake for nothin’, for all that he’s an Englishman; and I don’t like the thoughts o’ goin’ up to the house to the steward’s face; it wouldn’t turn kind to a body. May be he’d soon come home to us, the masther himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul’s hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on a small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the “hard” steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well known “stannin,” and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man’s heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. “Bud, *musha*,¹ what’s the harm o’ that?” he said to himself, “only here’s the ould father, an’ *her* pet boy, the *weenock*,² without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*,³ if they can’t have the pyatees, they must have betther food,

¹ *Musha*, expression of surprise. ² *Weenock*, a weakling.

³ *Asthore*, my treasure.

that's all; ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands, at his side, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—" an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself, and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night he said to the old man, across the room, "Don't be a crying to-night, father, you and the child there; but sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'." "The good break'ast, *ma bouchal*?¹ a then, an' where'll id come from?" "A body promised it to me, father." "*Avich!* Michaul, an' sure it's fun you 're makin' of us, now, at any rate; but the good-night, *a chorra*,² an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax His blessin', too, mornin' an' evening', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your *wecnock*, now fast asleep at my side; and it's my word to you now, *ma bouchal*, an' you won't forget id; an' there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel in glory by the hand, Michaul, *a vourneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had laid down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him

¹ *Ma bouchal*, my boy. ² *A chorra*, my friend.

utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had indeed walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name? "the name that a rogue or a bowld woman never bore," continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, increased by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself, stole out cautiously, peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans' field.

The sight sickened the father; the blood on his son's hands and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow:

“And what *hollg*¹ is on you, *ma bouchal*?” “Going for the good break’ast I promised you, father dear.” “An’ who’s the good Christin ’ll give id to us, Michaul?” “Oh, you ’ll know that soon, father; now, a good-bye”—he hurried to the door. “A good-bye, then, Michaul; bud tell me, what’s that on your hand?” “No—nothin’,” stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself; “nothin’ is on it; what could there be?” (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person, and the father’s question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw). “Well, *avich*, an’ sure I didn’t say anything was on it wrong, or anything to make you look so quare, an’ spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin’; only I ’ll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd’n likin’ to us, to send us the good break’ast? an’ answer me sthraight, Michaul, what is id to be that you call it so *good*?” “The good mate, father”—he was again passing the threshold. “Stop!” cried his father, “stop, an’ turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate? What ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an’ again, who is to give id to you?” “Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——” “A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!” added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; “a body that thieved id, an’ no other body. Don’t think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure, but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbors, in my own mind, an’ know that none of ’em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break’ast in an honest way. An’ I don’t say outright that you had the same thought wid me when you consented to take it from a thief; I don’t mean to say that you ’d go to turn a thief’s recaiver at this hour o’ your life, an’ afther growin’ up from a boy to a man without bringin’ a spot o’ shame on yourself, or on your *weenock*, or on one of us. No, I won’t say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an’ your mind was darkened, for a start; an’ the thought o’ gettin’ comfort for the ould father, an’ for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin’ well afore you, or widout lookin’ up to your good God.” “Father, father, let me alone! don’t spake them words

¹ *What hollg is on you?* What are you about?

to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face. "Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't; nothing to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean it—only this, *a vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich, ma chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessing on our faist." "Well, thin, I won't either, father—I won't; an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you to beg, or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste brute, for our break'ast." "My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you; sorrow a shame is in that—no, but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christhins together; only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing." "What, father?" Michaul began to suspect. "Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma bouchal*, I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry, an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quittin' the place widout hidin' every scrap of anything that could tell on us." "Tell on us! what can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?" "Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—" "But what, father?" "Have you left nothin' in the way out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. "Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your own self has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it." "Ay, to-day mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so—" "*Curp an duoul!*"¹ imprecated Michaul, "this is too bad at any rate; no, I didn't—last night—let me alone, I bid you, father." "Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door, and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a

¹ *Curp an duoul*, Body to the devil.

start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice: "Hushth, now, father, it's time." "No, Michaul, I will not hushth, an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn." "Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture. "Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence. "Arrah, hushth, old man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded. "I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly, "ay, and at your work in id too." "What's that you're sayin, ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice. "Enough to hang his son!" whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans' land steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave his wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably: "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said: "I ax pardon o' you, *avich*; won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot

him, a *vourneen*." "No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but everything to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'—" The many strong and bitter feelings, which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the roadside after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge in it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself, as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; then, when the little child had been disposed of in a neighboring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'T is a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's, "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward: "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two

sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "Not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately: "Call Peery Carroll." "Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him, by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailer and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed upon his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not

tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start"; and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said: "My Judge in heaven above, 't is you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day—amen"; and then, repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers)—"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?" "Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind; every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living creatur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God; an' sure the people are afther telling you, by this time, how it come about that night; an' you, my lord—an' ye, gintlemen—an' all good Christians that hear me; here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 't was for the *weenock* and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place, an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, an' another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our break'ast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it." "It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?" "*Musha*—the

Lord pity him and me—I did, sir.” “Doing what?” “The sheep between his hands,” answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly. “I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up, take the crier’s rod, and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head.” “*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don’t ax me to do that!” pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping. “Och, don’t, my lord, don’t, and may your own judgment be favorable the last day.” “I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod,” answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears, and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. “Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a chorra ma chree!*” exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son, “is id your father they make to do it, *ma bouchal?*” “My father does what is right,” answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and, when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. “We rest here, my lord,” said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

“Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe that the old man’s conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man’s son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words.

But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

JANE BARLOW.

(1857 —)

JANE BARLOW was born in Clontarf, County Dublin, about 1857. She is a daughter of the Rev. J. W. Barlow, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and is a scholar and great reader. She has spent most of her life at Raheny in the same county, and has published, in verse, 'Bogland Studies,' 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' a metrical version of the 'Batrachomyomachia,' 'The End of Elfin-Town,' besides scattered poems. Her prose works include 'Irish Idylls,' 'Kerrigan's Quality,' 'Strangers at Lisconnel,' a second series of 'Irish Idylls,' 'Maureen's Fairing' and 'Mrs. Martin's Company,' both in 'The Iris Library,' 'A Creel of Irish Stories,' and 'From the East Unto the West.'

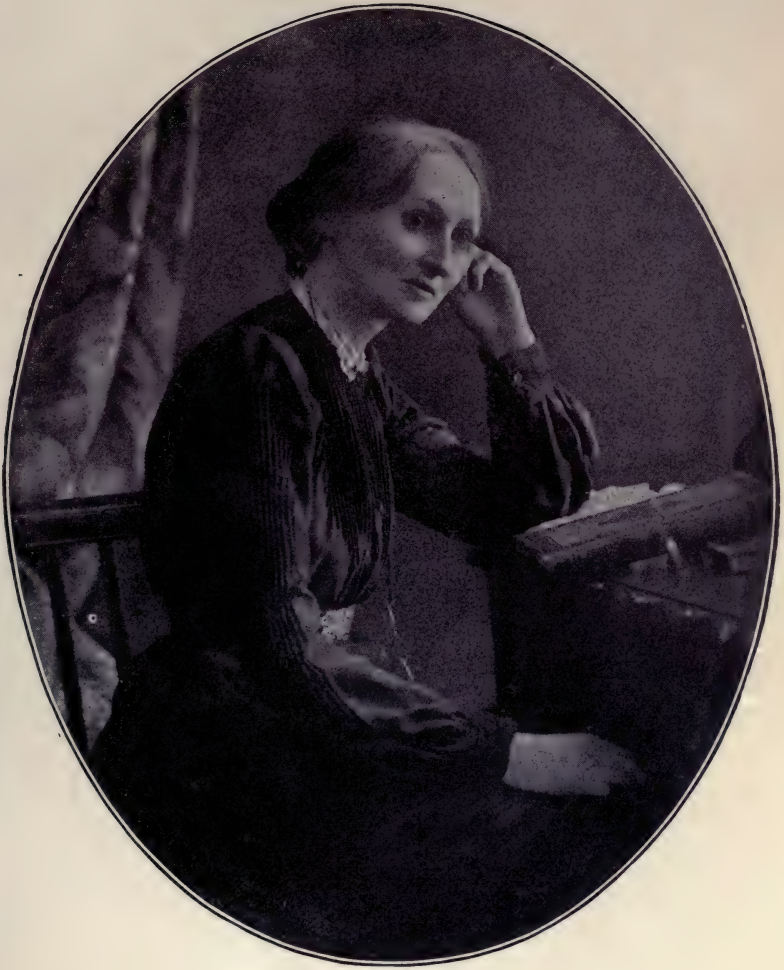
"Miss Jane Barlow's admirable sketches of peasant-life in Ireland have," says Mr. George A. Greene in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "in a few years gained for her a well-deserved reputation among the Irish writers in prose of the present generation; it may be doubted, indeed, whether any one has to the same extent sounded the depths of Irish character in the country districts and touched so many chords of sympathy, humor, and pathos. Of her work in verse, a portion, and that perhaps the most significant, falls into the same category. 'Bogland Studies' (among which 'Terence Macran' may be included) are indeed, save for the metrical form, just another volume of the 'Irish Idylls' which have charmed and delighted so many readers. It is not merely the peasant dialect that is faithfully and picturesquely reproduced, but the working of the rural mind and the emotions of the heart, fully and sympathetically understood; so much so that in the eight studies thus classed together it has become inevitable that in each case the narrator should be the peasant himself or herself. It is because the author has so completely succeeded in identifying herself with her characters that the language employed by them as means of expression is so veritably and vividly Irish, natural, and not put on. Thus the flashes of wit, the neat turns of phrase, the quick and apt similes, the quaint and picturesque form and color of language, strike the reader not only as characteristic, unmistakable Irish sayings, exactly such as are to be caught flying in every village, but they arise naturally out of the thought."

AN EVICTION.¹

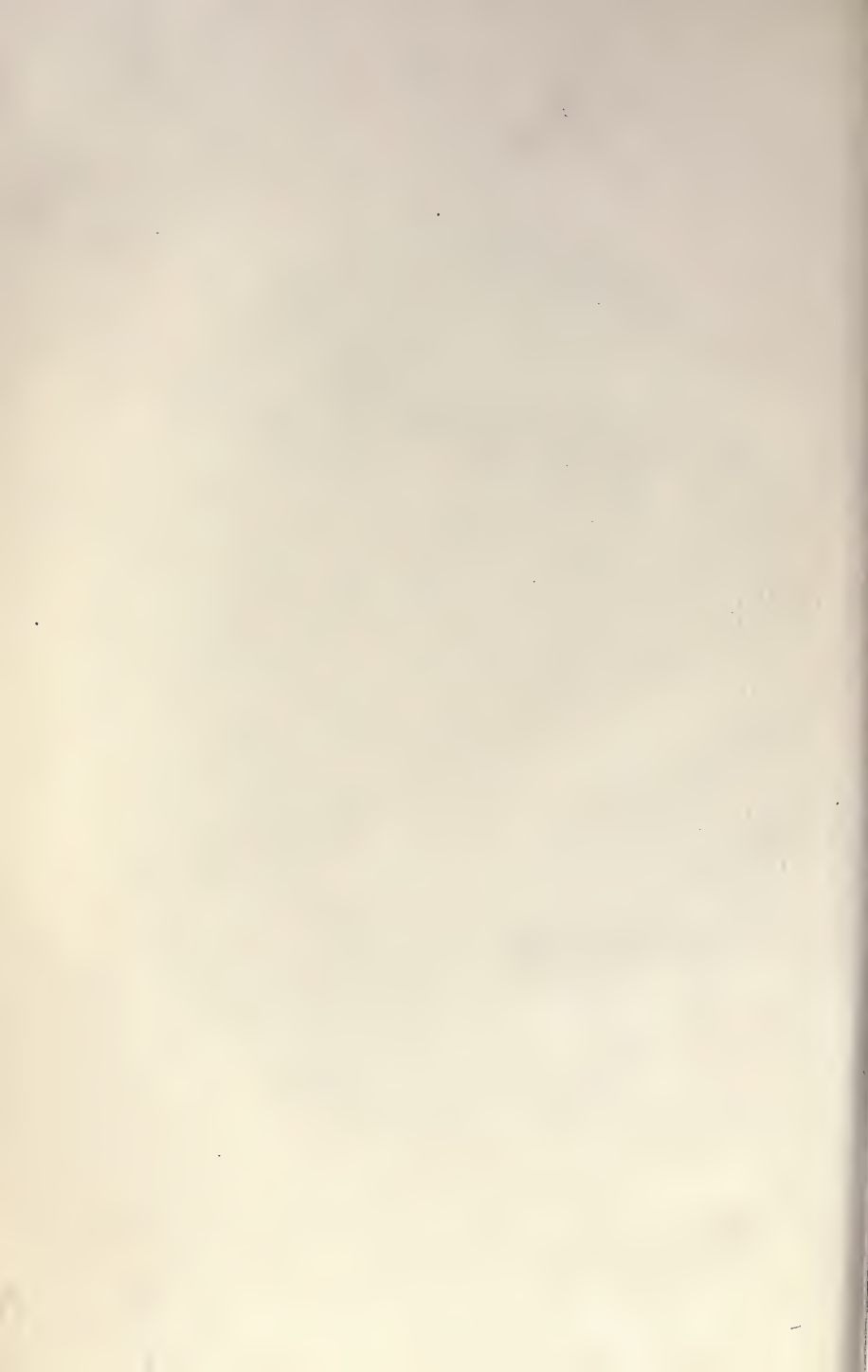
From 'Herself,' in 'Irish Idylls.'

When John died, the land-agent wrote to his employer at the Carlton that the widow's ever paying up appeared

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JANE BARLOW



to be an utterly hopeless matter—which was quite true. Her neighbors were indeed ready to lend her, as far as possible, a helping hand, but it could not extend itself to the payment of her rent, and to grub that out of her screed of stony ground was a task beyond her powers. The land-agent also wrote that the poor woman, who seemed to be an uncivilized, feeble-minded sort of creature, would be much better in the Union, and that as she must at any rate be got rid of, he had taken immediate steps for serving her with the necessary notices. The woman's own view of the case was in sum: "Sure, what would become of the childer if she would be put out of it?" an argument the futility of which it would have been hard to make her understand.

She was put out of it, however, one blustery autumn day, when the sub-sheriff's party and the police had caused an unwonted stir and bustle all the morning on the Duff-clane road, along which so many feet seldom pass in a twelvemonth. The district was reported disturbed, and therefore a squadron of dragoons had been brought from the nearest garrison, a tedious way off, to protect and overawe. Their scarlet tunics and brass helmets enlivened the outward aspect of the proceedings vastly, making such a gorgeous pageant as our black bogland has perhaps never witnessed before or since. Not a gossoon but worshiped the stately horses as they passed, and thought their plumed and burnished riders almost as supernaturally superb. But it must be owned that the latter were for the most part in very human bad tempers. In fact when they ascertained the nature and scope of the duty on which they had come so far, some of them said a choleric word with such emphasis that their superiors were obliged to choose between deafness and mutiny, or at least insubordination, and discreetly preferred the lesser evil.

When the invading force entered Lisconnel, which it did among afternoon beams, just begun to mellow and slant dazzlingly, it found an ally in old Mrs. Kilfoyle, inasmuch as she enticed Mrs. O'Driscoll to pay her a visit at the critical moment of its arrival. The old woman had recognized the widow O'Driscoll's fate as one of those things with which there is no contending, and had said to herself and her daughter-in-law: "Where's the use of havin' them risin' a row there wid draggin' her out, the crathur,

God pity her, that 'll niver quit, for sartin, of her own free will? I'll just step over to her and ax her to come give me a hand wid mendin' the bottom that's fallin' out of th' ould turf-creel. She did always be great at them jobs, and always ready to do a body a good turn, I'll say that for her."

"'Deed yis," said Mrs. Brian.

So it came about that at the time when the forcible entrance of her cabin was being effected, Mrs. O'Driscoll was out of sight in the Kilfoyles' dark little room, where the two Mrs. Kilfoyles detained her as long as they could. But in the end they were not able to prevent the evicted tenant from joining the group of angry and scared and wobegone faces, gathered as near the doomed dwelling as the authorities would permit, and from saying, "Wirra, wirra," in a half-bewildered horror, as she saw each one more of her few goods and chattels added to the little heap of chaos into which her domestic world had changed fast by her door. It was decreed that her cabin should be not only unroofed but demolished, because, as an old bailiff dolefully remarked, "There niver was any tellin' where you'd have those boyos. As like as not they'd land the thatch on to it agin, the first minnit your back was turned, as aisy as you'd clap your ould caubeen on your head, and there'd be the whole botheration over agin as fresh as a daisy." Therefore when the ancient, smoke-steeped, weather-worn covering had been plucked from off the skeleton rafters, and lay strewn around in flocks and wisps like the wreck of an ogre's brown wig, the picks and crowbars came into play, for it was before the days of battering-ram or maiden. The mud walls were solid and thick, yet had to yield, and presently a broad bit of the back wall fell outward all of a piece, as no other sort of masonry falls, with a dull, heavy thud like a dead body. The lime-washed inner surface, thus turned up skywards, gleamed sharply, despite all its smoke-grime, against the drab clay, and though the interior had been very thoroughly dismantled, a few small pictures were still visible, nailed on the white. As the cordon of police and other officials fell back a pace or so to avoid the toppling wall, the Widow M'Gurk seized the opportunity to make a sally and capture one of these derelict ornaments. It was a Holy Family, a crudely colored print, all

crimson and blue, with a deep gilt border, such as you might purchase for a half-penny any day.

"Ay, sure it's great men you are intirely to be evictin' the likes of them," she cried shrilly, waving her loot aloft, as she was hustled back to a respectful distance, and Lisconnel responded with a low and sullen murmur.

But Mrs. O'Driscoll's attention was very opportunely taken up by the restoration of this piece of property. "Och, woman alive," she said, "and it was Himself brought me that one—give it to me into me hand. Sure I remimber the day yit, as if the sun hadn't gone down on it. Th' ould higgler Finny had come up wid his basket, and while some of the rest did be about gittin' a few trifles, I was in an oncommon admiration of this; howsome'er I hadn't a pinny to me name to be spindin' on anythin' in the world, so I let him go. But sure Himself met him below on the road, and happint to have a ha-pinny about him, and so he brought it home to me. I mind I run out and borried a tack from poor Mick Ryan to put it up wid. Ah dear, look at the tear it's got at the top comin' off."

This damage seemed for the time being to concern her more than any of her other troubles, and she allowed herself to be drawn away on the pretext of depositing the picture safely in the Kilfoyles' cabin, where she remained until the invaders had departed from Lisconnel. Everybody else watched them trooping off over the bogland, with brass and scarlet flashing and glowing splendidly in windy gleams of the sunset. They had gone a long way before the purple-shadowed gloaming had swallowed up the last far-espied glitter.

With the Kilfoyles she found a lodging for some time, but she ended her days at the Widow M'Gurk's, where there was no less hospitality and more spare room. She was persuaded to make the move chiefly by the consideration that she would there be nearer the crest of the hill. For the dominant dread which now brooded over her life—we so seldom fall too low for special fear—was the home-coming of the childer: "And they to be steppin' along, the crathurs, expectin' no harm, and then when they're up the hill, and in sight of our bit of a house, all of a suddint to see there was no thrace of it on'y a disolit roon. They might better keep the breadth of the ocean-say between

them and that." She seemed to be continually living through in imagination this terrible moment, and grew more and more eager to avert it. "If I could get e'er a chanst to see them comin' the road," she said, "and give them warnin' afore they'd crossed the knockawn,¹ 't wouldn't come so crool hard on them." And with that end in view, she spent many an hour of the bleak winter days which followed her eviction in looking out from the unsheltered hillside towards Duffclane.

It was vain now for any neighbor to profess a firm belief that they would never return, just as confidently as he or she had formerly been used to predict their appearance one of these days. Mrs. O'Driscoll listened meekly while it was pointed out to her how probably they had settled themselves down over there for good and all, and got married maybe; or who could tell that one of them mightn't have been took bad, and have gone beyond this world altogether the same as his poor father? But then she went and looked out again. The young Doynes and Sheridans, who at that time were quite small children, remember how she would stop them when she met them, and bid them be sure, if ever by any chance they saw Rose or one of the lads coming along, to mind and tell them that their father was gone, and she was put out of it, but that Mrs. M'Gurk was givin' her shelter, and no fear they wouldn't find her; and to bid them make haste, all the haste they could.

It must have been when she was on the watch one perishing March day that she caught the cold which carried her off with very little resistance on her part. She was herself too weak, and still too much taken up with the childer's affairs, to fret about the fact that the expenses of her "buryin'" would certainly be defrayed by the House, but it distressed Lisconnel seriously, and would never have been permitted to occur, could the requisite sum have been by any means amassed. The circumstance added some gloom to the sorrowful mood in which her neighbors saw another procession pass over the hill on a still wet morning, when the rain rustled all along the road, and the gray mist curtains were closely drawn.

None of the childer have come back again, and it may now be hoped that they never will.

¹ *Knockawn*, a hillock.

THE MURPHYS' SUPPER.

From 'The Whitehall Review.'

The cockle-pickers who carry on their business along the stretches of muddy sea-shore between Dublin and Howth are not a particularly attractive class of people. The traveler on the road which leads to and from the scene of their labors is likely to have an opportunity for observing their outward peculiarities, as he will probably meet or pass whole batches of them shuffling along barefooted, with a gait that always seems to be on the point of breaking into a slow jog-trot, and bending forward under the weight of their damp heavy baskets. They are not a handsome race, shaggy beetling brows, small twinkling, peering eyes, harsh black locks, and a prognathic contour of visage being common features among them. Nor is their costume calculated to set them off. Unpicturesque squalor is the main characteristic of their garments, which are in texture and tint curiously subdued to what their wearers work in. Their multitudinous tatters flap with a sort of unnatural stiffness on the breeze, as if starched with a compound of the wet sand and mud which their color so closely matches, while here and there the peculiar iridescent greenish shade of stuff that has once been black gives a suggestion of the slimy weed-scum which in some places films over that oozy shore.

If you had happened to meet Joe Murphy among a gang of cockle-pickers, the chances are that you would have considered him to be the most ill-looking of the set by reason of the stolidly sullen expression which pervaded his coarse ugly visage. And, as a matter of fact, he was a cross-grained and—rather an exceptional circumstance among his class—a very stupid, slow-minded man. This last quality was to a certain extent the cause of the first, his moroseness being continually aggravated by a dim consciousness that he was somehow more likely to be taken in, and less able to effectively reciprocate, than were the majority of his acquaintances. But it may be inferred that bad temper ran in his branch of the Murphy family, inasmuch as his sister Biddy, who had her full share of mother-wit, was even crosser than he. Indeed, she had been a sort

of daily terror to the cockle-picking fraternity and sisterhood, until, within the last six months or so, a bad cold had terminated in a decline, the rapid progress of which prevented her from any longer taking part in their pilgrimages. The disappearance from among them of her peevish face and shrewish tongue was a real relief to her former associates, though, in view of the melancholy cause of her absence, they damped down their rejoicing decorously with many a seemly and not insincerely uttered "Poor cratur!" and "The saints pity her!" Joe Murphy was very far from sharing in their gladness; and this was not because the burden of Biddy's maintenance now fell upon him, but because for thirty-five out of the forty years of his life he had cared more about her than about anything else in the world.

Joe had more capacity for affection than a casual observer would have surmised. It is true that he was at this time, owing to the matured inertness and rigidity of his dull faculties, almost incapable of forming any new attachment; but to those which circumstances had thrown in his way during the more receptive period of youth he had always been blindly and unswervingly faithful. Originally one of a large family, among whom he had occupied the position of general laughing-stock and scapegoat, he had attached himself adhesively to every member of the circle, but especially to little Biddy, the youngest child, perhaps because for the first two or three years of her life she had been unable to gibe at, snub, and browbeat him, as her elders did—a course of procedure which she, however, took the earliest opportunity of adopting. And now death and dispersion had left her, in the shape of an ill-favored middle-aged woman, his whole accessible relative, and the object of whatever solicitude he had to spare from his own immediate concerns—an amount which, all things considered, was quite up to the average. Naturally, therefore, the idea of losing this unique treasure was intolerable to him. During the time when she was away at the hospital, and so ill that he was forced to contemplate the possibility of her never coming out alive, he was like one distracted; and when she at last returned to him, apparently not much the worse, "only a thrifle wake," he made haste to thrust the miserable fear into the remotest background

of his thoughts. In the first joy of his relief from immediate apprehension, he brought Biddy's basket out of the corner, and spliced one of the ropes which was in a doubtful condition, thinking the while that in another day or two she would be able to "thramp around" as usual, and resolving that he would in future always give her a long lift with her load on the road home.

But when the weeks went by, and Biddy still seemed to be incapable of doing anything except crawl about and cough, his fears began to creep back to him again, much as he had often seen the cold sluggish tide stealing in over the weedy shingle; and at length his uneasiness rose to such a height that it drove him to seek an interview with the doctor who had attended her in the hospital. But from this interview, which he encompassed at the cost of great trouble, and vast exertion of his tardily moving intellect, he derived little information, and less comfort. The doctor, tired and hurried after a long day's work, was neither able nor willing to bestow much time upon the uncouth-looking individual who so inopportunately wanted to know "what way Biddy Murphy was," and so large a portion of the few minutes which he could spare was taken up in identifying this particular Biddy, that he had only time for a curt intimation that he "saw no prospect of her ultimate recovery"—a verdict which was about as intelligible to Joe as it would be to some of us if delivered rapidly in Greek. After much painful pondering, however, he interpreted it to mean that "The doctor didn't think she'd be anythin' bettther yit awhile"—a cheerless reflection, which was rendered still gloomier by his vague misgiving that the words might bear an even more unfavorable construction.

Such being the state of his feelings, he was caused infinite miserable irritation by the frankness with which, quite conformably to the code of manners recognized in their grade of society, his companions discussed Biddy's future prospect, more especially since they took, as is their wont, the most desponding view of her condition. He could by no means endure to hear their outspoken prognostications and corroborative instances, and the impatience which he manifested when addressed upon the subject was regarded as indicating a highly reprehensible want of

proper feeling. Thus, when one morning he was accosted by Judy Flynn with, "Well, Joe, and how's the sisther to-day?" and Maggie Byrne added, "Och sure, she'll not be a throuble to ye much longer, the cratur'," he roughly requested them to "hould their fool's gab," appending various epithets which it is not necessary to reproduce. Whereupon Maggie expressed her opinion that he was "a big brute," and "as bitther as sut"; while Judy that evening saved a piece of salt herring for Biddy from her own not too plentiful supper, on the grounds of her being afflicted with such an "onnatural baste" of a brother. But all that day Joe carried about with him a haunting dread which lay like a cold hand upon his heart.

As for Biddy, her pronounced invalidism did not make much difference in the sum total of her felicity or infelicity, she having been so long accustomed to feel weak and ill that the cessation of her wearisome working-days fully counterbalanced any increase of physical suffering for the present entailed by the progress of her disease, while, being aware that the neighbors always talked about wakes and "buryings" upon the slightest symptom of indisposition, she was shrewd enough to pay little heed to their predictions of her approaching demise. She generally had nearly enough to eat, and a scrap of fire in the grate when the weather was very cold, for Joe's income was decidedly above the average in his trade, as he seemed to have an instinct—perhaps inherited, since his father had picked cockles before him—which guided him unerringly to prolific mud-patches, and he now sometimes brought home Biddy's basket half full in addition to his own. Yet, notwithstanding her comparatively affluent circumstances, Biddy was not unmolested by visitants from that tribe of unsatisfied desires which thrust themselves, by hook or by crook, into almost every lot, under widely varying shapes indeed, but always preserving the tribal characteristic of keeping in sight and out of reach.

There is a kind of round, flat flour cake, often to be seen in bakers' windows of the humbler sort, with smooth upper and under crusts, between which the softer dough, richly yellowed with abundant soda and strongly flavored butterine, seems to bulge out in its exuberance, like the pulp of an over-ripened fruit. These cakes are about five inches

in diameter and one inch in thickness, and they cost three-halfpence apiece, so that they are rather an expensive form of bakement. Yet it happened that during a short period of Biddy's childhood they had been a luxury which she enjoyed with comparative frequency, the family being acquainted with a baker in a small way, who was accustomed to pay for pints of cockles in kind, often with an unsaleable stale cake of the above description, to a share of which Biddy, in her capacity of youngest, and rather spoiled, child, generally attained; (Joe never did). It was now many a year since a violent difference of opinion about a bad fourpenny bit had terminated all amicable relations between Peter O'Rourke and the Murphy family; but Biddy retained a fond recollection of those no longer forthcoming dainties, and with her failing health there had grown upon her an ever stronger craving to taste of them again. This craving had of late been augmented by the circumstances that a good-natured ne'er-do-weel neighbor had one evening shared such a cake with her, and since then she had often talked of the "iligrant tay" she had had on that occasion, confidently avowing her belief, that if she could always get the like she would soon be "as sthrong as iver she was in her born days."

Joe Murphy listened silently to these remarks, which Biddy made out of sheer querulousness, having no ulterior motive or expectation, and the longer he listened the more intensely he wished that he could get his sister what she wanted. But the thing seemed to be altogether impossible. Three-halfpence was more than he could afford—that is to say, more than he had—to spend on one of Biddy's meals, exclusive of the indispensable cup of tay, and he knew besides that a single cake would not satisfy her, as her appetite was very inconveniently large. How were the necessary pennies to be acquired? The plan of foregoing his own supper would not answer. This he knew by experience, for when one morning during her stay in hospital he had gone without his breakfast to buy her some oranges, he had felt so "rael quare" all the day that his cockle-picking had fared but badly, and he had brought home his basket only half-filled. So the oranges could not be bought after all, and Biddy had said that she supposed he had gone off on the spree and spent his money drinking

because her back was turned. Joe was not a man of much resource, and several weeks went by before his brain excogitated another expedient.

These cockle-pickers are in the habit of patronizing the railway line between Dublin and Howth, some of the intermediate stations on which are situated within a convenient distance of their fishing-grounds. The most fashionable thing to do is to walk out from Dublin a distance of six or seven miles, paddle in the mud until interrupted by darkness or the returning tide, and then convey your heavy basket to Ballyhoy station, a mile or two nearer town. There the rugged band may often be seen crouching beside their baskets on the little platform, apparently well content, after their day's wading, with a seat upon firm, and comparatively dry, ground. Their third-class tickets cost them "thruppence," a large percentage on the day's gains; and though a cockle-picker does occasionally expend five pence on a return ticket, and travel luxuriously both ways, such instances of extravagance are extremely rare. Now it suddenly occurred to Joe that if he were to walk home instead of going by train he would straightway find himself in possession of the threepence requisite for the purchase of those coveted cakes. "Bedad, now, it's a quare *sthookawn*¹ I am not ha' thought of it before," he said to himself, as he lay huddled upon his straw bed—for the idea had come to him in the night—"but thramp it I will a' Monday as surè as I'm a sinner." And for once in his life he reflected with regret that, the morrow being Sunday, he could not immediately carry out his plan. There was nothing intrinsically attractive, certainly, in the prospect of an additional five miles' trudge, heavily laden; but his one-idead mind was bent rather on picturing Biddy's delight at the unexpected treat, than on the lengthening vistas of the bleak Dublin road; and he went to sleep with an impression that a piece of good luck had befallen him.

The Monday following this happy inspiration of Joe's was a most dreary November morning. All day a frosty sea-fog drifted about the coast, blotting out the delicate blue sweep of the Dublin mountains, and blurring even the bolder purple of Howth's less distant slopes. Chilly, drenching showers plashed by in swift succession, and when, warned by the early darkness, Joe and his compan-

¹ *Sthookawn*, a stocky-built fellow.

ions turned their faces towards the shingly lane which led up from the beach, they were scarcely less damp and cold, and probably far more painfully alive to their condition, than their undemonstrative stock-in-trade. It must be confessed that Joe had by this time begun to take a somewhat faint-hearted view of his homeward journey. He could not refrain from wistfully contrasting the ten minutes' smooth, effortless transit in the lighted weather-proof railway-carriage with the long hour and more of toilsome plodding through darkness, cold, and wet which his new resolve now destined for him. Still, that resolve continued to hold good. Before the brilliant anticipation of how Biddy would smack her lips over her supper that night—for I must admit the alienating fact that she was prone to this inarticulate mode of expressing her satisfaction with her bill of fare—all his forecastings of personal discomfort melted into insignificance, as thin clouds melt in their passage across the crystal disk of the full moon. Nor was that brightness extinguished, albeit somewhat dimmed, by the denser texture of the most serious foreboding which he entertained in connection with his impending lonely tramp. This was the reflection that he would have to traverse a certain tree-shadowed bit of road a mile beyond Ballyhoy, which is commonly reported to be "walked" after nightfall by a headless ghost, and is consequently in evil repute among less abnormally constituted foot-passengers. Joe was a firm believer in this gruesome specter, legends of which he had heard from his earliest days; and now, as he made his way towards the station amid the deepening dusk, he felt keenly that the presence of a human fellow-traveler would immensely diminish the terrors of his approach to its ill-omened haunts. With a fond hope, therefore, of securing such a companion, he took occasion to remark several times in a loud tone of voice, meant for the information of the company at large, "I'm not for the thrain to-night—I'm goin' to thramp it." But Joe's temper and conversational powers were not of a quality calculated to make the charms of his society an incentive to disagreeable exertion, and nobody showed any disposition to imitate his frugal example. So he tried the effect of a more particular announcement, and said to his nearest neighbor, "Look-a, Dan, I'm going to thramp it

to-night." But Dan only grunted in reply, and Joe perceived that he must make up his mind to a solitary journey.

It was not without considerable heart-sinking that he saw his comrades turn up the hill to the station, remarking among themselves, "what an ould naygur Joe Murphy was, and he wid a couple o' quarts more cockles in his baskit than any of thim had"; while he went on to face the certain ills of piercing northwester and the possible perils of a spectral encounter. These last, however, remained purely imaginary, and he experienced nothing worse than bodily discomfort. The bitter blasts hurtled to meet him with many a staggering rebuff; the intermittent rain came down in drenching dashes, so that as he drew near his goal the yellow glare of the lamps was reflected in swimming flags and dancing puddles; but chilled and dripping though he was, he felt himself to be a proud and happy man as he entered the dirty little baker's shop which he had seen with his mind's eye all the afternoon. His own keen hunger made the smell of the newly baked bread seem very delicious, and as he carefully stowed away two delicately browned, plumply swelling cakes in a corner of his now emptied basket—for he had paid a preliminary visit to a fishmonger—he grinned in a diabolically hideous, satyr-like fashion over the thought of Biddy's delighted surprise.

He then betook himself farther down the lane to a still humbler establishment, where he and others of his trade were in the habit of procuring the materials for their evening meal. Here he was pleased to find that Mrs. Kelly, the proprietrix, had reserved for him what is known as a "scrap supper," this being considered an especially profitable investment of twopence for any one who does not object to a slightly heterogeneous combination of ingredients. To-night the big tin bowl, the use of which was included in the bargain, contained one layer of cold pease-pudding, and another of cabbage, which, as Mrs. Kelly was careful to point out, had enjoyed the privilege of being boiled in company with a piece of bacon; also some odds and ends of sausage and sheep's liver, and half a fried herring, the whole compound being moistened with a greasy broth of undefined antecedents. This, in Joe's opinion, would furnish a positively luxurious repast; and he started, well content with his purchases, to thread the labyrinth of

slums and alleys which lay between him and the back kitchen where he resided. He had spent his last penny—Saturday's "rint" and Sunday's idleness having as usual, left the arrears to be paid off out of Monday's earnings; but that circumstance did not diminish his satisfaction, a consciousness of cash in hand being by no means essential to his peace of mind.

He was coming very near his journey's end, when the onset of a peculiarly vehement shower made him uneasy about the safety of his precious cakes. So he paused where the lights of a small public-house flared out a bright circle on the surrounding darkness, and determined that he would transfer the parcel to his pocket—a most disastrous measure of precaution, as the event proved. For while he was in the very act of hoisting down his basket from his shoulder, a man came reeling out of the tavern and staggered heavily against him, with the result that his basket, being just then poised in a state of unstable equilibrium, swung suddenly sideways with a violent jerk, strewing all its contents upon the sloppy ground. The bowl fell, clanging stridently upon the pavement, whence it rebounded into a deep pool of slush which stretched beside the curbstone, and there it lay bottom upward, half-submerged. The cakes slipped out of their loose paper wrap, one of them following the bowl into those murky depths, which swallowed it whole with a single "plop," whilst the other went skipping playfully for some distance over the filthy flags, until its career was checked by its collision with an obtruding lamp-post. Never was a stroke of calamity more swiftly dealt. Before Joe well knew what had befallen him, all his cherished hopes had gone, like the wretched Ophelia, to a muddy death.

It would be quite impossible to record in these pages the utterances to which Joe Murphy gave vent as the full realization of the catastrophe burst upon him. But the worst of it was that neither he nor the tipsy author of the mischief seemed disposed to stop short at mere language, however strong; and a lively little scuffle was beginning, amid a ring of pleasurably excited onlookers, when the unwelcome arrival of a tall, soldier-like policeman caused a disappointing suspension of hostilities. And now for a few moments it appeared not improbable that Joe's misfor-

tunes might culminate in a night passed at the nearest lockup. This danger, however, soon blew over. The obvious intoxication of Joe's antagonist rendered him *à priori* an object of suspicion, and Constable 27C was, moreover, sufficiently familiar with the ways and means of those whom he met on that beat to understand how serious a loss, and what ample grounds of provocation, might be represented by that inverted bowl and its ruined contents. So he presently marched off briskly with his erratically moving charge, the crowd melted away as rapidly as it had gathered, and Joe was left to his own forlorn devices.

It was a miserable scene. The lurid gas gleams shone, through the thick slanting raindrops, on tall black walls of ruinous, sinister-looking houses, on the miry straits which they bounded, and on—most piteous spectacle of all—the ragged wretch who was half crying over his beggarly loss, as he groped about the streaming pavement, seeking whether any remnant of his goods might perchance have remained uninjured. His own supper was past praying for—engulfed irretrievably in the semi-liquid slush, never again to emerge as food for man or beast. But this afflicted him far less than the thought of the disappointment in store for Biddy, she who was to have fared so sumptuously, and who must now go to bed hungrier than usual, having supped on a mere crust of dry bread. With a faint flutter of hope he picked up the cake which had rolled along the footpath, and anxiously examined into its condition. It had evidently been trodden upon, and was grievously mud-begrimed, but he imagined that the moisture might possibly not have soaked far into its interior, and with clumsy, cold-benumbed fingers he began to peel off the outer crust, only to find that little, if any, of the dough was in such a state as to be edible by even a most unfastidious feeder. And in grim despair he tossed it with the empty bowl into his basket, and went ruefully on his way; for there was nothing to be gained by longer lingering, and he was already much later than his wont.

But how different a home-coming it was from that to which he had been looking forward all day! Nothing but misery could now await him. He knew well how it would be—how Biddy would storm and scold at him as long as she had any breath left, and then would cough and cough till

it seemed as if her gaunt frame must be shaken to pieces. And then the sound of that cough always went to his heart with a sickening pang. This dreary foreknowledge did not quicken his steps, and when he had descended into the long underground passage, almost as filthy as the street, which contained the door of his apartment, he walked slower and slower, screwing up courage to appear with his unwelcome tidings. The next moment he heard Biddy's thin cracked voice call sharply: "Joe, Joe; is it comin' in to-night you'd be at all, at all, and it goin' on for eight o'clock?" and he felt that he must delay no longer. But when he opened the door, it was upon a sight which made him stand still and gape.

He had expected to find nothing more brilliant than the darkness visible, created by a farthing dip. Yet here was the room all in a glow of light, proceeding, for the most part, from a great turf fire which burned ruddily on the hearth, whilst the atmosphere was pervaded by the unctuous odors of some most savory cooking. The rickety deal table, drawn up in front of the fire, was covered with eatables—a big loaf, a wedge of cheese, a goodly lump of bacon, a dish of fried potatoes, and, putting the last touch to his incredulous bewilderment, what seemed to him to be dozens of cakes, the exact counterparts of those which had been causing him so much perturbation. And there was Biddy sitting comfortably near the warm blaze on their one decrepit chair, and munching busily—indeed, her mouth was so full that she could say nothing intelligible for quite half a minute after his entrance.

If Joe had ever heard of the millennium, he would now certainly have thought that he had walked straight into it. But he never had heard of it, nor did he find his faculties at all equal to the task of accounting for the phenomenon. The heart of the mystery, however, was not far to seek or difficult to pluck out. Pat Murphy, a long-absent member of the family, concerning whose whereabouts and walk in life his brother and sister had dwelt in an ignorance which for certain reasons tended towards the belief that he was sojourning in one of her Majesty's prisons, had suddenly returned from a spell of seafaring, and to-night's extraordinary outbreak of profusion was due to his open-handed prodigality of recently acquired pay.

"Well, Joe, and how 's yourself?" he said, now in high good-humor, glancing round at his stupefied brother, but still stooping over the steaming pan in which he was carrying on some culinary operations. "Take a dhrop of porther to put a bit of warmth in ye. These sawsengers 'll be done iligant in a couple of minyits."

And here it will be well for us to take our leave of Joe Murphy. We might follow the course of his fortunes for many a long day before we should light on so auspicious a moment. Let us hasten away while the savor of Pat's "sawsengers" still hangs about the warm room and before the last turf-sod has smoldered from throbbing scarlet embers to ghostly film-white ashes.

MISTHER DENIS'S RETURN.

From 'Th' Ould Master.'

An' the thought of us each was the boat; och, however'd she stand it at all,

If she'd started an hour or two back, an' been caught in the thick o' that squall?

Sure, it's lost she was, barrin' by luck it so chanced she'd run under the lee

O' Point Bertragh or Irish Louane; an' 't was liker the cra-thurs ud be

Crossin' yonder the open, wid never a shelter, but waves far an' wide

Rowlin' one on the other till ye'd seem at the feet of a mad mountain-side.

An' the best we could hope was they'd seen that the weather'd be turnin' out quare,

An' might, happen, ha' settled they wouldn't come over, but bide where they were.

Yet, begorrah! 't would be the quare weather entirely, as some of us said,

That 'ud put Misther Denis off aught that he'd fairly tuk into his head.

Thin Tim Duigan sez: "Arrah, lads, whist! afther sailin' thro' oceans o' say

Don't tell *me* he's naught better to do than get dhrowned in our dhrop of a bay."

An' the words were scarce out of his mouth, whin hard by,
thro' a dhrift o' the haze,
The ould boat we beheld sthrivin' on in the storm—och, the
yell we did raise!
An' it's little we yelled for, bedad! for the next instant there
under our eyes,
Not a couple o' perch from the pier-end, th' ould baste she
must take an' capsizes.

Och! small blame to thim all if we'd never seen sight of a one
o' thim more,
Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell, like the butt-
ends o' beams on a door;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the dhrift flyin'
over thim thick,
'S if the Divil had melted down Hell, an' was stirrin' it up wid
a stick.
But it happint the wave that they met wid was flounderin'
sthraight to the strand,
An' just swep' thim up nate on its way, till it set thim down
safe where the sand
Isn't wet twice a twelvemonth, no hurt on thim all, on'y dhrip-
pin' an' dazed.
And one come to his feet nigh me door, where that mornin' me
heifer had grazed,
An' bedad! 't was himself, Mister Denis, stood blinkin' and
shakin' the wet
From his hair; "Hullo, Connor!" sez he, "is it you, man?"
He'd never forget
One he'd known. But I'd hardly got hould of his hand, an'
was wishin' him joy,
Whin, worse luck, he looked round an' he spied Widdy Sulli-
van's imp of a boy
That a wave had tuk off of his feet, an' was floatin' away from
the beach,
An' he screechin' an' sthretchin' his arms to be saved, but no
help was in reach.
An' as soon as the young master he seen it, he caught his hand
out o' me own:
'Now, stand clear, man," sez he; "would ye have me be lavin'
the lad there to dhrown?"
An' wid that he throd knee-deep in foam-swirls. 'Ochone! but
he gev us the slip,
Runnin' sheer down the black throat o' Death, an' he just
afther 'scapin' its grip;

For the wild says come flappin' an' boomin' an' smotherin' o'er
 him, an' back
 In the lap o' their ragin' they swep' him as light as a wisp o'
 brown wrack.
 An' they poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers, an' clatterin'
 the shingle like chains;
 Ne'er the live sowl they'd let from their hould till they'd
 choked him or bet out his brains,
 Sure an' certin. And in swung a wave wid its welthers o'
 wather that lept
 Wid the roar of a lion as it come, an' hissed low like a snake
 as it crept
 To its edge, where it tossed thim, the both o' them. Och! an'
 the little spalpeen
 Misther Denis had gript be the collar, he jumped up the first
 thing we seen,
 While young master lay still—not a stir—he was stunned wid
 a crack on the head—
 Jist a flutter o' life at his heart—but it's kilt he was, kilt on
 us dead.

THE FLITTING OF THE FAIRIES.

From the 'End of Elfintown.'

.
 Then Oberon spake the word of might
 That set the enchanted cars in sight;
 But love I lack, to tell aright
 Where these had waited hidden.
 Perchance the clear airs round us rolled
 In secret cells did them enfold,
 Like evening dew that none behold
 Till to the sward 't is slidden.

And who can say what wizardise
 Had fashioned them in marvelous wise,
 And given them power to stoop and rise
 More high than thought hath traveled?
 Somewhat of cloud their frames consist,
 But more of meteor's luminous mist,
 All girt with strands of seven-hued twist
 From rainbow's verge unraveled.

'Tis said, and I believe it well,
 That whoso mounts their magic selle,
 Goes, if he list, invisible
 Beneath the broadest noonlight;
 That virtue comes of Faery-fern,
 Lone-lived where hill-slopes starward turn
 Thro' frore night hours that bid it burn
 Flame-fronded in the moonlight;

For this holds true—too true, alas!
 The sky that eve was clear as glass,
 Yet no man saw the Faeries pass
 Where azure pathways glisten;
 And true it is—too true, ay me—
 That nevermore on lawn or lea
 Shall mortal man a Faery see,
 Though long he look and listen.

Only the twilit woods among
 A wild-winged breeze hath sometimes flung
 Dim echoes borne from strains soft-sung
 Beyond sky-reaches hollow;
 Still further, fainter up the height,
 Receding past the deep-zoned night—
 Far chant of Fays who lead that flight,
 Faint call of Fays who follow:

(*Fays following.*) Red-rose mists o'erdrift
 Moth-moon's glimmering white,
 Lit by sheen-silled west
 Barred with fiery bar;
 Fleeting, following swift,
 Whither across the night
 Seek we bourne of rest?

(*Fays leading.*) Afar.

(*Fays following.*) Vailing crest on crest
 Down the shadowy height,
 Earth with shores and seas
 Dropt, a dwindling gleam.
 Dusk, and bowery nest,
 Dawn, and dells dew-bright,
 What shall bide of these?

(*Fays leading.*) A dream.

(*Fays following.*) Fled, ah! fled, our sight.
 Yea, but thrills of fire
 Throbb'd adown yon deep,
 Faint and very far
 Who shall rede aright?
 Say, what wafts us nigher,
 Beckoning up the steep?

(*Fays leading.*) A star.

(*Fays following.*) List, a star! a star!
 Oh, our goal of light!
 Yet the winged shades sweep,
 Yet the void looms vast.
 Weary our wild dreams are:
 When shall cease our flight
 Soft on shores of sleep?

(*Fays leading.*) At last.

EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

(1785—1820.)

EATON STANNARD BARRETT was born in Cork in 1785, and was graduated A.B. in Trinity College, Dublin. Here his attractive manners and genial disposition won him the friendship and esteem of his fellow-students. In 1805 he entered as a law student in the Middle Temple, London. He however ultimately forsook law for literature. His first satirical poem, which ridiculed the ministry in power in 1807, gave it the name of 'The Ministry of All the Talents,' by which it is known in history. Its success encouraged him to persevere, and in 1808 he brought out a satirical newspaper, entitled *The Comet*. His 'Woman,' with other poems and humorous effusions, followed; all attracted considerable attention, and proved the talent and culture of the author. The satire of 'All the Talents,' which delighted the town in its day, now misses fire with all but the close student of history; for others the point of the allusions is lost.

A book which in some ways reminds one of Bret Harte's famous 'Sensation Novels Condensed' still lives: 'The Heroine, or Adventures of Cherubina,' burlesquing the novels in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It doubtless did much to kill the type of fiction, full of unreality and affectation, which did so much harm in those days. He wrote other burlesque novels, plays, and poems, and could write well on serious topics. His last work was a comedy entitled 'My Wife! What Wife?' which appeared in 1815. He died March 20, 1820.

MODERN MEDIÆVALISM.

CHAPTER I.

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Blow, breeze, blow."

—*Moore.*

It was on a nocturnal night in autumnal October; the wet rain fell in liquid quantities, and the thunder rolled in an awful and Ossianly manner. The lowly but peaceful inhabitants of a small but decent cottage were just sitting down to their homely but wholesome supper, when a loud knocking at the door alarmed them. Bertram armed himself with a ladle. "Lack-a-daisy!" cried old Margueri-

tone, and little Billy seized the favorable moment to fill his mouth with meat. Innocent fraud! happy childhood!

“The father’s luster and the mother’s bloom.”

Bertram then opened the door, when, lo! pale, breathless, dripping, and with a look that would have shocked the Royal Humane Society, a beautiful female tottered into the room. “Lack-a-daisy! ma’am,” said Margueritone, “are you wet?” “Wet?” exclaimed the fair unknown, wringing a rivulet of rain from the corner of her robe; “O ye gods, wet!” Margueritone felt the justice, the gentleness of the reproof, and turned the subject, by recommending a glass of spirits.

“Spirit of my sainted sire.”

The stranger sipped, shook her head, and fainted. Her hair was long and dark, and the bed was ready; so since she seems in distress, we will leave her there awhile, lest we should betray an ignorance of the world in appearing not to know the proper time for deserting people.

On the rocky summit of a beetling precipice, whose base was lashed by the angry Atlantic, stood a moated and turreted structure called Il Castello di Gringothico. As the northern tower had remained uninhabited since the death of its late lord, Henriques de Violenci, lights and figures were, *par consequence*, observed in it at midnight. Besides, the black eyebrows of the present baron had a habit of meeting for several years, and *quelque fois*, he paced the picture-gallery with a hurried step. These circumstances combined, there could be no doubt of his having committed murder. . . .

CHAPTER II.

“Oh!”

—*Milton.*

“Ah!”

—*Pope.*

One evening, the Baroness de Violenci, having sprained her leg in the composition of an ecstatic ode, resolved not to go to Lady Penthesilea Rouge’s rout. While she was sitting alone at a plate of prawns, the footman entered

with a basket, which had just been left for her. "Lay it down, John," said she, touching his forehead with her fork. The gay-hearted young fellow did as he was desired and capered out of the room. Judge of her astonishment when she found, on opening it, a little cherub of a baby sleeping within. An oaken cross, with "Hysterica" inscribed in chalk, was appended at its neck, and a mark, like a bruised gooseberry, added interest to its elbow. As she and her lord had never had children, she determined, *sur le champ*, on adopting the pretty Hysterica. Fifteen years did this worthy woman dedicate to the progress of her little charge; and in that time taught her every mortal accomplishment. Her sigh, particularly, was esteemed the softest in Europe.

But the stroke of death is inevitable; come it must at last, and neither virtue nor wisdom can avoid it. In a word, the good old Baroness died, and our heroine fell senseless on her body.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

But it is now time to describe our heroine. As Milton tells us that Eve was "more lovely than Pandora" (an imaginary lady who never existed but in the brains of poets), so do we declare, and are ready to stake our lives, that our heroine excelled in her form the Timinitilidi, whom no man ever saw; and in her voice, the music of the spheres, which no man ever heard. Perhaps her face was not perfect; but it was more—it was interesting—it was oval. Her eyes were of the real, original old blue; and her lashes of the best silk. You forgot the thickness of her lips in the casket of pearls which they enshrined; and the roses of York and Lancaster were united in her cheek. A nose of the Grecian order surmounted the whole. Such was Hysterica.

But, alas! misfortunes are often gregarious, like sheep. For one night, when our heroine had repaired to the chapel, intending to drop her customary tear on the tomb of her sainted benefactress, she heard on a sudden,

"Oh, horrid horrible, and horridest horror!"

the distant organ peal a solemn voluntary. While she was preparing, in much terror and astonishment, to accompany

it with her voice, four men in masks rushed from among some tombs and bore her to a carriage, which instantly drove off with the whole party. In vain she sought to soften them by swoons, tears, and a simple little ballad; they sat counting murders and not minding her. As the blinds of the carriage were closed the whole way, we waive a description of the country which they traversed. Besides, the prospect within the carriage will occupy the reader enough; for in one of the villains *Hysterica* discovered—Count *Stiletto*! She fainted. On the second day the carriage stopped at an old castle, and she was conveyed into a tapestried apartment—in which rusty daggers, moldering bones, and ragged palls lay scattered in all the profusion of feudal plenty—where the delicate creature fell ill of an inverted eyelash, caused by continual weeping. . . .

CHAPTER III.

“Sure such a day as this was never seen!”

—*Thomas Thumb.*

“The day, th’ important day!”

—*Addison.*

“O giorno felice!”

—*Italian.*

The morning of the happy day destined to unite our lovers was ushered into the world with a blue sky, and the ringing of bells. Maidens, united in bonds of amity and artificial roses, come dancing to the pipe and tabor; while groups of children and chickens add hilarity to the union of congenial minds. On the left of the village are some plantations of tufted turnips; on the right a dilapidated dog-kennel

“With venerable grandeur marks the scene,”

while everywhere the delighted eye catches monstrous mountains and minute daisies. In a word,

“All nature wears one universal grin.”

The procession now set forward to the church. The bride was habited in white drapery. Ten signs of the Zodiac, worked in spangles, sparkled round its edge, but

Virgo was omitted at her desire, and the bridegroom proposed to dispense with Capricorn. Sweet delicacy! She held a pot of myrtle in her hand, and wore on her head a small lighted torch, emblematical of Hymen. . . . The marriage ceremony passed off with great spirit, and the fond bridegroom, as he pressed her to his heart, felt how pure, how delicious are the joys of virtue.

MONTMORENCI AND CHERUBINA.

From 'The Heroine.'

This morning, soon after breakfast, I heard a gentle knocking at my door, and, to my great astonishment, a figure, cased in shining armor, entered. Oh! ye conscious blushes; it was my Montmorenci! A plume of white feathers nodded on his helmet and neither spear nor shield were wanting. "I come," cried he, bending on one knee, and pressing my hand to his lips, "I come in the ancient armor of my family to perform my promise of recounting to you the melancholy memoirs of my life." "My lord," said I, "rise and be seated. Cherubina knows how to appreciate the honor that Montmorenci confers." He bowed; and having laid by his spear, shield, and helmet he placed himself beside me on the sofa, and began his heart-rending history.

"All was dark. The hurricane howled, the hail rattled, and the thunder rolled. Nature was convulsed, and the traveler inconvenienced. In the province of Languedoc stood the Gothic castle of Montmorenci. Before it ran the Garonne, and behind it rose the Pyrenees, whose summits, exhibiting awful forms, seen and lost again, as the partial vapors rolled along, were sometimes barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy fir, that swept downward to their base. 'My lads, are your carbines charged, and your daggers sharpened?' whispered Rinaldo, with his plume of black feathers, to the banditti, in their long cloaks. 'If they an't,' said Bernardo, 'by St. Jago, we might load our carbines with the hail, and sharpen our daggers against

this confounded north-wind.' 'The wind is east-south-east,' said Ugo. At this moment the bell of Montmorenci Castle tolled one. The sound vibrated through the long corridors, the spiral staircases, the suites of tapestried apartments, and the ears of the personage who has the honor to address you. Much alarmed, I started from my couch, which was of exquisite workmanship; the coverlet of flowered gold, and the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies by Michael Angelo. But conceive my horror when I beheld my chamber filled with banditti! Snatching my falcion, I flew to the armory for my coat of mail; the bravos rushed after me, but I fought and dressed and dressed and fought, till I had perfectly completed my unpleasing toilet. I then stood alone, firm, dignified, collected, and only fifteen years of age.

“ ‘Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords——’

To describe the horror of the contest that followed were beyond the pen of an Anacreon. In short, I fought till my silver skin was laced with my golden blood; while the bullets flew round me, thick as hail,

“ ‘And whistled as they went for want of thought.’

At length I murdered my way down to my little skiff, embarked in it, and arrived at this island. As I first touched foot on its chalky beach, 'Hail! happy land,' cried I, 'hail, thrice hail!' 'There is no hail here, sir,' said a child running by. . . . Nine days and nights I wandered through the country, the rivulet my beverage, and the berry my repast; the turf my couch, and the sky my canopy." "Ah!" interrupted I, "how much you must have missed the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies!" "Extremely," said he, "for during sixteen long years I had not a roof over my head—I was an itinerant beggar! One summer's day, the cattle lay panting under the broad umbrage, the sun had burst into an immoderate fit of splendor, and the struggling brook chided the matted grass for obstructing it. I sat under a hedge, and began eating wild strawberries; when lo! a form, flexile as the flame ascending from a censer, and

undulating with the sighs of a dying vestal, flitted inaudibly by me, nor crushed the daisies as it trod. What a divinity! she was fresh as the Anadyomene of Apelles, and beautiful as the Gnidus of Praxiteles, or the Helen of Zeuxis. Her eyes dipt in heaven's own hue——" "Sir," said I, "you need not mind her eyes; I dare say they were blue enough. But pray, who was this immortal doll of yours?" "Who?" cried he, "why, who but—shall I speak it? who but—the LADY CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY!!!" "I!" "You!" "Ah! Montmorenci!" "Ah! Cherubina! I followed you with cautious steps," continued he, "till I traced you into your—you had a garden, had you not?" "Yes." "Into your garden. I thought ten thousand flowerets would have leapt from their beds to offer you a nosegay. But the age of gallantry is past, that of merchants, placemen, and fortune-hunters has succeeded, and the glory of Cupid is extinguished for ever! . . . But wherefore," cried he, starting from his seat, "wherefore talk of the past? Oh! let me tell you of the present and of the future. Oh! let me tell you how dearly, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!" "Love me!" cried I, giving such a start as the nature of the case required. "My Lord, this is so—really now, so—" "Pardon this abrupt avowal of my unhappy passion," said he, flinging himself at my feet; "fain would I have let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek; but, oh! who could resist the maddening sight of so much beauty?" I remained silent, and, with the elegant embarrassment of modesty, cast my blue eyes to the ground. I never looked so lovely. . . . "I declare," said I, "I would say anything on earth to relieve you—only tell me what." "Angel of light!" exclaimed he, springing upon his feet, and beaming on me a smile that might liquefy marble. "Have I then hope? Dare I say it? Dare I pronounce the divine words, 'she loves me?'" "I am thine and thou art mine," murmured I, while the room swam before me.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

(1760—1834.)

JONAH BARRINGTON was born in 1760, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1788 was called to the bar; two years later he was returned as member for Tuam. He opposed Grattan and Curran, and was made a King's Counsel and rewarded by the Government in 1793 by a sinecure office in the Custom House, worth £1,000 (\$5,000) a year.

In 1798 he lost his seat, but in the next year was returned for Banagher. He voted against the Union, and yet with strange inconsistency he acted as Government procurer for bribing at least one member to vote in favor of the Union. In 1803 he stood for the city of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, but was defeated, although he had the support of Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, and Plunket. Later he was made judge in the Admiralty Court, and knighted. In 1809 he published, in five parts, the first volume of the 'Historic Memoirs of Ireland.'

After this he lived in France for some time, compelled thereto both by political and by financial considerations of a not altogether creditable kind. The manner of his going is thus described by W. J. Fitzpatrick, in 'The Sham Squire': "He had pledged his family plate for a considerable sum to Mr. John Stevenson, pawnbroker and member of the Common Council. 'My dear fellow,' said the knight condescendingly, as he dropped in one day to that person's private closet, 'I'm in a d—l of a hobble. I asked, quite impromptu, the Lord-Lieutenant, Chancellor, and judges to dine with me, forgetting how awkwardly I was situated, and, by Jove! they've written to say they'll come. Of course I could not entertain them without the plate. I shall require it for that evening only, but it must be on one condition, that you come yourself to the dinner and represent the Corporation. Bring the plate with you, and take it back at night.' The pawnbroker was dazzled; although not usually given to nepotism, he willingly embraced the proposal. During dinner and after it he (Sir Jonah) plied his *uncle* with wine. The pawnbroker had a bad head for potation, though a good one for valuation. He fell asleep and under the table almost simultaneously, and when he awoke to a full consciousness Sir Jonah, accompanied by the plate, was on his way to Boulogne, never again to visit his native land."

In 1827 he published two volumes of 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.' In 1830, by an address from both Houses of Parliament, he was removed from the bench, in consequence of misappropriation of public money. In 1833 appeared the third volume of 'Personal Sketches,' and in the same year the completion of his 'Historic Memoirs.' This book was subsequently reproduced in a cheaper form as 'The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.' His works are chiefly valuable for their vivid pictures of the social and political conditions of his time—but they are not always to be relied upon as to matters of fact. He died in 1834.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY
ELOQUENCE.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

The preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan (now no more), who pronounced the most impressive orations I ever heard from the members of my profession at any era. It is true he spoke for *effect*, and therefore directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment. He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity, but afterwards conformed to the Protestant church, and was received *ad eundem*. His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice, and he was promoted by Lord Westmoreland to a living; afterward became a dean, and would, most probably, have been a bishop; but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented, that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed (unjustly) to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsion. His manner of preaching was of the French school: he was vehement for a while, and then, becoming (or affecting to become) exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face: a dead silence ensued—he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence—another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivaled his talent, and at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a "celestial exhaustion," as I heard a lady call it, not un-

frequently terminated his discourse—in general, abruptly. If the subject was charity, every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the church of Saint Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200 (\$1,000) was raised by the Dean to £1,100 (\$5,500). I knew a gentleman myself, who threw both his purse and watch into the plate!

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar, and Sheridan in the senate, were the three most effective orators I ever recollect, in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr. Hely, of Tooke's Court. While residing in Dublin, I met him at a variety of places, and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it; nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety, ignorance nor information; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre* was the most prominent of his superficial qualities; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling, the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man, if he could not be termed a very amiable one; and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt myself more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin, the Huguenot, who preached at The Hague (grandfather to the late Attorney-General of Ireland). It may be so; and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers,

if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan. It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hastings' trial; at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. Many great men have their individual points of superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded. Curran could have done both, Grattan neither: but, in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, while young, far exceeded either of them.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew him intimately. He was my senior, and my superior. While he was in high repute, I was at laborious duties; while he was eclipsing everybody in fame in one country, I was laboring hard to gain any in another. He professed whiggism: I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their definition thereof.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

Among those Parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the House, were certain baronets of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite for both solids and fluids—much wit, more humor, and indefatigable cheerfulness—might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who (except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post) was generally in his senses, formed, during these intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin County, afforded a whimsical variety of the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writ-

ing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood, by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service!—and the dross (as he termed it) having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodiams, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the special guardianship of the attorneys. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the present Cæsar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail: but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography, and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the imperial Parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet; his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche (of whom we shall speak hereafter) generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, while Sir Frederick's, on the other hand, possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense!

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good tempered, and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland): whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him while he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring that "the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord-Lieutenant's favor," John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail." "And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amid peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear, for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason. His seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the Treasury-bench, next to a gangway; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper to him, and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst!—which, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use *that* at all, and *the other* as little as possible!

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbor of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and (in common with many remote farmers of that period) had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease—his only property. He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, while he could get anything out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet; his star, which he frequently wore on

rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before; and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton, "who that man was with a silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"May be, please your honor, he could do my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what's those words on his *sign*?" (alluding to the motto on the star).

"Oh," answered the other, "they are Latin, '*Tria juncta in uno*.'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond," said Sir John.

"Then I can match him!" exclaimed Hughes.

"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and on hearing the above language (taking for granted that it resulted from his own application), he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss, but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive Christians, you usurer! you Jew, you!"

Nobody could be more amused at this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told everybody he knew of "Hamilton's trick upon the countryman."

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people, never patronized it in any other individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story, one day, in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word*: Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed, "you say you don't believe my word?"

"I can't believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*! I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humor. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling a lie*, and Sir Richard for *not believing* it—to the payment of two bottles of hock, each.

Whoever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The Duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss (as probably most kings, princes, and viceroys occasionally are) for something to say to every person he was bound in etiquette to notice, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop; the timely rain," observed the Duke, "will bring everything above ground."

"God forbid, your Excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His Excellency stared, while Sir John continued, sighing heavily, as he spoke; "Yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, among the usual loyal toasts "The wooden walls of England" being given, Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling up a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquis of Waterford and several country-gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said: "My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland—the colonels of militia!'"

So broad but so good-humored a *jeu-d'esprit* excited great merriment; the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularly, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquis of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint, nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was," said the Marquis, "he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities; and, having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honor and etiquette—of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death, with the utmost satisfaction to himself, as well as to every one in

connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a "*bas bleu*," prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read Gibbon's '*Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*,' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

The baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measure of Government, immediately rose, and in a very few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and *still more* honorable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*; for what has *posterity* done for *us*?"

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter, which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He

therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the House that "by *posterity*, he did not at all mean *our ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately after them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by Government to fight as hard as possible for the Union; so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen," said Sir Boyle, "may tither, and tither, and tither, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honorable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the House for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop, nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, while he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "there, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallician villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, sir, the murderous *Marshallaw-men* (Marseillais) would break in, cut us to mince-meat and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the *habeas corpus* suspension bill in Ireland: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a

part, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve the *remainder*!”

This baronet having been one of the Irish Parliamentary curiosities before the Union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar, nonsensical expression: but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*,¹ and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord-Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament, including the late Marquis of Ormonde. The Marquis was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal: and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche labored hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology; it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wits' end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the House in good humor, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. “Mr. Speaker,” said the baronet, “I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could mean to give offense.”

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army. “The best way,” said Sir Boyle, “to *avoid danger* is to *meet it plumb*.”

¹ *Oxymorons*, sharp antitheses.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

The numerous and remarkable instances, which came within my own observation, of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times, would fill volumes. A few only will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to show the nature of that reciprocal good-will, which on many occasions was singularly useful to both; and, in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family, I neither mean to play the vain egotist nor to determine generals by particulars, since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

I remember that a very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops before they shedded. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by any possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in due time. One morning, when he rose, he could not believe his sight:—he looked—rubbed his eyes—called the servants, and asked them if they saw anything odd in the field: they certainly did—for, on our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labor during the day, had come down upon the great field, and had reaped and stacked it before dawn! None of them would even tell him who had a hand in it. Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place; and no tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed, for rent. Their gratitude for this knew no bounds; and the only individuals who ever annoyed them were the parsons by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money; and though hard cash was scant with both landlord and tenant, and no small banknotes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was

experienced by the peasantry from the want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work; no banks, no machinery;—although the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland, in former times, occurred in my family and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr. French, of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament. He was an excellent swordsman; and, as was often the case in that country, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbors and their adherents together by the ears; my grandfather had conceived a contempt for, and antipathy to, a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who, having an independent mind, entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud—steady and sensible; but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities, and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

On some occasion or other, Mr. Dennis had outdone his usual outdoings, and chagrined the squire and his lady most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's and my grandmother launched out in her abuse of Dennis, concluding her exordium by an hyperbole of hatred expressed, but not at all meant, in these words: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! that might quiet him."

It passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler Ned Regan (who had drank enough) came in:—joy was in his eye; and, whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents; when lo! a considerable

portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table! The horror and surprise of the company may be conceived; upon which old Ned exclaimed: "Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off, so I told old Gahagan (the game-keeper) and he took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears, and there they are; and I hope you are plazed, my lady!"

The scene may be imagined—but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never reappeared in the country till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants, in those days, to their masters. The order of things is now reversed; and the change of times cannot be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have to rob (and, if convenient, murder) the families from whom they derive their daily bread. Where the remote error lies, I know not; but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems to be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the same feeling as that illustrated by the two former anecdotes—namely, the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families—occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election in the year 1790, for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to Parliament during nearly two hundred years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time: six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally in mass. The books were

repacked, and the poll declared—the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town—when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colors flying and pipers playing. Their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, etc., the chief captain came up to me. “Counselor, dear!” said he, “we’re all come from Donane to help your honor against the villains that oppose you: we’re the boys that can *tittivate!*—Barrington for ever! hurra!” Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added: “Counselor, jewel! which of the villains shall *we settle first?*”

To quiet him, I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

“Why, then, counselor,” said he, “we’ll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!”

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humor of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and “*to stay asy*” (their own language); and in a little time I made them as tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o’clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to anybody or anything.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all whom they thought would protect or procure them justice.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

From ‘Personal Sketches of His Own Times.’

It may be objected that anecdotes of dueling have more than their due proportion of space in these sketches, and

that no writer should publish feats of that nature (if feats they can be called), especially when performed by persons holding grave offices or by public functionaries. These are very plausible, rational observations, and are now anticipated for the purpose of being answered.

It might be considered a sufficient excuse, that these stories refer to events long past; that they are amusing, and the more so as being matter of fact (neither romance nor exaggeration), and so various that no two of them are at all similar. But a much better reason can be given; namely, that there is no other species of detail or anecdote which so clearly brings in illustration before a reader's eye the character, genius, and the manners of a country as that which exemplifies the distinguishing propensities of its population for successive ages. Much knowledge will necessarily be gained by possessing such a series of anecdotes, and then going on to trace the decline of such propensities to the progress of civilization in that class of society where they had been prevalent.

As to the objection founded on the rank or profession of the parties concerned, it is only necessary to subjoin the following *short* abstract from a long list of official duelists who have figured in my time, and some of them before my eyes. The number of grave personages who appear to have adopted the national taste (though in most instances it was undoubtedly before their elevation to the bench that they signalized themselves in single combat), removes from me all imputations of pitching upon and exposing any unusual frailty; and I think I may challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant *judicial* and *official* antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited even in the following list.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran.

The Chief Justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawly (a Privy Councilor), Lord Llandaff, and two others.

The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barret, and three others.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honorable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honorable Henry Grattan, a Privy Councilor, and another.

A Baron of the Exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

The Chief Justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

The Judge of the Prerogative Court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground. N. B. The latter case is a curious one.

The chief counsel to the Revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counselor O'Mahon, Counselor Campbell, and others; all hits.

The Master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary, etc.

The Provost of the University of Dublin, the Right Honorable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery (they went to the plains of Minden to fight), and some others.

The Chief Justice C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

The Right Honorable George Ogle, a Privy Councilor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a papist. They fired eight shots and no hit; but the second broke his own arm.

Thomas Wallace, K. C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

Counselor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain; fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

The collector of the customs of Dublin, the Honorable Francis Hitchinson, fought the Right Honorable Lord Mountmorris.

The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations.

However, it must be owned that there were occasionally very peaceful and forgiving instances among the barristers. I saw a very brave king's counsel, Mr. Curran, horse-whipped most severely in the public street, by a very savage nobleman, Lord Clanmorris; and another barrister was said to have had his eye saluted by a moist messenger

from a gentleman's lip (Mr. May's) in the body of the House of Commons. Yet both those little *incivilities* were arranged very amicably, in a private manner, and without the aid of any deadly weapon whatsoever, I suppose for variety's sake. But the people of Dublin used to observe, that a judgment came upon Counselor O'Callaghan for having kept Mr. Curran quiet in the horsewhipping affair, inasmuch as his own brains were literally scattered about the ground by an attorney very soon after he had turned pacificator.

In my time, the number of killed and wounded among the bar was very considerable. The other learned professions suffered much less.

It is, in fact, incredible what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen (though in general excellent-tempered fellows) formerly had for fighting each other and immediately making friends again. A duel was indeed considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent.

One of the most humane men existing, an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, but who (as the expression then was) had frequently played both "hilt to hilt" and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavoring to keep a little son of his quiet, who was crying for something: "Come, now, do be a good boy! Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning!" "Yes! yes! we'll shoot them all in the morning!" responded the child, drying his little eyes and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humorist and *gourmand*, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying: "Come, now, be a good boy—don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow! Now won't you be good?" "Oh! yes, yes," said the child sobbing; "father, is the *lamb* ready?"

Within my recollection, this national propensity for fighting and slaughtering was nearly universal, originating in the spirit and habits of former times. When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of

feats and exercises, they naturally conceived that manslaughter, in an *honest* way (that is, not knowing *which* would be slaughtered), was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments; and this idea gave rise to an assiduous cultivation of the arts of combat, and dictated the wisest laws for carrying them into execution with regularity and honor.

About the year 1777, the fire-eaters were in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. The first two questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady-wife, were: "What family is he of?" "Did he ever blaze?"

Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the dueling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword: Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol: Mayo not amiss at either: Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime.

When I was at the university, Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Reddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, Amby Fitzgerald, and a few others were supposed to understand the points of honor better than any men in Ireland, and were constantly referred to.

In the north, the Fallows and the Fentons were the first hands at it; and most counties could have then boasted their regular *point-of-honor men*. The present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was supposed to have understood the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland.

In truth, these oracles were in general gentlemen of good connections and most respectable families, otherwise nobody would fight or consult them.

Every family then had a case of hereditary pistols, which descended as an heirloom, together with a long, silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated *pelters*, were brass (I believe my second brother has them still). The barrels were very long, and *point-blankers*. They were included in the armory of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth (the stocks, locks, and hair-triggers were, however, mod-

ern), and had descended from father to son from that period; one of them was named "Sweet Lips," the other "The Darling." The family rapier was called "Skiver the Pullet" by my grand-uncle, Captain Wheeler Barrington, who had fought with it repeatedly, and run through different parts of their persons several Scots officers, who had challenged him all at once for some national reflection. It was a very long, narrow-bladed, straight cut-and-thrust, as sharp as a razor, with a silver hilt and a guard of buff leather inside it. I kept this rapier as a curiosity for some time; but it was stolen during my absence at Temple.

I knew Jemmy Keogh extremely well. He was considered in the main a peacemaker, for he did not like to see anybody fight but himself; and it was universally admitted that he never killed any man who did not well deserve it. He was a plausible, although black-looking fellow, with remarkably thick, long eyebrows, closing with a tuft over his nose. He unfortunately killed a cripple in the Phoenix Park, which accident did him great mischief. He was a land-agent to Bourke of Glinsk, to whom he always officiated as second.

At length, so many quarrels arose without sufficiently *dignified* provocation, and so many things were considered quarrels *of course*, which were not quarrels at all, that the principal fire-eaters of the south saw clearly disrepute was likely to be thrown on both the science and its professors, and thought it full time to interfere and arrange matters upon a proper, steady, rational, and moderate footing; and to regulate the time, place, and other circumstances of dueling, so as to govern all Ireland on one principle—thus establishing a uniform, national code of the *lex pugnandi*; proving, as Hugo Grotius did, that it was for the benefit of all belligerents to adopt the same code and regulations.

In furtherance of this object, a branch society had been formed in Dublin, termed the "Knights of Tara," which met once a month at the theater, Chapel Street, gave premiums for fencing, and proceeded in the most laudably systematic manner. The amount of admission money was laid out on silver cups, and given to the best fencers as prizes, at quarterly exhibitions of pupils and amateurs.

Fencing with the small-sword is certainly a most beautiful and noble exercise; its acquirement confers a fine, bold, and manly carriage, a dignified mien, a firm step, and graceful motion. But, alas! its practicers are now supplanted by contemptible groups of smirking quadrillers with unweaponed belts, stuffed breasts, and strangled loins!—a set of squeaking dandies, whose sex may be readily mistaken, or, I should say, is of no consequence.

The theater of the Knights of Tara, on these occasions, was always overflowing. The combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribands, each wearing the favorite color of his fair one; bunches of ribands also dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles to prevent noise in their lunges. No masks or visors were used as in these more timorous times; on the contrary, every feature was uncovered, and its inflections all visible. The ladies appeared in full morning dresses, each handing his foil to her champion for the day, and their presence animated the singular exhibition. From the stage-boxes the prizes were likewise handed to the conquerors by the fair ones, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile then more valued than a hundred victories! The tips of the foils were blackened, and therefore instantly betrayed the hits on the cambric jacket, and proclaimed without doubt the successful combatant. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit, and good temper.

The Knights of Tara also held a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honor referred to them: to reconcile differences, if possible; if not, to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. Doubtful points were solved generally on the peaceable side, provided women were not insulted or defamed; but when that was the case, the knights were obdurate and blood must be seen. They were constituted by ballot, something in the manner of the Jockey Club, but without the possibility of being dishonorable, or the opportunity of cheating each other.

This most agreeable and useful association did not last above two or three years. I cannot tell why it broke up: I rather think, however, the original fire-eaters thought it frivolous, or did not like their own ascendancy to be rivaled. It was said that they threatened direct hostil-

ities against the knights; and I am the more disposed to believe this, because, soon after, a comprehensive code of the laws and points of honor was issued by the southern fire-eaters, with directions that it should be strictly observed by gentlemen throughout the kingdom, and kept in their pistol-cases, that ignorance might never be pleaded. This code was not circulated in print, but very numerous written copies were sent to the different county clubs, etc.

My father got one for his sons, and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of dueling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway "the thirty-six commandments."

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

(1817-1889.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY was born in Cork in 1817. He wrote much for *The Nation*, chiefly in verse over the signatures of "B.," "B. J.," "Beta," and "Brutus." He won the prize of £100 (\$500) offered by the Repeal Association in 1843 for the best essay on Repeal. The 'Kishoge Papers' appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* anonymously and were republished in one volume under the pseudonym of "Bouillon de Garçon."

He was editor of the *Cork Southern Reporter* for some years from 1848 and published also the following books: 'A Waterloo Commemoration,' 'Lays of the War,' 'Six Songs of Beranger,' 'Heinrich and Lenore.' He also edited the 'Songs of Ireland,' and wrote some other works, chiefly legal. He recanted his early opinions toward the end of his life and became a police magistrate in Dublin. He died Jan. 23, 1889.

THE SWORD.

What rights the brave?

The sword!

What frees the slave?

The sword!

What cleaves in twain

The despot's chain,

And makes his gyves and dungeons vain?

The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never

While rests a link to sever!

Guard of the free,

We'll cherish thee,

And keep thee bright for ever!

What checks the knave?

The sword!

What smites to save?

The sword!

What wreaks the wrong

Unpunished long,

At last, upon the guilty strong?

The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

What shelters Right?

The sword!

What makes it might?

The sword!

What strikes the crown

Of tyrants down,

And answers with its flash their frown?

The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

Still be thou true,

Good sword!

We'll die or do,

Good sword!

Leap forth to light

If tyrants smite,

And trust our arms to wield thee right,

Good sword!

CHORUS.

Yes! cease thy proud task never

While rests a link to sever!

Guard of the free,

We'll cherish thee,

And keep thee bright for ever!

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

They knelt around the cross divine,

The matron and the maid;

They bowed before redemption's sign,

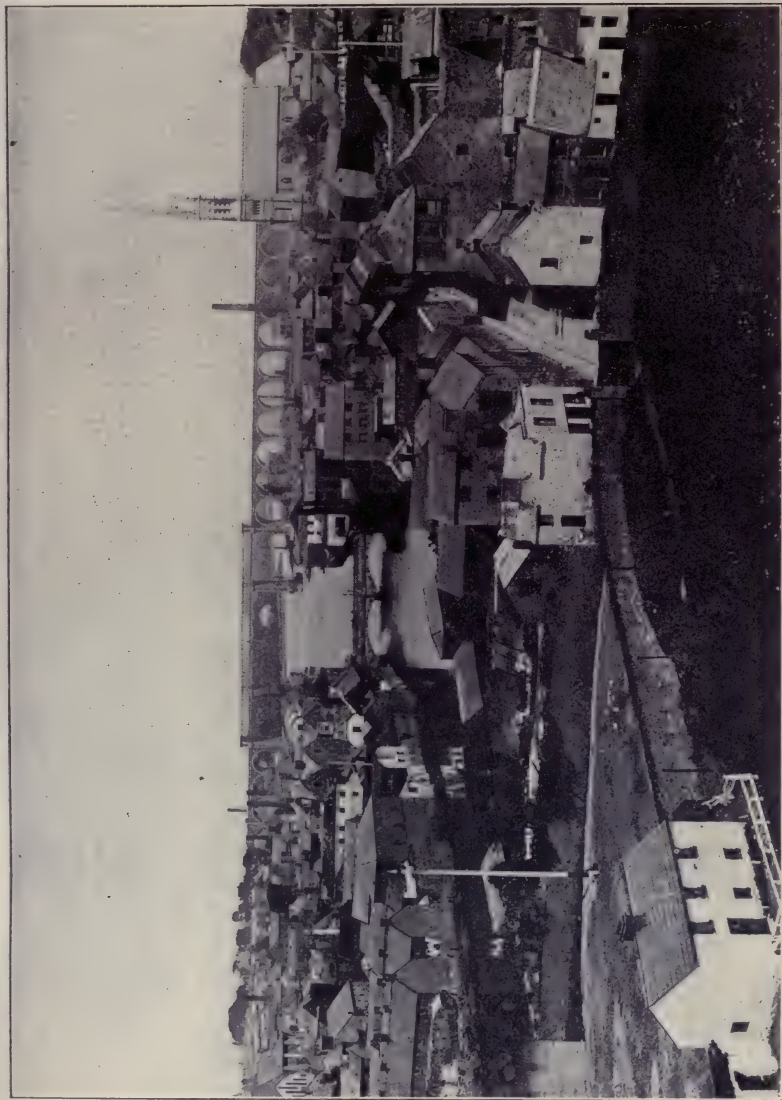
And fervently they prayed—

Three hundred fair and helpless ones,

Whose crime was this alone—

Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons

Had battled for their own.



DROGHEDA



Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corpses strewed the plain
 Where Valor slept with Right.
 And now that man of demon guilt
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt
 Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there—the young, the old,
 The maiden, and the wife;
 Their guardians brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy—God on high!
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in women's blood;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do!
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it too!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MR. EDITOR,

My mother being a Blackpool woman, I wish to give you the first news of what happened between Louis Philippe and her Grayshus Majesty. I was behind a curtain listenin' to the dialogue on Friday evening.

“ My dear Vic, ses he,
 I'm mighty sick, ses he,
 For I've cut my stick, ses he,
 Tarnation quick, ses he,
 From the divil's breeze, ses he,
 At the Tooleyrees, ses he;
 For the blackguards made, ses he,
 A barricade, ses he.

They're up to the trade, ses he,
And I was afraid, ses he,
And greatly in dread, ses he,
I'd lose my head, ses he;
And if I lost that, ses he,
I'd have no place for my hat, ses he.

"Stop awhile, ses she;
Take off your tile, ses she.
You're come a peg down, ses she,
By the loss of your crown, ses she.

"Mille pardon, ses he,
For keepin' it on, ses he;
But my head isn't right, ses he,
Since I took to flight, ses he;
For the way was long, ses he,
And I'm not over sthrong, ses he.

"Indeed, my ould buck, ses she,
You look mighty shuck, ses she.

"You may say I am, ses he;
I'm not worth a damn, ses he,
Till I get a dhram, ses he,
And a cut of mate, ses he;
For I'm dead bate, ses he.
I'm as cowl'd as ice, ses he.

"Never say it twice, ses she;
I'll get you a slice, ses she,
Of something nice, ses she;
And we'll make up a bed, ses she,
In the room overhead, ses she.

"I like a mathrass, ses he,
Or a pallyass, ses he;
But in my present pass, ses he,
Anything of the kind, ses he,
I shouldn't much mind, ses he."

Here a grand waither dhressed all in goold brought in the ateables. Her Majesty helped Looney to some cowl'd ham, which he tucked in as if he hadn't tasted a bit since he left the Tooleyrees. By degrees he lost his appetite and found his tongue; but he didn't like talking while the waither was there, so he touched her Majesty, and ses he in an undertone—

“Bid that flunkey go, ses he,
And I'll let you know, ses he,
About my overthrow, ses he.”

So the Queen made a sign with her hand, and the flunkey tuck himself off with a very bad grace, as if he'd have liked to be listening. When the door was shut Looney went on—

“'T was that Guizot, ses he—
That chap you knew, ses he,
When we were at Eu, ses he,
At our interview, ses he.

“Is that thrue? ses she.
I thought he and you, ses she,
Were always as thick, ses she,
As—

“Don't say pickpockets, Vic, ses he.
Indeed, we wor friends, ses he,
And had the same ends, ses he,
Always in view, ses he;
But we little knew, ses he,
That a Paris mob, ses he,
Would spoil our job, ses he.
They're the devil's lads, ses he—
What you call Rads, ses he;
But your Rads sing small, ses he,
Before powdher and ball, ses he,
While mine don't care a jot, ses he,
For round or grape shot, ses he.
Well, those chaps of mine, ses he.
They wanted to dine, ses he,

And to raise up a storm, ses he,
 About getting reform, ses he;
 Which isn't the thing, ses he,
 For a citizen king, ses he,
 Or a well-ordered state, ses he,
 To tolerate, ses he.
 So says I to Guizot, ses he,
 We must sthrike a blow, ses he.
 Ses Guizot, You're right, ses he,
 For they'll never fight, ses he;
 They're sure to be kilt, ses he,
 By them forts you built, ses he,
 And the throops is thrue, ses he,
 And they'll stand to you, ses he.
 Then ses I to Guizot, ses he,
 Proclaim the banquo, ses he,
 And let them chaps know, ses he,
 That Reform's no go, ses he.
 But bad luck to our haste, ses he,
 For stoppin' the faste, ses he,
 For the people riz, ses he.
 And that's how it is, ses he,
 That you find me here, ses he,
 At this time of year, ses he,
 Hard up for a bed, ses he,
 To rest my head, ses he.

"Did you save your tin? ses she.

"Did I? (with a grin), ses he.
 Faix, it's I that did, ses he,
 For I had it hid, ses he,
 Lest a storm should burst, ses he,
 To be fit for the worst, ses he."

Here Looey stopped, and little Lord Johnny, who had been
 peepin' in at the door, walked into the room, just as the
 Queen, who had caught sight of him, put up her finger for him
 to come in. Looey rose up to meet him.

"Are you there, ses he,
 My little Premier? ses he.
 Gad! you're lookin' ill, ses he.

“Troth, I am, King Phil, ses he.
Would you cash a bill, ses he,
For a couple of mille? ses he.
I’ve no tin in the till, ses he.

“Good night, ses Phil, ses he.
I’ve a cowl in my head, ses he,
And I’ll go to bed, ses he.”

And he walked out of the room in a great hurry, leaving Lord Johnny in a great foosther, and indeed her Majesty didn’t look over well pleased; but there the matter ended.

P.S.—You’ll hear that Looey wasn’t in London at all, but you may thrust to the thruth of the above.

Yours to command,

THE BOY JONES.

This appeared in the *Cork Southern Reporter*. There was a boy Jones, who had been found concealed in Buckingham Palace, not with criminal intent but from curiosity. When Louis Philippe fled from France in 1848 nothing was heard of him for some days. While all the world was wondering, Barry wrote this squib.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY.

(1849 —)

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY, D.D., Catholic priest, theologian, and novelist, was born April 21, 1849. He received his education at Oscott College near Birmingham and in the English College at Rome. He is a B.D. and D.D. of the Gregorian University, Rome; was seventh in honors at his matriculation at London University, and is a scholar of the English College de Urbe. He was ordained in St. John Lateran, Rome; studied under Cardinals Franzelin and Tarquini and the famous Perrone.

He was present during the Vatican Council and taking of Rome, in 1870. He was Vice-President and professor of philosophy at Birmingham Theological College, 1873-77; professor of divinity at Oscott College, 1877-80; on mission in Wolverhampton in 1882, and was appointed to Dorchester, 1883. He delivered addresses in America in 1893, and lectured at the Royal Institution and in many parts of England. In 1897 he gave a centenary address on Burke, in London and Dublin.

He has published more than seventy essays in periodicals: 'The New Antigone,' 1887; 'The Place of Dreams,' 1894; 'The Two Standards,' 1898; 'Arden Massiter,' 1900; 'The Wizard's Knot,' 1901—romantic novels; 'The Papal Monarchy,' 1902. He is an accomplished linguist, being acquainted with the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin languages and literatures.

A MEETING OF ANARCHISTS.

From 'The New Antigone.'

It was the large, bare committee-room, which we remember, in the decayed house at Denzil Lane, where Hippolyta and Ivor held their first conversation. The passage was not lighted, and Ivor, leading Rupert in the dark, had to knock twice ere he gained admission. A species of warder, wearing a red sash across his breast, stood inside, jealously guarding the entrance. On opening he recognized the engraver, drew back, and seemed uncertain whether he should be allowed to pass. But at the sight of Rupert closely following on the heels of his friend the warder put out his hand, laying it rather heavily on the artist's shoulder, and said in a quick, rough undertone, "What do you want here?" Rupert stood perfectly still. Ivor, just looking at the doorkeeper, said two or three words and held out

a scrap of paper. The effect was instantaneous. The grim warder drew aside; Rupert passed in; and the two friends, making their way up the room, seated themselves, by Ivor's choice, where they could see all that was going forward and keep an eye on the door.

Rupert, somewhat roused from his lethargy, looked round and thought he had never been in such a place before. The scene resembled a night-school rather than a Socialist meeting. The great windows at either end were closed with wooden shutters and iron bars; three jets of gas hanging from the plastered ceiling threw a crude light on the benches occupied by some thirty or forty men, who seemed, by their dress and general appearance, to belong to the steadier sort of mechanics. There was a tribune, or master's pulpit, at the upper end away from the door, which was at present empty. Near it was the table, covered with green baize, at which Hippolyta had seated herself while Ivor uttered his thoughts to her the first morning they met. But Rupert did not know that Hippolyta had ever been in the room. He felt almost as much surprise here as at the Duke of Adullam's. He had expected a larger meeting, and not this kind of people. In his mind there went with Socialism something squalid, frowsy, unkempt, and forlorn. But these men seemed to be in receipt of wages enabling them to dress decently; they had an educated look; and many of them were turning over the journals or reading written documents. Among them were evidently a certain number of foreigners. They all looked up on the entrance of Ivor Mardol. Seeing Rupert, they looked inquiringly at one another; and a second officer, in red sash like the doorkeeper, came up and asked him who he was. Rupert pointed to Ivor; again the scrap of paper was shown, again the magic working followed. The men bent over their journals and documents. There was apparently no business going on, or it had not begun.

In the midst of the silence a slight young man went from his place at the side of the hall into the pulpit, carrying with him a bundle of papers. The rest laid down what they were reading, and threw themselves into listening attitudes. The secretary, if such he was, began to run over what seemed an interminable list of meetings, resolutions, and subscriptions—a recital which, tedious though it

proved to Rupert, had clearly a deep interest for the assembly, Ivor himself appearing to follow it point by point. More than once the reader was interrupted, now by low earnest murmurs of approbation, and now by marks of the reverse. A bystander would have said that in this committee of anarchists the old sections of the Revolution had renewed themselves. But the artist, weary of these monotonous proceedings, and attending but little to the hum of conversation, which by degrees grew louder, could hardly have told when the secretary ended, or what shape of man took his place in the pulpit. He did not suppose Colonel Valence would haunt assemblies of this species; and Ivor's friend apparently was yet to arrive.

From such stupor, consequent partly on the illness he was feeling, Rupert awakened at the sound of Ivor's voice. He opened his eyes and looked about. His friend had arisen in his place, and the speaker in the pulpit had come to a pause. The rest were dead silent.

"Ay," said Ivor, with a fine ring of scorn in his accents, "things are going the way I foretold. But they shall not without one more protest from me. After that, you may do with me as you like. I suppose there must be martyrs of the new Gospel as there were of the old. You," he continued, facing the man in the pulpit, "are preaching assassination. You tell us it is an article in the creed of anarchy. And I tell you, here, not for the first time, that it is no article in the creed of humanity."

"Sit down, can't you?" shouted one of the men across the room; "your turn'll come by and by. Why can't you let the man speak?"

"By all means," said Ivor. "It is out of order, I suppose, to protest that our society is not a company of assassins." And he sat down, flushed and excited. Rupert pressed his hand.

The other took up his interrupted speech; and the artist for the first time heard a sermon, in well-chosen language and with apposite illustrations, on the text of dynamite. A stern gospel, which the fanatic standing before them clearly believed in. He was a thoughtful, mild-looking man, young, well educated, and fluent in address, a foreigner, or of foreign descent. He was much applauded, though not by all; and he knew when to leave off. The im-

pression made was deep and solemn, like that which a High Calvinist might have produced in his epoch by proclaiming that hardly any one present would be saved, and by adding that the more of them were lost the greater would be God's glory. As soon as he turned to come down from the pulpit, Ivor stood up again. Voices cried, "To the front, to the front"; but he did not stir. The noise died away. Looking very steadily at the brethren who crowded nearer to him, he said, "I doubt that I belong to you, and I will not go into your tribune."

There was a strong murmur of disapproval, which seemed to loosen his tongue.

"How should I belong to you," he cried, "when you will take warning neither by the Revolution nor by the Governments, when you are mad enough to dream of creating a new world by the methods which have ruined the old? You disown your greatest teachers. You—I say you—are restoring absolute government, the Council of Ten, the Inquisition, and the Committee of Public Safety. You, as much as any king, or priest, or aristocrat, stand in the way of progress."

There was a great outcry. "Proof, proof," exclaimed some; "renegade," "reactionary," "traitor," came hurled from the lips of others, while Ivor stood unmoved amid the commotion he had excited. He smiled disdainfully, and lifted his hand to command silence, but for a time it seemed as if the meeting would break up in confusion. There were two or three, however, bent on restoring order and hearing what he had to say. The tumult grew less, and Ivor, as soon as he could make himself audible, exclaimed, "Do you want proof? It is waiting for you. I will prove myself no renegade by showing who is. I say that this lodge was founded on our faith in humanity. Its creed, when I joined it, condemned regicide, assassination, and private war. It would have condemned dynamite, had that hellish weapon been invented. I say again that I am a son of the Revolution, which has made freedom possible and will make it a universal fact, if we and the like of us do not throw it back a thousand years. What are my proofs? you ask. They are illustrious and decisive parallels; they are the principles on which alone a scientific and progressive reconstruction of society can be attempted. Do you

believe that Voltaire or Goethe would have countenanced regicide while the printing-press remained? Would Rousseau have taught Émile the Gospel of dynamite? Is Victor Hugo a mere and sheer anarchist?"

"Bah," said a thickset, deep-toned German, interrupting him. "Why quote men of letters?"

"Because they are the priests and prophets without whom no revolution could have existed," returned Ivor; "because they see the scope, and measure the path, of our endeavoring; because it is by their methods, and not by yours, that we shall win."

"Slow methods," retorted another, "while the people are starving."

"Dynamite will not help them to live," said Ivor. "You may blow up Winter Palaces and kill Emperors with it. You will not gain the intelligent, or the men of science, or the good anywhere, by the sound of its explosion."

"We want a mental and spiritual democracy as well as the rest," interrupted a third; "we care not a jot for aristocracies of intelligence or benevolence. That is why we call ourselves Sparta."

"I know," said Ivor, his face kindling; "but your new Sparta is worse than the old. *You* aim at a democracy! Yes, at one which seen from behind is despotism. You will not tolerate differences of opinion; they must be abolished with the dagger. That is your Inquisition. You make a slave of every man that joins you, and punish his so-called infractions of the rule with death. That is your Council of Ten. You decree the destruction of the innocent, the blowing-up of cities, the plunder of the poor by your howling rabble. That is Saint Bartholomew and the Committee of Public Safety. Oh, my friends, you need not lose patience," he went on, as the interruptions began again. "When I have spoken to the end there will be time enough to kill me. But this, in the face of your threatenings, I repeat, that you have forgotten the very purpose of the Revolution."

"Have we?" was the cry. "Let us hear it, then."

"Read it in Victor Hugo," he replied, "if nowhere else. The Revolution means liberty and light. It means equality in the best things, the only things worth having—love and justice and truth. It means reason, not dynamite. Ah,

my brothers," said Ivor, his voice softening, "how comes it that we have lost faith in the heart, the mind, the brain of Humanity? Why must we turn, like wild beasts, to our fangs and our claws, to the poison of the rattlesnake and the teeth of the tiger?"

"Why?" exclaimed one who had not yet spoken; "because we are fighting with tigers and rattlesnakes. How else are we to conquer?"

"Your conception of humanity, then," said Ivor, "does not include the governing classes. Have all revolutionists been ignorant? have all sprung from the people? You invert the pyramid; but your anarchy is only aristocracy turned upside down. You want the guillotine, the infernal machine, the flask of nitroglycerin as the Governments want their hangman and their headsman. Oh, worthy successor of Robespierre, I congratulate you."

"Robespierre was the greatest and holiest of revolutionists, always excepting Marat," answered the other sullenly.

Ivor was not to be daunted. He went on with his theme. "How did Robespierre differ from Torquemada?" he inquired. "Their views of the next world might not be the same, but they were pretty much of a mind in dealing with this. If the Jesuits were regicides on principle, were the Jacobins any better? A fine revolution," he exclaimed, "when you change the men, but carry out the measures more obstinately than before; when you snatch the people from the lion's mouth to fling them to jackals and hyenas! You tell me that force alone will conquer force. It was not by force that Christianity won its way to Empire. When it took up the sword it struck, indeed, a deadly blow, but into its own heart. Are we going to repeat the mistake, and abolish the principles of '89 by the guillotine of '93? Conquer force by force? Not in this battle, be you sure of that. It is a battle against darkness, and only light will scatter it. Therefore I conclude," he said, raising his voice and speaking with impassioned earnestness, "that the resolution which would commit our lodge to a policy of dynamite is nothing short of apostasy from the principles on which it was founded; and I, for one, will dare or endure the utmost rather than assent to it."

"What will you put in its stead?" The question rang

out clear through the room, drawing every eye towards the speaker, who had come in while Ivor was replying to the interruptions of his opponents. He was a tall man, wrapped in a cloak with which until now he had covered his face where he sat by the door. At the sound of his voice Ivor gave a start. Rupert, looking that way, saw the man rise from his seat and press towards the tribune. He let his cloak fall, and from that moment the artist's eyes were riveted on his pale and haughty countenance. Again, as at the beginning of Ivor's speech, there was complete silence, and the men present looked at one another in expectation of something unusual. Ivor, standing up while the stranger passed, made no attempt to resume. The stillness became intense.

"You are debating a question to-night," said the stranger, as he looked at them from the tribune he had mounted, "on which the future of the world hangs. Let me help you to solve it. All the lodges in Europe have been debating it too, since a certain afternoon when the telegraph brought news from Petersburg. The French Revolution has become cosmopolitan; the nations are on the march, and they must have their '93. Anarchy first, then order. When France challenged the kings to battle, it flung them the head of a king. We have done more; we are going to pull down the Europe of the kings, with all its wealth, feudalism, ranks, and classes, till we have swept the place clean. And," he paused, "our gage of battle is the shattered body of the Tsar."

There could be no mistaking how the applause went now. It was violent and vociferous. The stranger hardly seemed to notice it. When silence was restored he went on in a musing voice, low but exceedingly distinct, as if speaking to himself. "When I was a boy I too had my dreams," he said, and he glanced towards Ivor. "I believed in Goethe and Voltaire, in Victor Hugo and the sentimentalists. I thought the struggle was for light. I see it is for bread. Look out in the streets to-night and consider the faces that pass. Beyond these walls," his voice sank lower, but it was wonderfully clear throughout, "lies the anarchy of London. Rags, hunger, nakedness, tears, filth, incest, squalor, decay, disease, the human lazaret-house, the black death eating its victims piecemeal,—that is three-fourths

of the London lying at these doors. Whose care is it? Nay, who cares for it? The piles of the royal palace are laid deep in a lake of blood. And you will leave it standing? You talk of light; you prefer sentiment to dynamite and assassination! What a meek Christian you are!"

"No," returned Ivor, with heightened color in his face, "I am neither meek nor a Christian. The lake of blood is a terror to me as to you. That is not the question. You know me too well to imagine it," he said almost fiercely. "The question is whether a second anarchy will cure a first. I say no. I prefer sentiment to assassination? Very well, why should I not? But I prefer reason and right even to sentiment. I appeal to what is deepest in the heart of man."

The stranger laughed unpleasantly and resumed, as though dismissing the argument. "I have seen battles," he said, "in which there were heroism, and madness, and the rush of armies together, and the thunder of cannon, and wild, raging cries in the artillery gloom, enough to intoxicate a man with the bloody splendors of war. But I never beheld anything more heroic or glorious"—he smiled, his voice fell, and he gave a long, peculiar glance down the hall—"than the overture to our great enterprise. It cost many days to think it out; it was accomplished in a moment." Then, in the strange, musing tone of one that has a vision before him, "I saw him stagger, lean his arm against the parapet, and fall, shattered as with a thunderbolt. It was not the death of a man; it was the annihilation of a tyranny!"

"And the springing up of a fresh tyranny from his blood," cried Ivor, unable, amid the cheering of the others, to contain himself.

"Ah, it was a fine sight," continued the speaker, as though he had not been interrupted, "and new in its kind. The great White Tsar has often been murdered—by his wife, his son, his brother; Nicholas committed suicide, and so did Alexander the First. But never until now have the people done justice on their executioner."

Then in the same quiet voice, where passion was so concentrated that it gave only a dull red intensity of expression, but none of those lyric cries that lift up the soul, he recited, without naming person or place, the tragedy of

which he had been a witness and one of the prime movers. No sound of protest came while he was speaking. The audience hung spellbound on his words; and the somber, sanguinary picture unrolled itself in all its dreadfulness before their vision. Like a tragic messenger, he told the tale graphically, yet as though he had no part in it; but the conviction, unanimous in that meeting, of the share he had taken added a covert fear, a wonder not unmixed with something almost loathsome, as the man stood there, his hands clean, but the scent of blood clinging to his raiment. Ivor listened, his head bowed down, motionless. Rupert never once turned his eyes from the stranger, who moved along the lines of the story swiftly, quietly, painting with lurid tints, and not pausing till he had shown the mangled remains of the victim wrapped in his bloody shroud.

"That was not all the blood spilt in the tragedy," he concluded. "We, too, lost our soldiers, but they were willing to die. And now that you have seen the deed through my eyes, judge whether it was rightly done."

"Stay," said Ivor, rising again, and in his agitation leaning heavily upon Rupert's shoulder, "before you judge let me ask on what principles your verdict is to be founded. Will you take those of the Revolution, or return to those of Absolutism?"

"The Revolution, the Revolution," cried many voices.

"One of them," returned the young man, "is fraternity. Where did his murderers show pity to the Tsar? Another is humanity, to employ the arms of reason to enlighten blindness, not strike it with the sword. Must war be perpetual, or where is retaliation to cease? I have always thought that pardon, light, and love were the watchwords of our cause; and I looked forward to the day when men should live in peace with one another. To be a man, I understood, was to bear a charmed life, on which no other man should lay a daring hand. Murder, I was told, is sacrilege. Am I now to unlearn all these truths, and join the crusade of dynamite-throwers instead of the crusade of reason? That is the counter-revolution indeed. I, for one, will have nothing to do with it. Take my vote, which condemns anarchy, whether in the heights or in the depths, and let me go."

ROBERT BELL.

(1800—1867.)

ROBERT BELL was born at Cork in 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he originated the Dublin Historical Society. He settled in London in 1828, and soon became editor of *The Atlas*, then one of the largest London weeklies, which he long conducted with success. He contributed 'The History of Russia' and 'The Lives of English Poets' to Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia.' He assisted Bulwer and Dr. Lardner in establishing *The Monthly Chronicle* and became its editor.

He wrote 'The Life of Canning,' 'Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland,' three plays, and two novels; but his best work, an annotated edition of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, he left incomplete. Later in life he edited *The Home News*. He became interested also in spiritualism, and contributed papers on 'Table-rapping' to the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was a prominent member of 'The Literary Fund.'

GLOUCESTER LODGE.

From 'The Life of Canning.'

Ranelagh was in its meridian glory about the middle of the eighteenth century. The crowds of people it drew westward, streaming along the roads on horseback and afoot, suggested to some enterprising spectator the manifest want of a place of half-way entertainment that might tempt the tired pleasure-hunter to rest a while on his way home, or, perhaps, entice him from the prosecution of his remoter expedition on his way out. The spot was well chosen for the execution of this sinister design. It lay between Brompton and Kensington, just far enough from town to make it a pleasant resting-point for the pedestrian, and near enough to Ranelagh to make it a formidable rival. Sometimes of a summer's evening there might be heard the voices of brass instruments, coming singing in the wind over the heads of the gay groups that were flaunting on the highroad, or through the fields on their excursion to Ranelagh; and sometimes, decoyed by the sound, they would follow it, thinking they had mistaken the path, and never discover their mistake until they found themselves in the bosky recesses of Florida Gardens.

Florida Gardens, laid out in the manner of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and the Mulberry Garden of old, flourished about sixty years ago: after that time, the place fell into waste and neglect, although the site was agreeable and even picturesque in its arrangements.

It was bought by the Duchess of Gloucester, who built a handsome residence upon it, which, being in the Italian style, was at first called Villa Maria, but subsequently, in consequence of the duchess making the house her constant resort in the summer months, became generally known by the name of Gloucester Lodge. Her Royal Highness died here in 1807, and Mr. Canning purchased her interest in the estate from her daughter, the Princess Sophia.

It was in this charming retreat, profoundly still,

“With overarching elms,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood—”

that Mr. Canning, during the long interval which now elapsed before he returned to office, passed the greater part of his leisure. We avail ourselves of this interval of repose to group together, with a disregard for chronological unity, which we hope the reader will not be disinclined to tolerate, a few waifs and strays of personal and domestic interest, otherwise inadmissible to an audience without risk of intrusion. There are parentheses of ideal fancy and memory-gossip in every man's life—wet days when he turns over old letters at the fireside—or indolent sunny days, when he can do nothing but bask in the golden mists and run the round of his youth over again in his imagination. Such lazy hours may be fairly represented by a few indulgent pages of disjointed memorabilia.

The grounds of Gloucester Lodge were shut in by trees. All was seclusion the moment the gates closed. “The drawing-room,” says Mr. Rush, “opened on a portico from which you walked out upon one of those smoothly shaven lawns which Johnson, speaking of Pope's poetry, likens to velvet.” Here Mr. Canning received the most distinguished persons of his time, Gloucester Lodge acquiring, under the influence of his accomplished taste, the highest celebrity for its intellectual reunions. His own feelings always led him to prefer home parties, and, as has already been noticed, he rarely went abroad, except among close friends

or on occasions of ceremony. His private life was not merely blameless, but quite admirable; he was idolized by his family; and yet, says a noble contemporary, such was the ignorance or malevolence of the paragraph writers, that he was described as a "diner-out."

The wit which sparkled at these entertainments was of the highest order: but there was something even better than wit—a spirit of enjoyment, gay, genial, and playful. Mr. Rush gives us an amusing account of a scene which took place at a dinner at Gloucester Lodge, immediately after the breaking up of Parliament. Several members of the diplomatic corps were present. Canning, Huskisson, and Robinson were like birds let out of a cage. There was a great deal of sprightly small-talk, and, after sitting a long time at table, Canning proposed that they should play at "Twenty Questions." They had never heard of this game, which consisted in putting twenty questions to find out the object of your thoughts, something to be selected within certain prescribed limits. It was arranged that Mr. Canning, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was to ask the questions, and Mr. Rush, assisted by Lord Grenville, was to give the answers—the representatives of, probably, nearly all the monarchs of Europe, and the principal ministers of England, watching the result in absolute suspense. The secret was hunted through a variety of dexterous shifts and evasions, until Canning had at last exhausted his twenty questions. "He sat silent for a minute or two," says Mr. Rush; "then, rolling his rich eye about, and with his countenance a little anxious, and, in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord High Steward!'" and it was even so. A burst of approbation followed his success, and the diplomatic people pleasantly observed that they must not let him ask them too many questions at the Foreign Office, else he might find out every secret they had!

But Mr. Canning was not always in such glorious moods after dinner. His animal spirits sometimes sank under the weight of his public responsibilities.

Rush was dining with him one day, when he held the seals of the Foreign Office, and the conversation happening to turn upon Swift, he desired Mr. Planta to take down 'Gulliver's Travels' and read the account of the storm on

the passage to Brobdingnag, so remarkable for its nautical accuracy. It describes the sailors, when "the sea broke strange and dangerous, hauling off the lanyard of the whipstaff, and *helping the man at the helm.*" Canning sat silent for a few moments, and then, in a reverie, repeated several times, "And helped the man at the helm—and helped the man at the helm!"

On another occasion, Mr. Rush takes us after dinner into the drawing-room, where some of the company found pastime in turning over the leaves of caricatures bound in large volumes. They went back to the French Revolutionary period. Kings, princes, cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, everybody figured in them. It was a kind of history of England, in caricature, for five-and-twenty years. Need I add that our accomplished host was on many a page? He stood by. Now and then he threw in a word, giving new point to the scenes. Mr. Rush does not appear to have been aware that these volumes of caricatures contained the works of the famous Gilray, an artist of coarse mind, but of rapid invention, great humor, and original genius. Gilray helped very materially to sustain Mr. Canning's popularity, if he did not actually extend and improve it. Mr. Canning frequently gave him valuable suggestions, which he worked out with unfailing tact and whimsicality, making it a point of honor, as well as of gratitude and admiration, to give Mr. Canning in return, on all occasions, an advantageous position in his designs. The importance of having the great caricaturist of the day on his side is nearly as great to a public man, especially to one assailed by envy and detraction, as that ascribed by Swift to ballads of a nation. Gilray always turned the laugh against Mr. Canning's opponents, and never forgot to display his friend and patron in an attitude that carried off the applause of the spectators. In one of his sketches he represents Mr. Canning aloft in the chariot of Anti-Jacobinism, radiant with glory, driving the *sans culotte* mob before him; nor did Mr. Canning, on the other hand, omit any opportunity of drawing Gilray into favorable notice. In the satire upon Addington, called 'The Grand Consulation,' Gilray's caricature of "Dramatic Royalty, or, the Patriotic Courage of Sherry Andrew," is particularly alluded to in the following verse:

“ And instead of the jack-pudding bluster of Sherry,
 And his ‘ dagger of lath ’ and his speeches so merry !
 Let us bring to the field—every foe to appal—
 Aldini’s galvanic *deceptions*, and all
 The *sleight-of-hand tricks* of Conjuror Val.”

Canning’s passion for literature entered into all his pursuits. It colored his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics, and we find them together of an evening, after a dinner at Pitt’s, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. Fox had a similar love of classical literature, but his wider sympathies embraced a class of works in which Pitt never appears to have exhibited any interest. Fox was a devourer of novels, and into this region Mr. Canning entered with gusto. In English writings, his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and vindicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue.

He had a high zest for the early vigorous models in all styles, and held in less estimation the more ornate and refined. Writing to Scott about the ‘ Lady of the Lake,’ he says that, on a repeated perusal, he is more and more delighted with it; but that he wishes he could induce him to try the effect of a “ more full and sweeping style ”—to present himself “ in a Drydenic habit.” His admiration of Dryden, whom he pronounced to be “ the perfection of harmony ”; and his preference of that poet of gigantic mould over the melodists of the French school, may be suggested as an evidence of the soundness and strength of his judgment.

Yet it is remarkable that, with this broad sense of great faculties in others, he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest turns of expression. He would correct his speeches, and amend their verbal graces, till he nearly polished out the original spirit. He was not singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly wrought passages in the speech on Hastings’ im-

peachment were written beforehand and committed to memory; and the differences were so marked that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Mr. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive that the printers found it easier to recompose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This difficulty of choice in diction sometimes springs from *l'embarras des richesses*, but oftener from poverty of resources, and generally indicates a class of intellect which is more occupied with costume than ideas. But there are three instances which set all popular notions on this question of verbal fastidiousness by the ears; for certainly Burke, Canning, and Sheridan were men of capacious talents, and two of them, at least, present extraordinary examples of imagination and practical judgment, running together neck and neck in the race of life to the very goal.

Mr. Canning's opinions on the subject of public speaking afford a useful commentary upon his practice. He used to say that speaking in the House of Commons must take *conversation* for its basis; that a studious treatment of topics was out of place. The House of Commons is a working body, jealous and suspicious of embellishments in debate, which, if used at all, ought to be spontaneous and unpremeditated. Method is indispensable. Topics ought to be clearly distributed and arranged; but this arrangement should be felt in the effect, and not betrayed in the manner. But above all things, first and last, he maintained that reasoning was the one essential element. Oratory in the House of Lords was totally different; it was addressed to a different atmosphere—a different class of intellects—more elevated, more conventional. It was necessary to be more ambitious and elaborate, although some of the chief speakers had been formed in the Commons. He thought the average speaking in the Peers better than that in the lower house, one reason for which was, perhaps, that the [upper] house was less miscellaneous, and better stocked with thoroughly educated men.

His own speeches can never be cited in illustration of the system he recommended for the popular branch of the legislature. Yet, although his eloquence was elevated

far above the average imagination and acquirements of his audience, it never perplexed their understandings. The argument was always clear; he kept that to the level of their practical intelligence, and all the rest only went to raise their enthusiasm or to provoke their passions. Wilberforce, who was at least unprejudiced, says that Canning "never drew you to him in spite of yourself," as Pitt and Fox used to do, yet that he was a more finished orator than either. As far as this goes, it is quite just. Canning had less earnestness than Pitt or Fox; there was less *abandon* in his speeches, less real emotion; but he was a greater master of his art, and commanded remoter and more various resources. His wit transcended all comparison with any orator of his time. His humor was irresistible. Wilberforce went home crying with laughter after his account of Lord Nugent's journey to lend *the succor of his person* (Lord Nugent being, as everybody knows, not a very light weight) to constitutional Spain. The light-horseman's uniform—the heavy Falmouth coach—threw the House into convulsions, just as if it had been an assembly of pantomimic imps lighted up with laughing-gas. The passage will stand by itself, without introduction, as a capital specimen of the best-humored political raillery. There is not a particle of ill-nature in it; and it had no other effect on Lord Nugent (whose own nature was incapable of a small resentment) than that of increasing his high opinion of Mr. Canning's great powers. Lord Nugent was long afterward one of Mr. Canning's warmest supporters.

"It was about the middle of last July that the heavy Falmouth coach—[loud and long-continued laughter]—that the heavy Falmouth coach—[laughter]—was observed traveling to its destination through the roads of Cornwall with more than its usual gravity. [Very loud laughter.] There were, according to the best advices, two inside passengers—[laughter]—one a lady of no considerable dimensions—[laughter]—and a gentleman, who, as it has been since ascertained, was conveying the succor of his person to Spain. [Cheers and laughter.] I am informed, and, having no reason to doubt my informant, I firmly believe it, that in the van belonging to the coach—(gentlemen must know the nature and uses of that auxiliary to the

regular stage-coaches)—was a box, more bulky than ordinary, and of most portentous contents. It was observed that after their arrival this box and the passenger before mentioned became inseparable. The box was known to have contained the uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry—[much laughter]—and it was said of the helmet, which was beyond the usual size, that it exceeded all other helmets spoken of in history, not excepting the celebrated helmet in the ‘Castle of Otranto.’ [Cheers and laughter.] The idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea and besieged by land, with a uniform of a light-cavalry officer, was new, to say the least of it. About this time the force offered by the hon. gentleman, which had never existed but on paper, was in all probability expected—I will not stay to determine whether it was to have consisted of 10,000 or 5,000 men. No doubt, upon the arrival of the general and his uniform, the Cortes must have rubbed their hands with satisfaction, and concluded that, now the promised force was come; they would have little more to fear—[laughter]. It did come, as much of it as ever would be seen by the Cortes or the King; but it came in that sense and no other which was described by a witty nobleman, George, Duke of Buckingham, whom the noble lord opposite (Lord Nugent) reckoned among his lineal ancestors. In the play of the ‘Rehearsal’ there was a scene occupied with the designs of two usurpers, to whom one of their party entering, says,

“ ‘Sirs,
The army at the door, but in disguise,
Entreats a word of both your majesties.’

[Very loud and continuous laughter.] Such must have been the effect of the arrival of the noble lord.

“How he was received, or what effect he operated on the counsels and affairs of the Cortes by his arrival, I do not know. Things were at that juncture moving too rapidly to their final issue. How far the noble lord conducted to the termination *by plumping his weight into the sinking scale of the Cortes*, is too nice a question for me just now to settle.” [Loud cheers and laughter.]

BISHOP BERKELEY.

(1684—1753.)

THE famous metaphysician—"the man who," to quote Professor Huxley, "stands out as one of the noblest and purest figures of his time; from whom the jealousy of Pope did not withhold a single one of all 'the virtues under heaven'; nor the cynicism of Swift the dignity of 'one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and virtue'; the man whom the pious Atterbury could compare to nothing less than an angel; whose personal influence and eloquence filled the Scriblerus Club and the House of Commons with enthusiasm for the evangelization of the North American Indians; and led even Sir Robert Walpole to assent to the appropriation of public money to a scheme which was neither business nor bribery"—George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, was born March 12, 1684, at Desert Castle, Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, where he obtained the rudiments of his education. At fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1707 he was chosen a fellow of the University. In that year appeared his first work, in which he attempted to demonstrate arithmetic without the help of either Euclid or algebra.

His 'Essay towards a New Theory of Vision' (1707) placed him among the philosophers, but it was 'The Principles of Human Knowledge,' which appeared in 1709, that compelled the world to recognize that a bright particular star had arisen. In 1713 he went to London, and published an explanation and illustration of his theory under the title of 'Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous,' which brought him to the notice of Steele and Swift. Huxley says of them that "they rank among the most exquisite examples of English style as well as among the subtlest of metaphysical writings." Both the original work and its defence were written in opposition to skepticism and atheism, yet Hume says of them that they "form the best lessons of skepticism which are to be found among ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted."

Berkeley soon became well known, not only to Steele and Swift, but to Pope and others of the same company. By Swift he was introduced to the Earl of Peterborough, with whom he went into Italy as secretary and chaplain when that nobleman became ambassador to Sicily and the Italian states. In 1714 he returned to England in company with Lord Peterborough, and, seeing no prospect of preferment, went with the son of the Bishop of Clogher on a tour through Europe, traveling for over four years and arriving again in London, in the midst of the miseries caused by the South Sea Scheme. Turning his mind to a study of the events immediately before him, he wrote and published in the same year 'An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.' About this time he received an unexpected increase of fortune by the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, to whom he had been introduced by Swift. In May, 1724, he was appointed to the deanery of Derry, worth £1,100 (\$5,500) per annum.

His 'Proposal for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity,' issued in 1725, led to his coming in September, 1728, a month after his marriage with the daughter of John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, to Rhode Island. After residing at Newport for a couple of years he saw that his scheme had failed, and he returned again to Ireland.

In 1732 appeared one of the most masterly of Berkeley's works, 'The Minute Philosopher.' In 1733, he was made Bishop of Cloyne, and in the same year he deeded his Rhode Island property to Yale College.

In 1735 appeared his discourse called 'The Analyst,' addressed as to an infidel mathematician, and his defense of it under the title of 'A Defense of Freethinking in Mathematics.' In the same year also appeared 'The Querist,' and in 1744 the celebrated and curious work, 'Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Enquiries and Reflections concerning the Virtues of Tar Water.' Finding great benefit himself from the use of tar water in an attack of nervous colic, he desired to benefit others by the publication of its virtues, and he declared that the work cost him more time and pains than any other he had ever been engaged in.

With his wife and family he now moved to Oxford, drawn thither by the facilities it possessed for study. Before leaving Cloyne he provided that out of the £1,000 (\$5,000), which was all his see produced him, £200 (\$1,000) per annum should during his life be distributed among the poor householders of Cloyne, Youghal, and Aghadoe. His last work as an author was the collection and publication of his briefer writings in one volume. On Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, while listening to a sermon his wife was reading, he was seized with palsy of the heart and expired almost instantly, thus closing a beautiful and ingenious life devoted to the exposition of his views of the necessary dependence of material nature upon Omnipresent Intelligence, in the course of which he discovered, as Huxley says, "the great truth that the honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to 'materialism,' inevitably carries us beyond it."

TRUE PLEASURES.

From No. 49 of 'The Guardian.'

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures laboring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribbon that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous.

Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive a great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life overlook the real enjoyment of it.

A GLIMPSE OF HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE NEAR NEWPORT.

From 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.'

After dinner we took our walk to Crito's, which lay through half a dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane-trees, that are very common in this part of the country. We walked under the delicious shade of these trees for about an hour before we came to Crito's house, which stands in the middle of a small park, beautiful with two fine groves of oak and walnut, and a winding stream of sweet and clear water. We met a servant at the door with a small basket of fruit which he was carrying into a grove, where he said his master was with the two strangers. We found them all three sitting under a shade. And, after the usual forms at first meeting, Euphranor and I sat down by them. Our conversation began upon the beauty of this rural scene, the fine season of the year, and some late improvements which had been made in the adjacent country by new methods of agriculture. Whence Alciphron took occasion to observe that the most valuable improvements came latest. I should have small temptation, said he, to live where men have neither polished manners, nor improved minds, though the face of the country were ever so well improved. But I have long observed that there is a gradual progress in human affairs. The first care of

mankind is to supply the cravings of nature; in the next place they study the conveniences and comforts of life. But the subduing prejudices and acquiring true knowledge, that Herculean labor, is the last, being what demands the most perfect abilities, and to which all other advantages are preparative. Right, said Euphranor, Alciphron hath touched our true defect. It was always my opinion that, as soon as we had provided subsistence for the body, our next care should be to improve the mind. But the desire of wealth steps between and engrosseth men's thoughts.

THE VIEW FROM HONEYMAN'S HILL.

From 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.'

We amused ourselves next day, every one to his fancy, till nine of the clock, when word was brought that the tea-table was set in the library: which is a gallery on the ground floor, with an arched door at one end, opening into a walk of limes; where, as soon as we had drank tea, we were tempted by fine weather to take a walk, which led us to a small mount, of easy ascent, on the top whereof we found a seat under a spreading tree. Here we had a prospect, on one hand, of a narrow bay, or creek, of the sea, inclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farmhouses. At the end of the bay was a small town, placed upon the slope of a hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing-boats and lighters, gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other hand, we looked down on green pastures, flocks, and herds, basking beneath in sunshine, while we, in our superior situation, enjoyed the freshness of air and shade. Here we felt that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire; and proposed no small pleasure in resuming and continuing our conference, without interruption, till dinner: but we had hardly seated ourselves, and looked about us, when we saw a fox run by the foot of our mount into an adjacent thicket. A few minutes after, we heard a con-

fused noise of the opening of hounds, the winding of horns, and the roaring of country squires. While our attention was suspended by this event, a servant came running out of breath, and told Crito that his neighbor, Ctesippus, a squire of note, was fallen from his horse attempting to leap over a hedge, and brought into the hall, where he lay for dead.

Upon which we all rose and walked hastily to the house, where we found Ctesippus just come to himself, in the midst of half a dozen sunburnt squires, in frocks and short wigs, and jockey-boots. Being asked how he did, he answered, it was only a broken rib. With some difficulty Crito persuaded him to lie on a bed till the chirurgeon came. These fox-hunters, having been up early at their sport, were eager for dinner, which was accordingly hastened. They passed the afternoon in a loud rustic mirth, gave proof of their religion and loyalty by the healths they drank, talked of hounds and horses, and elections, and country affairs, till the chirurgeon, who had been employed about Ctesippus, desired he might be put into Crito's coach and sent home, having refused to stay all night. Our guests being gone, we reposed ourselves after the fatigue of this tumultuous visit, and next morning assembled again at the seat of the mount.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE QUERIST.'

'The Querist' was originally published in three parts and anonymously. It was the first of Bishop Berkeley's series of tracts on the social and economic condition of Ireland. There were originally over eight hundred queries propounded, all equally pregnant. The following selection, with the original numbering retained, will give a good idea of their trend and suggestiveness. They contain perhaps more hints, than original, still unapplied in legislation and political economy than are to be found in any equal space elsewhere.

'The Querist' was the cause of organized endeavor on an extensive scale of patriotic Irish gentlemen to promote the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of their country.

We have, as a matter of curiosity, reproduced the peculiar capitalization, the italics, and the spelling of the period, which in this case seem to emphasize the points 'The Querist' wishes to make.

4. Whether the four Elements and Man's labour therein, be not the true Source of Wealth?

6. Whether any other Means, equally conducing to excite and circulate the Industry of Mankind, may not be as useful as Money?

13. Whether it may not concern the Wisdom of the Legislature to interpose in the making of Fashions; and not leave an Affair of so great Influence to the Management of Women and Fops, Taylors and Vintners?

15. Whether a general good Taste in a People does not greatly conduce to their thriving? And whether an uneducated Gentry be not the greatest of national Evils?

16. Whether Customs and Fashions do not supply the Place of Reason, in the Vulgar of all Ranks? Whether, therefore, it doth not very much import that they should be wisely framed?

19. Whether the Bulk of our *Irish* Natives are not kept from thriving, by that Cynical Content in Dirt and Beggary, which they possess to a Degree beyond any other People in Christendom?

20. Whether the creating of Wants be not the likeliest Way to produce Industry in a People? And whether, if our Peasants were accustomed to eat Beef and wear Shoes, they would not be more industrious?

38. Whether it were not wrong to suppose Land itself to be Wealth? And whether the Industry of the People is not first to be considered, as that which constitutes Wealth, which makes even Land and Silver to be Wealth, neither of which would have any Value, but as Means and Motives to Industry?

39. Whether in the Wastes of *America* a Man might not possess twenty miles square of Land, and yet want his Dinner, or a Coat to his Back?

80. How far it may be in our own Power to better our Affairs, without interfering with our Neighbours?

84. How long it will be before my Countrymen find out, that it is worth while to spend a Penny, in order to get a Groat?

98. Whether large Farms under few Hands, or small ones under many, are likely to be made most of? And whether Flax and Tillage does not naturally multiply Hands, and divide Land into small Holdings and well-improved?

100. Whether it would not be more reasonable to mend

our State than to complain of it; and how far this may be in our own Power?

104. Whether those who drink foreign Liquors, and deck themselves and their Families with foreign Ornaments, are not so far forth to be reckoned Absenters?

111. Whether the women may not sew, spin, weave, and embroider sufficiently for the embellishment of their Persons, even enough to raise Envy in each other, without being beholden to foreign Countries?

114. Whether a Nation within itself might not have real Wealth, sufficient to give its Inhabitants Power and Distinction, without the Help of Gold and Silver?

134. Whether, if there was a Wall of Brass, a Thousand Cubits high, round this Kingdom, our Natives might not nevertheless live cleanly and comfortably, till the Land and reap the Fruits of it?

135. What should hinder us from exerting ourselves, using our hands and Brains, doing something or other, Man, Woman and Child, like the other Inhabitants of God's Earth?

182. Whether our Peers and Gentlemen are born Legislators? Or whether that Faculty be acquired by Study and Reflection?

184. Whether every Enemy to Learning be not a *Goth*? And whether every such *Goth* among us be not an Enemy to the Country?

188. Whether if we had two colleges, there might not spring an useful Emulation between them? And whether it might not be contrived, so to divide the Fellows, Scholars, and Revenues between both, as that no Member should be a Loser thereby?

200. Whether we may not with better Grace sit down and complain, when we have done all that lies in our Power to help ourselves?

201. Whether the Gentleman of Estate hath a right to be idle; and whether he ought not to be the great Promoter and Director of Industry, among his Tenants and Neighbours?

283. Whether a discovery of the richest Gold Mine, that ever was, in the heart of this Kingdom, would be a real Advantage to us?

286. Whether every Man who had Money enough, would

not be a gentleman? And whether a Nation of Gentlemen would not be a wretched Nation?

370. Whether it would be a great Hardship, if every Parish were obliged to find Work for their Poor?

383. Whether the Public hath not a Right to employ those who cannot, or will not, find Employment for themselves?

384. Whether all sturdy Beggars should not be seized and made Slaves to the Public, for a certain Term of Years?

406. Whether Fools do not make Fashions, and wise Men follow them?

410. Whether Money circulated on the Landlord's own Lands, and among his own Tenants, doth not return into his own Pocket?

447. Where there can be a worse Sign than that People should quit their Country for a Livelihood? Though Men often leave their Country for Health, or Pleasure, or Riches, yet to leave it merely for a Livelihood? Whether this be not exceeding bad, and sheweth some peculiar mismanagement?

562. Whether there can be a greater Mistake in Politics, than to measure the Wealth of the Nation by its Gold and Silver?

586. Whether the divided Force of Men acting singly, would not be a Rope of Sand?

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

(1735?—1800?)

THE accounts of the life of Isaac Bickerstaff, the well-known playwright, are somewhat vague. He was born in Dublin in 1735 (some say 1732), and the date of his death is as uncertain (some say 1800 and others 1812). In 1746 he became page to Lord Chesterfield when that nobleman was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and later on in life he was an officer of the marines. From this post he was dismissed for some dishonorable action; he left his country and died abroad.

He was the author of some twenty-two comedies, farces, operas, etc., many of them highly successful. His three old-fashioned English comic operas, 'Love in a Village,' 'The Maid of the Mill,' and 'Lionel and Clarissa,' are declared by a clever yet sober critic to be "of the first class, which will continue to be popular as long as the language in which they are written lasts." 'Love in a Village,' which appeared in 1762, and was played frequently during its first season, still enjoys a high reputation and is a stock piece on the English stage, although it is said to be at best only a clever compilation of scenes and incidents from a number of other plays.

Three of Bickerstaff's farces, 'The Padlock,' 'The Sultan,' and 'The Spoiled Child,' held the stage for a long time. Bickerstaff once attempted oratorio; his 'Judith' was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed first at the Lock Hospital Chapel in February, 1764, and afterward at the church of Stratford-on-Avon on the occasion of Garrick's "Jubilee in honor of the memory of Shakspeare," in 1769. In 1765 'The Maid of the Mill' was produced at Covent Garden, and ran the unusual period of thirty-five nights. It is chiefly founded on Richardson's novel 'Pamela.' 'The Plain Dealer' and 'The Hypocrite,' both alterations of other plays, the latter of Colley Cibber's 'Nonjuror,' are well known and still keep the stage. One of Bickerstaff's best comedies, 'Tis Well it's no Worse,' is founded on a Spanish original. Indeed, of all his works, only 'Lionel and Clarissa' can be said to be thoroughly and completely original.

This real name should not be confounded with the *pseudonym* used by Swift in his 'Predictions' ridiculing Partridge, the almanac maker; nor with the assumed name under which Steele later edited the 'Tatler'—the same in both cases.

MR. MAWWORM.

From 'The Hypocrite.'

OLD LADY LAMBERT *and* DR. CANTWELL *in conference.*

Enter MAWWORM.

Old Lady Lambert. How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Mawworm. Thank your ladyship's axing, I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, doctor, and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her sarvice to you, and thanks you for the eighteenpence.

Dr. Cantwell. Hush! friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady Lambert. Give her this. (*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*)

Dr Cantwell. I'll take care it shall be given to her. (*Takes the purse.*)

Old Lady Lambert. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Mawworm. I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm breaking my heart; I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady Lambert. Why, if you think it's a sin, indeed; pray, what's your business?

Mawworm. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady Lambert. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Mawworm. I wants to go a-preaching.

Old Lady Lambert. Do you?

Mawworm. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady Lambert. Ay!

Mawworm. I have made several sermons already. I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says as how my head's turned.

Old Lady Lambert. Ay, devils indeed; but don't you mind them.

Mawworm. No, I don't; I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbors, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady Lambert. Did you ever preach in public?

Mawworm. I got up on Kennington Common the last review day; but the boys threw brickbracks at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount, your ladyship, ever since.

Old Lady Lambert. Do you hear this, Doctor? throw

brickbats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! Can these things be stood by?

Mawworm. I told them so; says I, I does nothing claudently; I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

Old Lady Lambert. And it had no effect?

Mawworm. No more than if I spoke to so many post-esses; but if he advises me to go a-preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance farther into the country.

Old Lady Lambert. An excursion you would say.

Mawworm. I am but a sheep, but my bleating shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lambert. He wants method, Doctor.

Dr. Cantwell. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Mawworm. He's a saint.

Dr. Cantwell. Oh!

Old Lady Lambert. Oh!

Mawworm. If ever there was a saint, he's one. Till I went after him I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a-roving after fantastical delights; I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it. I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady Lambert. What a blessed reformation!

Mawworm. I believe, Doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the Reforming Society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter Platter in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trapball in St. George's Fields; I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady Lambert. But how do you mind your business?

Mawworm. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady Lambert. And how do you live?

Mawworm. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of everything; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman. We have had a child too.

Old Lady Lambert. Merciful!

Mawworm. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbors reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then: but, as I says, if such was the case, would she ever have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door? I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. Cantwell. I believe 't is near dinner-time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

Mawworm. Oh! I am troublesome; nay, I only come to you, Doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell: Doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lambert. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and pray, my service to your spouse.

Mawworm. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. (*Exit.*)

SONG.

From 'Love in a Village.'

There was a jolly miller once,
 Lived on the River Dee;
 He worked and sang, from morn to night;
 No lark so blithe as he.
 And this the burden of his song,
 Forever used to be,—
 "I care for nobody, not I,
 If no one cares for me."

TWO SONGS.

From 'Thomas and Sally, or the Sailor's Return.'

I.

My time how happy once and gay!
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be;
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun;
Though all their arts are lost on me;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas! has gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea:
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea?

The flowers droop till light's return,
The pigeon mourns its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.

II.

How happy is the sailor's life,
From coast to coast to roam;
In every port he finds a wife,
In every land a home.
He loves to range, he's nowhere strange;
He ne'er will turn his back
To friend or foe; no, masters, no;
My life for honest Jack.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal.

We know no craft but 'fore and aft,
Lay on our strokes amain;
Then, if they 're stout, for t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull;
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow shall be full;
For if so be, we want, d' ye see?
A pluck of this here stuff,
In Indi—a, and Americ—a,
We 're sure to find enough.

Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate
The British fleet befall.
But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails,
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore, till time 's no more,
The terror and the pride.

WHAT ARE OUTWARD FORMS?

What are outward forms and shows,
To an honest heart compared?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shared.

Oft we see the homely flower,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sovereign power
Than the garden's gayest pride.

HOPE.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapor, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
 Deal out pleasures unpossess,
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

(1840 —)

MRS. BLAKE (née McGrath) was born in 1840 in County Waterford, Ireland, and came to this country when six years old. She was educated at Mr. Emerson's private school in Boston, and attended the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. In 1865 she married Dr. John G. Blake of Boston, Mass., and has since resided in that city and its environs.

She is a constant contributor to *The Roman Catholic* and other magazines, and, while her life has been full of literary activity, she has found time to supervise the rearing and education of five sons, all Harvard men, and one daughter, who has inherited in great measure her mother's literary gifts.

Among her books may be mentioned 'On the Wing,' 'Mexico Picturesque and Political,' 'A Summer Holiday in Europe,' 'Verses Along the Way,' 'Merry Months All,' 'Youth in Twelve Centuries,' and 'In the Harbor of Hope.'

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR.

All ye who love the springtime—and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!—
Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
Till ye look upon old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

For where in all the earth is there any joy like this,
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into bliss,
While the thrushes in the bush strain their small brown
mottled throats,
Making all the air rejoice with their clear and mellow notes;

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden sunset glow
Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest below;
And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves of the
boreen,
And all the world rejoices in the wearing o' the green!

For 't is green, green, green, where the ruined towers are
gray,
And it's green, green, green, all the happy night and day;
Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy on the wall,
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow gorse is set

A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and wet;
Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to glow,
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

And it's there the earth is merry, like a young thing newly made

Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the glade,
Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds piled,
Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a child.

But the green, green, green, O 't is that is blithe and fair!
In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the air,
Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag and glen,
Thrusting forty banners high where another land has ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy grief,
And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from the cold,
And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds and gold.

So ye who love the springtime,—and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!—
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

THE FIRST STEPS.

To-night as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the blaze of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first steps alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,

To watch him with silent rapture,
 To cheer him with happy noise,—
 My one little fair-faced daughter
 And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
 That fain would bid him rest
 Close to the love and the longing,
 Near to the mother's breast,—
 Wild with daring and laughter,
 Looking askance at me,
 He stumbled across through the shadows
 To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
 Stepping so brave and bright
 With flutter of lace and ribbon
 Out of my arms to-night,
 Helped in thy pretty ambition
 With tenderness blessèd to see,
 Sheltered, upheld, and protected—
 How will the last steps be?

See, we are all beside you,
 Urging and beckoning on,
 Watching lest aught betide you
 Till the safe, near goal is won,
 Guiding the faltering footsteps
 That tremble and fear to fall—
 How will it be, my darling,
 With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
 Knowing that One more fond
 Than all our tenderest loving
 Will guide the weak feet beyond!
 And knowing beside, my dearest,
 That whenever the summons, 't will be
 But a stumbling step through the shadow
 Then rest—at the Father's knee!

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(1789—1849.)

THE Countess of Blessington, famous for her beauty and her grand receptions as well as for her contributions to light literature, was born in Knockbrit, County Tipperary, Sept. 1, 1789. She was a daughter of Edmund Power. On the mother's side she was descended from an ancient Irish family. When scarcely fifteen she married Captain Farmer of the 47th Regiment. The marriage proved unfortunate, and she lived with him only three months. In 1817 he was killed in a drunken brawl in the Fleet Prison. The next year she became the wife of Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington, and they lived in Europe for several years, moving in a brilliant circle of rank, fashion, and genius. The result of her residence on the Continent is her two delightful works, 'The Idler in Italy' and 'The Idler in France.'

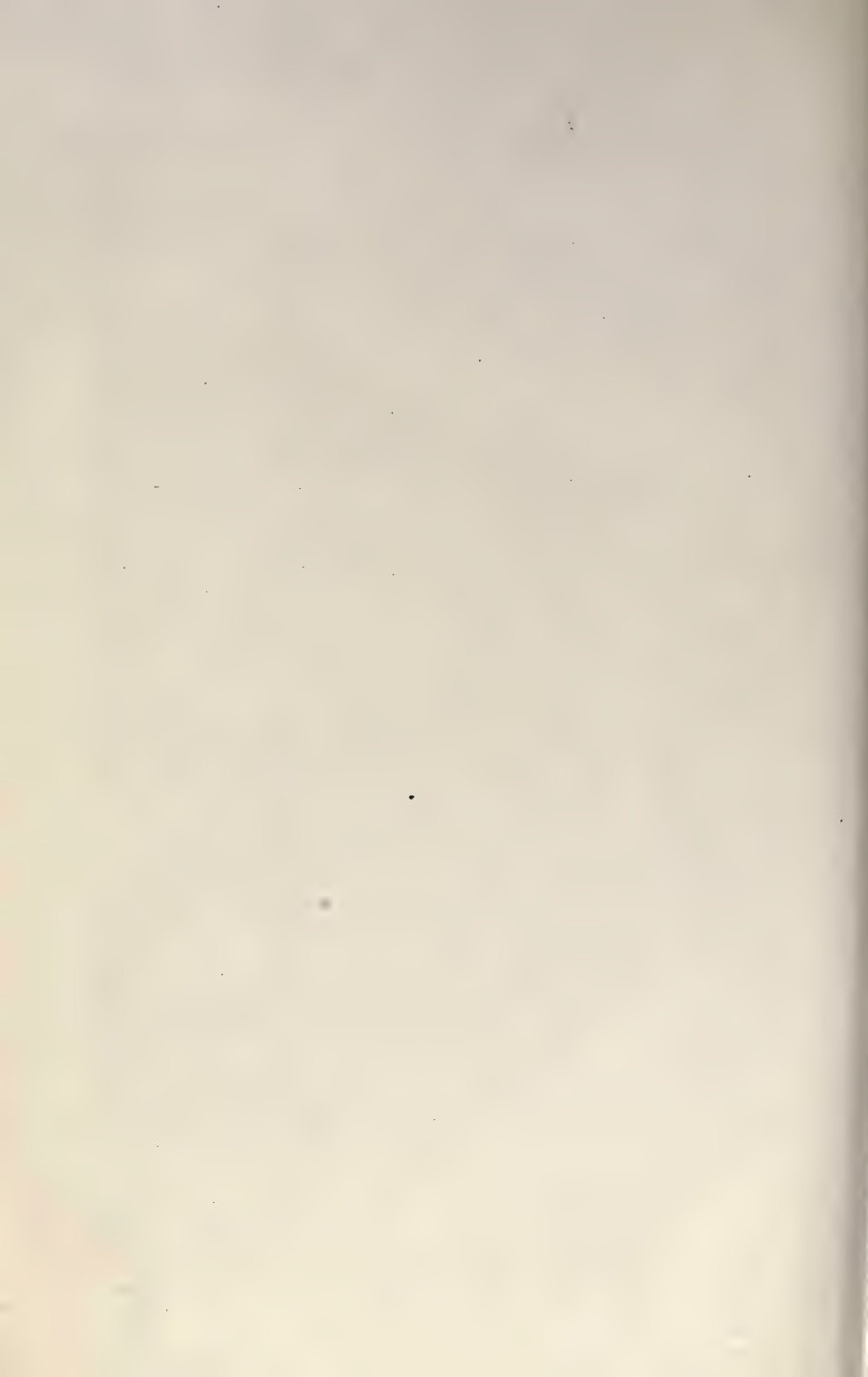
The Earl died in 1829, and she returned to London and settled at Gore House, Kensington, devoting herself to literature. For fourteen years her house was the resort of the most distinguished men of wit and genius of every country and opinion, where all classes of intellect and art were represented, and where everything was welcome but exclusive or illiberal prejudice. Some of the most genial and delightful associations of the time belong to that house. Lord Byron was a friend and admirer of Lady Blessington and her frequent visitor. In 1832 her 'Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron' was published. 'The Repealers' next appeared, followed by 'The Victims of Society,' 'The Two Friends,' 'Meredith,' and 'The Governess.' Then came 'The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.' The last two are said to be the best of Lady Blessington's works. 'Country Quarters,' 'Marmaduke Herbert,' and 'The Confessions of an Elderly Lady' followed. The last was intended as a companion to 'The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman,' and in 1853 they were issued in one volume as 'Confessions of an Elderly Lady and Gentleman.' 'The Idler in Italy' and 'The Idler in France,' published from 1839-41, were well received and universally praised by the critics. In the latter Lady Blessington introduces to her readers the leading representatives of art, literature, politics, and society, whom she had received as friends or had casually met. The anecdotes with which the work abounds are told with a charming frankness and piquancy.

She afterward wrote 'Desultory Thoughts and Reflections,' a collection of terse and well-digested aphorisms of great moral value; 'The Belle of the Season,' 'Tour through the Netherlands to Paris,' 'Strathren,' 'Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre,' 'The Lottery of Life,' and other tales.

She also edited *The Keepsake* and *The Book of Beauty* for several years, and contributed articles and sketches to the periodicals of the day. Count d'Orsay, the sculptor, who had married her step-



THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON



daughter, the only child of the Earl of Blessington, was separated from his wife, and took up his abode with Lady Blessington in Paris. She spent all her money and became bankrupt. After dining with the Duchess of Grammont, she was seized with apoplexy, of which she died next morning, June 4, 1849. Her remains were laid in a mausoleum designed by the Count d'Orsay, near the village of Cham-boury.

Mr. N. P. Willis, in his 'Pencillings by the Way,' thus describes the personal appearance of Lady Blessington: "She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded into a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might be looked for in vain, and her complexion (an unusually fair skin with very dark hair and eyebrows) is of even girlish delicacy and freshness. . . . Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fullness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good humor." "In her lifetime," says Mr. Procter. ("Barry Cornwall"), "she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship: and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits, and painters of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, help, and sympathy, and useful counsel, and she died lamented by many friends."

Her 'Life and Correspondence' was written and edited by Richard Robert Madden, who tells in most interesting style of the friendship of Byron and Lady Blessington, and draws a mournful picture of 'The Break-up of Gore House,' in the spring of 1849, when its treasures were brought to the hammer by her creditors.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

Monday.—Awoke with a headache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud, when you are half-dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what

have I done this day? Oh! I remember everything went wrong, as it always does when I have a headache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair; and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap: mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill. Heigh-ho! when will that be? Tormented by duns, jewelers, mercers, milliners: I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vaped after a Sunday-evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *déagréments* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor Square in no very good humor for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mère fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-by, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick-room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother; I really think she helps to make her hippish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's to-night. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him?

I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tête-à-tête*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstan-

ley, purposely to pique me—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from madame the governess, saying that the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and luster to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-colored satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the ante-room, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent. Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's and Mrs. Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Torture will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams:—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night:—must call there, if I can:—wrote madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of 'Amelia Mansfield': very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing. I did not get out until past five: too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the Park and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking-dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture:—had not nerves sufficient to see the children—they make such a noise and spoil one's clothes. Went to the opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a

good effect. Belmont came to my box and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round-room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick-bed of my mother instead of being at the opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because, if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on:—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things:—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure:—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession:—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations:—felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *dénouement*; for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms.

I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before"; and I think it was in the same book that I read that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Bel-

mont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it!—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too:—how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him:—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it!—I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so-and-so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Flounce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks.—I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures: I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-by, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write

impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favorite and favored temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into anything like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand and pressed it very much.

I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. *Apropos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into! I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again: it must have been Flounce. I have often observed her curiosity—and now I am completely in her power. What shall I do? After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamed of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures:—awoke terrified:—I feel nervous and wretched:—Flounce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me? Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's and give it back to him. I really felt quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of and obedient to madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to madame and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at

least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid :—mamma is worse, and really I am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers: I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what. . . .

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it. Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief! she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed! distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections.

My sister says that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of

those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you will I retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and endeavor to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

FOUND OUT.

From 'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.'

I had been to Rundle and Bridges' one day selecting jewels, and had far exceeded the sum I intended to expend there; incited to this extravagance, I frankly own, much more by the broad hints of the aunt, and implied rather than expressed desires of her niece, than by any spontaneous generosity. Lured by the beauty of the trinkets, and their "appropriateness to each other," as the bowing shopman observed, I was rash enough to conclude my purchases by a necklace of rubies, set in diamonds, requiring earrings, brooches, head ornaments, and bracelets, *en suite*.

Thus instead of the few hundreds I had intended to disburse I found, on a hasty and reluctant retrospect of my expenditure, that I must have dissipated some thousands; and I consequently returned from Ludgate Hill feeling that species of self-dissatisfaction and ill-humor which a man who is not quite a fool never fails to experience when he has consciously committed a folly. In this state of mind I entered my club to dine; when, not wishing to encounter any of my acquaintances, I ensconced myself in a corner of the large room, and had an Indian screen of vast dimensions so placed that I was isolated from the general mass, and could not be seen by any new-comers.

While I was discussing my solitary repast I heard voices familiar to my ear command dinner to be brought to them at the table next to mine, and only divided from me by the screen. When I recognized the tones of Lord Henry and Sir John, for whose vicinity at that period I felt no

peculiar desire, I congratulated myself on the precaution which had induced me to use this barrier.

"When did you come to town?" asked Lord Henry.

"I only arrived an hour ago," was the reply.

"I came late last night, and am on my way to Avonmore's."

"Have you heard that our pretty friend, Arabella Wilton, is going to be married? and to Lyster too?"

"*Est-il possible?*"

"Yes, positively to Lyster, whom we have heard her abuse and ridicule a thousand times."

I felt my ears begin to tingle, and verified the truth of the old proverb, "Listeners never hear good of themselves."

"By-the-by, *you* were a little smitten there, and at one time I began to think you had serious intentions, as they call it—eh! Sir John?"

"Why, so Arabella took it into her wise head to fancy too; but I was not quite so young as all that. No, no, Arabella is a devilish nice girl to flirt with, but the last, the very last, I would think of as a wife."

"Now, there I differ from you; for she is precisely the sort of person I should think of *as a wife*."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do; but then it must be as the wife of another; and, when she is so, I intend to be—one of her most assiduous admirers."

I felt my blood boil with indignation, and was on the point of discovering my proximity to the speakers when Sir John resumed.

"What a flat Lyster must be to be gulled into marrying her! I never thought they could have succeeded in deceiving him to such an extent, though I saw they were playing us off against the poor devil."

"Oh! by Jove, so did I too, and if our *supposed* matrimonial projects led to this *real* one I don't regret it for poor Arabella's sake, for she was most impatient to change her name."

"Only think of the aunt's sending me Lyster's letter of proposal."

"Capital, capital, the plot thickens; for she also sent it to me."

"You don't say so?"

"I swear she did; and what is more, I can give you chapter and verse, for Lyster was so matter-of-fact in detailing his readiness to make liberal settlements, and liberal they certainly were, that I remember nearly the words of his letter to *Madame la tante*."

"And what reason did the old she fox assign for consulting you on the subject?"

"The old one, to be sure, of considering me as a friend to the family."

"Exactly the same reason she gave for consulting me."

"She stated to me that Arabella had a positive dislike to Mr. Lyster, and she feared (mark the cunning of the old woman) that this dislike to so unexceptionable a *parti* originated in her having a preference elsewhere; and, therefore, *she* had determined to ask my opinion whether she ought to influence her niece to accept Lyster."

"In short, a roundabout way of soliciting you to propose for Arabella yourself. The exact sense of her letter to me."

"I dare be sworn they were fac-similes. *Madame la tante* added that her niece was by no means committed with Mr. Lyster, for that she had been so guarded when he asked her (on observing her coldness) if his proposal was disagreeable to her, as merely to repeat, with a shudder, the word he had uttered—disagreeable."

Well did I recollect this circumstance, trifling as it was; and overpowering were the sensations of anger and mortified vanity that oppressed me on recalling it to memory!

"Well," resumed Lord Henry, "so you wrote, as did I, to advise by all means that Mr. Lyster should be accepted?"

"Yes, precisely; for I thought it the most prudent advice from 'a friend of the family'—ha! ha! ha!—for the soul of me I can't help laughing!"

"Ha! ha! ha! nor I neither. *Both* of us consulted, and from the same motive."

"It's capital, and worthy of the old lady, who has as much cunning, and as little heart, as any dowager in the purlieus of St. James's."

"I'll lay an even wager that we twain were not the only single men consulted on the occasion."

"For my part I should not wonder if the letters had been circular: ha! ha!"

"And how simple Lyster must be; for while the aunt was sending round his proposal to all the admirers of her niece, *he* must have been impatiently waiting for her answer."

"Luckless devil! how I pity him!" (Oh, how I writhed!) "He has been atrociously taken in: yet I am glad that poor Arabella has at last secured a good establishment; for, I confess, I have a *faiblesse* for her. Indeed, to say the truth, I should have been ungrateful if I had not; for I believe—in fact I have reason to know—that the preference to which the old aunt alluded had more truth in it than *she* imagined."

"So *I* suspect, too; for, without vanity, I may own that I believe the poor girl had a *penchant* for your humble servant."

"For you?"

"Yes, for me. Is there anything so *very* extraordinary in her liking me that you look so surprised and incredulous?"

"Why, yes, there is something devilishly extraordinary; for if I might credit Arabella's *own* assertion, her *penchant* was quite in a different quarter."

"You don't mean to say it was for *you*?"

"And what if I did? Is there anything more astonishing in her feeling a preference for *me* than for *you*?"

"I merely suppose that she could not have a *penchant* for us both at the same time, and I have had reason, and very satisfactory reason too, to be satisfied that she liked me."

"And *I* can swear that I have heard her ridicule you in your absence until I have been compelled to take your part; though she often made me laugh, the dear creature did it so cleverly. Ha! ha! ha! the recollection makes me laugh even now."

"And *I* have heard her attack you with such acrimony that even an enemy must have allowed that her portrait of you was caricatured; and yet there was so much droll-

ery in her manner of showing you up that it was impossible to resist laughing. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Lord Henry, I beg to inform you that I allow no man to laugh at my expense."

"Permit me to tell you, Sir John, that I ask no man's permission to laugh when I am so disposed."

"Am I to consider that you mean to be personal?"

"You are perfectly at liberty to consider what you please."

"My friend shall call on you to-morrow morning to name a place for our meeting."

"I shall be quite ready to receive him."

And *exit* Lord Henry, followed in a few minutes by Sir John.

"And so," thought I, "here are two vain fools about to try to blow each other's brains out for a heartless coquette, and a third, perhaps the greatest fool of the three, was on the point of making her his wife. What an escape have I had! No, no, never will I marry her. She may bring an action against me for breach of promise—and she and her aunt are quite capable of such a proceeding—but be united to her I never will. Ridicule and abuse *me*, indeed! Oh, the hypocrite! And to think of all the tender speeches and loving insinuations she has lavished on me; the delicate flattery and implied deference to my opinions! Oh, woman, woman! all that has ever been said, written, or imagined against you is not half severe enough. You are all alike, worthless and designing." . . .

I set out at an unusually early hour for Richmond, determined to come to an explanation with both aunt and niece; and, shall I own it, anticipating with a childish pleasure their rage and disappointment at my breaking off the marriage. On arriving at the villa I was informed that Mrs. Spencer had not yet left her chamber, and that Miss Wilton was in the garden. To the garden then I hied me, anxious to overwhelm her with the sarcastic reproaches I had conned over in my mind.

While advancing along a gravel walk, divided by a hedge from a sequestered lane, I heard the neighing and tramping of a horse; and on looking over the hedge discovered the lean steed on which I had so frequently encountered the good-looking Unknown on the road to Richmond. The

poor animal was voraciously devouring the leaves of the hedge, his bridle being fastened to the stem of an old tree. A vague notion that the owner, who could not be far off, was now holding a parley with my deceitful mistress instantly occurred to me, and seemed to account for his frequent visits to Richmond. I moved on with stealthy steps towards a small pavilion at the far end of the garden, where I correctly concluded Arabella to be, and whence I soon heard the sound of voices, as I concealed myself beneath the spreading branches of a large laurestinus close to the window. I will not attempt to defend my listening, because I admit the action to be on all occasions indefensible, but the impulse to it was irresistible.

"Is it not enough," exclaimed Arabella, "that I am compelled to marry a man who is hateful to me, while my whole soul is devoted to you, but that you thus torment me with your ill-founded jealousy?"

"How can I refrain from being jealous," was the rejoinder, "when I know that you will soon be another's? Oh, Arabella! if I were indeed convinced that you hated him I would be less wretched."

"How amiable and unselfish!" thought I. "He wishes the woman he professes to love to be that most miserable of human beings, the wife of a man who is hateful to her, that *he*, forsooth, may be less unhappy; and he has the unblushing effrontery to avow the detestable sentiment."

"How can you doubt my hating him?" asked my siren, in a wheedling tone. "Can you *look* at *him* and then regard *yourself* in a mirror without being convinced that no one who has eyes to see or a heart to feel could ever behold the one without disgust, or the other without admiration?"

"Oh, the cockatrice!" thought I; "and *this* after all the flatteries she poured into my too credulous ear."

Listeners, beware, for ye are doomed never to hear good of yourselves. So certain is the crime of listening to carry its own punishment that there is no positive prohibition against it: we are commanded not to commit other sins, but this one draws down its own correction, and woe be to him that infringes it!

The speech of Arabella, which, I acknowledge, enraged me exceedingly, had a most soothing effect on my rival,

for I heard sundry kisses bestowed, as I hope, for propriety's sake, on the hand of the fair flatterer.

"Yes," resumed she, "Lyster is a perfect fright, and so *gauche*, that positively he can neither sit, stand, nor walk like anybody else."

Oh! the traitress! how often had she commended my air *dégagé*, and the manly grace, as she styled it, of my movements. After this who ought ever to believe in the honied adulation of a woman?

"Now I must disagree with you, Arabella," replied my rival (and I felt a sudden liking to him as I listened): "Lyster is a devilish good-looking fellow" (I thought as much); "one whom any woman whose affections were not previously engaged might fancy."

"Let us not talk or think of him, I entreat you," said Arabella; "it is quite punishment enough for me to be obliged to *see* and *hear him* half the day without your occupying the short time we are together in a conversation respecting a person so wholly uninteresting. Have I not refused Lord Henry and Sir John to please you? yet you will not be content, do what I will."

"Oh, Arabella! how can you expect me to be otherwise than discontented, than wretched, when I reflect that your destiny depends not on me, and that another will be the master of your fate? *He* may be harsh, unkind, and *I*, who love, who adore you, cannot shield you from many hours of recrimination when he discovers, and discover he must, that in wedding him you gave not your heart with your hand."

"Oh! leave all that to me to manage," said the crafty creature. "*He* is so vain and so *bête* that it requires no artifice on my part to make him believe that I married him from motives of pure preference. He is persuaded of it: for what will not vanity like his believe?"

"By flattery; yes, by deception and flattery—I see it all, Arabella—you have acquired an empire over Lyster by that well-known road to a man's heart, the making him believe that you love him. Had you loved *me* you would not, you could not, have been guilty of this deception; and in thus deceiving him you have" (and the poor young man's voice trembled with emotion) "wounded me to the soul."

"You really are the most wrong-headed person in the world," said his deceitful companion. "Here am I, ready to sacrifice myself to a rich marriage to save *you*, Edward, from a poor one, for to marry a portionless girl like me would be your ruin, and I love you too well, ungrateful as you are, to bring this misery upon you. When you come as a visitor to my house, and see me in the possession of comforts and luxuries *you* could not give me, you will rejoice in the prudence, ay, and generosity too, that gave me courage to save you from a poor and wretched home, for wretched all poverty-stricken homes must be."

"And could you think my affection so light, Arabella," replied her lover, impatiently, "as to believe that I could go to *his* house and see *him* in possession of the only woman I ever loved? No! I am neither heartless nor *philosophical* enough to bear this. Such a position would drive me mad."

"Then what am I to think, what am I to make of you?"

"Not a villain! a mean, base villain, who betrays hospitality, and consents that the woman he loves shall pursue a conduct at once the most vile, deceitful, and dishonorable!" and he positively wept. His passionate grief seemed to touch even the marble heart of his callous mistress, for she gently asked him why he had ever appeared to agree to her wedding another.

"Can you ask me?" replied he. "I knew you to be fond of luxury and display, which, alas! my limited fortune could never bestow. I feared, trembled at the idea of beholding you pining for the enjoyments *I* could not afford; and it seemed to me less wretched to know you in the full possession of them with another than lamenting their privation with me. It was for *you*, Arabella, conscious as you are how fondly, how madly I dote on you, to offer to share my poverty, and not for me to compel you to it. Had you really loved me, this course you would have pursued."

"But, I tell you, I do love you; and will prove my truth by following your wishes, if you will but express them," said Arabella, melted by his grief and tenderness.

"If you really *do* love me, why will not a modest competence content you? I would have you break off this hateful marriage and accept love in a cottage with me. My

grandmother would soon forgive our stolen union, for she likes me so well that she would quickly learn to like *her* who made my happiness. But, alas! even she, good and indulgent as she is, has often told me that *you* were as little disposed to marry a poor man as your aunt could be to give you to such a husband."

"It was very uncivil of your grandmother to say so, and still more so of you to repeat it. But, bless me" (touching a repeater I had given her a few days before), "how late it is! Lyster will be here almost immediately, and if he should find you—"

"Your marriage with him would be broken off. Yes, I will leave you, Arabella; and meet this unhappy man whose wealth has won you from me. Oh! how I have loathed his face of contentment as I have passed him on the road and thought that *he* was privileged to approach you, while *I* must seek you by stealth, and leave you to make room for him. I can bear this no longer, Arabella; you see me now for the last time, unless you accept me for your husband."

And, so saying, he rushed from her presence, mounted his lean steed, and was heard galloping along with a speed that indicated the troubled state of his mind.

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Arabella; "heigh-ho, I wish he were rich, for I *do* like him better than I ever liked any one else. And *he*, too, is the only one of all my admirers who loves me for myself; the *rest* but love me for my flattery. Lord Henry, Sir John, ay, even this dolt who is about to wed me, all have been fascinated, not by my beauty (and for this I loathed them), but by my flattery. By *this* I have charmed, by *this* I have won a husband. Poor Edward, it was not so with him; but love in a cottage—I hate cottages—and then (in a few years) to see it filled with a set of little troublesome brats, and hear them screaming for bread and butter! No, no, these hands" (looking at them) "were never formed to cut bread and butter like Werther's Charlotte, or to make pinafores, like good Mrs. Herbert, the wife of the half-pay captain, in the little cottage down the lane."

"And yet they might be worse employed, fair lady," exclaimed I, vaulting into the room.

Arabella uttered a faint shriek, turned to a deathlike

paleness, and then became suffused with the crimson blushes of shame.

"I have witnessed your stolen interview with my favored rival; rival no longer, for here I resign all pretensions to your hand."

She attempted to utter some defense, but I was not in a humor to listen to what lengths her duplicity and desire for a rich husband might lead her; so, *sans cérémonie*, I interrupted her by saying that what I had witnessed and heard had produced no change in my previously formed resolution of breaking off the marriage. She sank into a chair; and even I pitied her confusion and chagrin, until I recollected her comments on my "*gaucherie*," and the polite epithet of "a perfect fright," with which she had only a few minutes before honored me. I can *now* smile at the mortification my vanity *then* suffered; but, at the time, it was no laughing matter with me.

I left Arabella to her meditations, which, I dare be sworn, were none of the most agreeable; and returned to the house to seek an interview with her aunt. That sapient lady met me, as was her wont, with smiles on her lips, and soft words falling from them.

"Look here, *dear* Mr. Lyster," said she, holding out an *écrin* towards me, "did you ever see anything so beautiful as these rubies set in diamonds? Are they not the very things for our beloved Arabella? How well they would show in her dark hair; and how perfectly they would suit the rich, warm tint of her cheeks and lips. None but brilliant brunettes should ever wear rubies. Are you not of my opinion? and do you not think that this *parure* seems made for our sweet Arabella?"

I mastered myself sufficiently to assent with calmness to her observations, when she immediately resumed:—"Oh, I *knew* you would agree with me, our tastes are so exactly alike. I was sure, my *dear* Mr. Lyster, you would at once select this in preference to emeralds or sapphires, which suit *fade*, blonde beauties better; but for our sparkling Arabella, rubies and diamonds are the thing. Yet, how grave you look;—bless me! what *is* the matter? Perhaps, after all, *you* do *not* like rubies and diamonds; and in that case, though (*entre nous*) I *know* that our darling Arabella dotes on them, I am sure she would prefer having

only the ornaments which *you* like, for she is the most tractable creature in the world, as you must have observed. So, confess the truth, you do *not* admire this *parure*?"

"Why, the truth is," said I, taking a spiteful pleasure in raising her expectations, that her disappointment might be the greater, "I yesterday bought at Rundle and Bridges' a *parure* of rubies and diamonds more than twice the size of the one before me, and set in the best taste"—alluding to the very purchase for which I had been blaming myself when I overheard the dialogue between Lord Henry and Sir John.

"Oh! you dear, kind, generous creature, how good of you! How delighted our sweet Arabella will be! Have you brought it with you? I am positively dying with impatience to see it."

"Then I fear, madam," replied I, with sternness, "that your curiosity will never be gratified."

"Why, what a strange humor *you* are in, my dear Mr. Lyster—nephew, I was going to call you; but I sha'n't give you that affectionate appellation while you are so odd and so cross. And why am I not to see them, pray? Surely you do not intend to prevent my associating with my sweet child when she becomes your wife? No, you never could be so cruel." And the old hypocrite laid her hand on my arm in her most fawning manner.

"I have no intention, madam, of separating two persons who seem so peculiarly formed for each other."

"Good creature! How kind of you, dear Mr. Lyster; how happy you have made me; I felt so wretched at the thoughts of our sweet Arabella's being taken from me, for I have ever looked on her as if she were my own child. How considerate of you not to separate us. I am sure *she* will be delighted; and *I* shall be the happiest person in the world to give up the cares and trouble of an establishment of my own, which, at my advanced age, and deprived of Arabella, would be insupportable. Believe me, most cheerfully, nay, gladly, shall I avail myself of your kind offer, and fix myself with you and my affectionate child."

The old lady was so delighted at the thought of this plan, that she made more than one attempt to embrace her dear nephew, as she now called me, and it was some min-

utes before I could silence her joyful loquacity; during which time, I will candidly own, I had a malicious pleasure in anticipating the bitter disappointment that awaited her. When, at length, she had exhausted her ejaculations of delight, I thus sternly addressed her:—

“When I declared my intention, madam, of not separating you and your niece, I did not mean to ask *you* to become a member of my family. I simply meant to state that I did not intend depriving you of the advantage of *her* society, as I have determined on not marrying her.”

“Good heavens! what do I hear?” exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. “What *do* you, what *can* you mean, Mr. Lyster? It is cruel thus to try my feelings; you have quite shocked me; I—I—am far from well.”

And her changeful hue denoted the truth of the assertion.

“Let it suffice to say, madam, that I last evening heard Lord Henry and Sir John declare the extraordinary confidence you had reposed in them; that you had not only sent to each my letter of proposal to your niece, but betrayed to them her more than indifference towards me, and the very words in which she expressed herself when I made her the offer of my hand.”

“How base, how unworthy of Lord Henry and Sir John!” said Mrs. Spencer, forgetting all her usual craft in the surprise and irritation caused by this information. “Never was there such shameful conduct.”

“You are right, madam,” replied I, “the conduct practiced on this occasion has been indeed shameful; luckily for *me* the discovery of it has not been too late.”

“If you are so dishonorable as not to fulfill your engagement,” said the old lady, her cheeks glowing with anger and her eyes flashing fury, “be assured that I will instruct my lawyer to commence proceedings against you for a breach of promise of marriage; for I have no notion of letting my injured niece sit quietly down a victim to such monstrous conduct.”

“I leave you, madam,” replied I, “to pursue whatever plan you deem most fitting to redress *her* grievances, and blazon forth to the world your own *delicate* part in the Comedy of Errors; the *dénouement* of which is not precisely what you could have wished. However, as comedies

should always end in a marriage, let me advise you to seek a substitute for your humble servant."

Then, bowing low to my intended aunt, I left her presence for ever: and returned to London with a sense of redeemed freedom that gave a lightness to my spirits, to which they had been a stranger ever since the ill-omened hour of my proposal to Arabella.

Of all the presents that had found their way to the villa, and they were not, "like angel visits, few and far between," but many and costly, not one, except my portrait, was ever returned. I retained that of Arabella; not out of love, heaven knows, but because I wished to preserve a memento of the folly of being caught by mere beauty; and as it had cost me a considerable sum, I thought myself privileged to keep it as a specimen of *art*.

Lord Henry and Sir John fought a duel the day after their altercation at the club, in which the first was mortally wounded, and the latter was consequently compelled to fly to the Continent.

In a week from the period of my last interview with Arabella and her aunt the newspapers were filled with accounts of the elopement of the beautiful and fashionable Miss Wilton with Lieutenant Rodney of the Guards. It was stated that the young lady had been on the eve of marriage with the rich Mr. L. of L. Park, but that Cupid had triumphed over Plutus, and the disinterested beauty had preferred love in a cottage with Lieutenant Rodney, to sharing the immense wealth of her rejected suitor, who was said to wear the willow with all due sorrow.

THE PRINCESS TALLEYRAND AS A CRITIC.

From 'The Idler in France.'

Met the Princess de Talleyrand last night at Madame C——'s. I felt curious to see this lady, of whom I had heard such various reports; and, as usual, found her very different to the descriptions I had received.

She comes *en princesse*, attended by two *dames de compagnie*, and a gentleman who acted as *chambellan*.

Though her *embonpoint* has not only destroyed her shape but has also deteriorated her face, the small features of which seem imbued in a mask much too fleshy for their proportions, it is easy to see that in her youth she must have been handsome. Her complexion is fair; her hair, judging from the eyebrows and eyelashes, must have been very light; her eyes are blue; her nose *retroussé*; her mouth small, with full lips; and the expression of her countenance is agreeable, though not intellectual.

In her demeanor there is an evident assumption of dignity, which, falling short of the aim, gives an ungraceful stiffness to her appearance. Her dress was rich but suited to her age, which I should pronounce to be about sixty. Her manner has the formality peculiar to those conscious of occupying a higher station than their birth or education entitles them to hold; and this consciousness gives an air of constraint and reserve that curiously contrasts with the natural good-humor and *naïveté* that are frequently perceptible in her.

If ignorant—as is asserted—there is no symptom of it in her language. To be sure, she says little; but that little is expressed with propriety: and if reserved, she is scrupulously polite. Her *dames de compagnie* and *chamberlains* treat her with profound respect, and she acknowledges their attentions with civility. To sum up all, the impression made upon me by the Princess Talleyrand was, that she differed in no way from any other princess I had ever met, except by a greater degree of reserve and formality than were in general evinced by them.

I could not help smiling inwardly when looking at her, as I remembered Baron Denon's amusing story of the mistake she once made. When the baron's work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hôtel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the prince wished the princess to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately at the same time also commanded that a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe' should be sent

to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hôtel. The Baron Denon's work, through mistake, was given to mademoiselle, and 'Robinson Crusoe' was delivered to the princess, who rapidly looked through its pages.

The seat of honor at table being assigned to the baron, the princess, mindful of her husband's wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased and told her how much he felt honored; but judge of his astonishment, and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the princess exclaimed, "Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poor man Friday, about whom I feel such an interest!"

Denon used to recount this anecdote with great spirit, confessing at the same time that his *amour propre* as an author had been for a moment flattered by the commendation, even of a person universally known to be incompetent to pronounce on the merit of his book. The Emperor Napoleon heard this story, and made Baron Denon repeat it to him, laughing immoderately all the time, and frequently after he would, when he saw Denon, inquire "how was poor Friday?"

MRS. BLUNDELL (M. E. FRANCIS).

MRS. BLUNDELL, who has rapidly achieved fame as a novelist, was born at Killiney Park, Dublin. She is the daughter of Mr. Sweetman of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, and was educated there and in Belgium. In 1879 she married the late Francis Blundell of Crosby, near Liverpool. This home of her married life is the background of many of her stories.

Among her books are : 'Whither ?' (1892) ; 'In a North Country Village' (1893) ; 'The Story of Dan' (1894) ; 'Town Mice in the Country' (1894) ; 'A Daughter of the Soil' (1895) ; 'Frieze and Fustian' (1896) ; 'Among Untrodden Ways' (1896) ; 'Maimie o' the Corner' (1897) ; 'Miss Erin' (1898) ; 'The Duenna of a Genius' (1898) ; 'Pastorals of Dorset' ; 'Fiander's Widow' ; 'Here, There, and Over the Sea' ; and 'The Manor Farm.'

IN ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

It was intensely, suffocatingly hot, though the windows on either side of the long room were wide open; the patients lay languidly watching the flies on the ceiling, the sunshine streaming over the ocher-tinted wall, the flickering light of the little lamp which burned night and day beneath the large colored statue of St. Patrick in the center of the ward. It was too hot even to talk. Granny M'Gee—who, though not exactly ill, was old and delicate enough to be permitted to remain permanently in the Union Infirmary instead of being relegated to the workhouse proper—dozed in her wicker chair with her empty pipe between her wrinkled fingers. Once, as she loved to relate, she had burnt her lovely fringe with that same pipe—"bad luck to it!" but she invariably hastened to add that her heart 'ud be broke out an' out if it wasn't for the taste o' baccy. Her neighbor opposite was equally fond of snuff, and was usually to be heard lamenting how she had rared a fine fam'ly o' boys an' girls and how notwithstanding she had ne'er a wan to buy her a ha'porth in her ould age.

Now, however, for a wonder she was silent, and even the woman nearest the door found it too hot to brandish her distorted wrists according to her custom when she wished to excite compassion or to plead for alms. There would be no visitors this morning; not the most compassionate of "the ladies," who came to read and otherwise cheer the

poor sufferers of St. Patrick's ward, would venture there on such a day.

The buzzing of the flies aforesaid, the occasional moans of the more feeble patients, the hurried breathing of a poor girl in the last stage of consumption were the only sounds to be heard, except for the quiet footsteps and gentle voice of Sister Louise. There was something refreshing in the very sight of this tall slight figure, in its blue-gray habit and dazzling white "cornette," from beneath which the dark eyes looked forth with sweet and almost childish directness. Sister Louise was not indeed much more than a child in years, and there were still certain inflections in her voice, an elasticity in her movements, a something about her very hands, with their little pink palms and dimpled knuckles, that betrayed the fact. But those babyish hands had done good service since Sister Louise had left the novitiate in the Rue du Bac two years before; that young voice had a marvelous power of its own, and could exhort and reprove as well as soothe and console; and when the blue-robed figure was seen flitting up and down the ward smiles appeared on wan and sorrowful faces, and querulous murmurs were hushed. Even to-day the patients nodded to her languidly as she passed, observing with transitory cheerfulness that they were kilt with the hate or that it was terrible weather entirely. One crone roused herself sufficiently to remark that it was a fine thing for the country, glory be to God! which patriotic sentiment won a smile from Sister Louise, but failed to awaken much enthusiasm in any one else.

The Sister of Charity paused before a bed in which a little, very thin old woman was coiled up with eyes half closed. Mrs. Brady was the latest arrival at St. Patrick's ward, having indeed only "come in" on the preceding day; and Sister Louise thought she would very likely need a little cheering.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Brady?" she asked, bending over her.

"Why then indeed, ma'am—is it ma'am or mother I ought to call ye?"

"'Sister'—we are all Sisters here, though some of the people call Sister Superior 'Reverend Mother.'"

"Ah, that indeed?" said Mrs. Brady, raising herself a

little in the bed, and speaking with great dignity. "Ye see yous are not the sort o' nuns I'm used to, so you'll excuse me if I don't altogether spake the way I ought. Our nuns down in the Queen's County has black veils, ye know, ma'am—Sisther, I mane—an' not that kind of a white bonnet that you have on your head."

"Well, do you know our patients here get quite fond of our white wings, as they call them?" returned Sister Louise smiling. "But you haven't told me how you are, yet. Better I hope, and pretty comfortable."

A tear suddenly rolled down Mrs. Brady's cheek, but she preserved her lofty manner.

"Ah, yes, thank ye, Sisther, as comfortable as I could expect in a place like this. Of course I niver thought it's here I'd be, but it's on'y for a short time, thanks be to God! My little boy'll be comin' home from America soon to take me out of it."

"Why, that's good news!" cried the Sister cheerfully. "We must make you quite well and strong—that is, as strong as we can"—with a compassionate glance, "by the time he comes. When do you expect him?"

"Any day now, ma'am—Sisther, I mane—ay, indeed, I may say any day an' every day, an' I'm afeard his heart'll be broke findin' me in this place. But no matther!"

Here she shook her head darkly, as though she could say much on that subject, but refrained out of consideration for Sister Louise.

"Well, we must do all we can for you meanwhile," said the latter gently. "Have you made acquaintance with your neighbors yet? Poor Mrs. M'Evoy here is worse off than you, for she can't lift her head just now. Tell Mrs. Brady how it was you hurt your back, Mrs. M'Evoy."

"Bedad, Sisther, ye know yerself it was into the canal I fell wid a can o' milk," said the old woman addressed, squinting fearfully in her efforts to catch a glimpse of the new patient. "The Bishop says the last time he come round, 'I s'pose,' he says, 'ye were goin' to put wather in the milk.' 'No,' says I, 'there was wather enough in it before.'"

Here Mrs. M'Evoy leered gleefully up at the Sister, and one or two feeble chuckles were heard from the neighboring beds; but Mrs. Brady assumed an attitude which

can only be described as one implying a mental drawing away of skirts, and preserved an impenetrable gravity. Evidently she had never associated with "the like" of Mrs. M'Evoy in the circles in which she had hitherto moved.

"And there's Kate Mahony on the other side," pursued Sister Louise, without appearing to notice Mrs. Brady's demeanor. "She has been lying here for seventeen years, haven't you Kate?"

"Ay, Sisther," said Kate, a thin-faced, sweet-looking woman of about forty, looking up brightly.

"Poor Kate!" said the Sister, in a caressing tone. "You must get Kate to tell you her story some time, Mrs. Brady. She had seen better days, like you."

"Oh, that indeed?" said Mrs. Brady, distantly but politely, and with a dawning interest. "I s'pose you are from the country then, like meself."

"Ah, no, ma'am," returned Kate. "I may say I was never three miles away from town. I went into service when I was on'y a slip of a little girl, an' lived with the wan lady till the rheumatic fever took me, an' made me what I am now. You're not from this town, I s'pose, ma'am."

"Indeed, I'd be long sorry to come from such a dirty place—beggin' your pardon for sayin' it. No, indeed, I am from the Queen's County, near Mar'boro'. We had the loveliest little farm there ye could see, me an' me poor husband, the Lord ha' mercy on his soul! Ay, indeed, it's little we ever thought—but no matther! Glory be to goodness! my little boy 'll be comin' back from America soon to take me out o' this."

"Sure it's well for ye," said Kate, "that has a fine son o' your own to work for ye. Look at me without a crature in the wide world belongin' to me! An' how long is your son in America, ma'am?"

"Goin' on two year, now," said Mrs. Brady, with a sigh.

"He 'll be apt to be writin' to ye often, I s'pose, ma'am."

"Why then, indeed, not so often. The poor fellow he was niver much of a hand at the pen. He's movin' about ye see, gettin' work here an' there."

Sister Louise had moved on, seeing that the pair were likely to make friends; and before ten minutes had elapsed each was in possession of the other's history. Kate's, indeed, was simple enough; her seventeen years in the in-

firmly being preceded by a quiet life in a very uninteresting neighborhood; but she "came of decent people," being connected with "the rale ould O'Rorkes," and her father had been "in business"—two circumstances which impressed Mrs. Brady very much, and caused her to unbend towards "Miss Mahony," as she now respectfully called her new acquaintance. The latter was loud in expressions of admiration and sympathy as Mrs. Brady described the splendors of the past; the servant-man and her servant-maid who, according to her, once formed portion of her establishment; the four beautiful milch cows which her husband kept, besides sheep, and a horse and car, and "bastes" innumerable; the three little b'yes they buried, and then Barney—Barney, the jewel, who was now in America.

"The finest little fella ye'd see between this an' County Cork! Over six fut, he is, an' wid a pair o' shoulders on him that ye'd think 'ud hardly get in through that door beyant."

"Lonneys!"¹ said Kate admiringly.

"Ay, indeed, an' ye ought to see the beautiful black curly head of him, an' eyes like sloes, an' cheeks—why I declare"—half raising herself and speaking with great animation, "he's the very moral o' St. Patrick over there! God forgive me for sayin' such a thing, but raly if I was to drop down dead this minute I couldn't but think it! Now I assure ye, Miss Mahony, he's the very image of that blessed statye, 'pon me word!"

Miss Mahony looked appreciatively at the representation of the patron of Ireland, which was remarkable no less for vigor of outline and coloring than for conveying an impression of exceeding cheerfulness, as both the saint himself and the serpent which was wriggling from beneath his feet were smiling in the most affable manner.

"Mustn't he be the fine boy!" she ejaculated, after a pause. "I'd love to see him—but I'll niver get a chanst o' that, I s'pose. Will he be comin' here to see ye, ma'am?"

"He'll be comin' to take me out of it," returned the mother. "He doesn't raly know I'm in it at all. I'll tell ye now the way it is. When the poor father died—the

¹ *Lonneys*, an expression of surprise.

light o' heaven to him—an' bad times come, and we had to give up our own beautiful little place, Barney brought me to town an' put me with Mrs. Byrne, a very nice respectable woman that was married to a second cousin o' my poor husband's, an' I was to stop with her till he came back from America with his fortune made.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Brady, drawing in her breath with a sucking sound, which denoted that she had come to an interesting part of her narrative, "well, he kep' sendin' me money, ye know, a pound or maybe thirty shillin' at a time—whenever he could, the poor boy, an' I was able to work the sewin' machine a little, an' so we made out between us till I took this terrible bad turn. Well, of course troubles niver comes single, an' the last letther I got from my poor little fella had only fifteen shillin' in it, an' he towld me he had the bad luck altogether, but says he, 'My dear mother, ye must on'y howld out the best way ye can. There's no work to be got in this place at all, (New York I think it was). 'But I am goin' out West,' says he, 'to a place where I'm towld there's fortunes made in no time, so I'll be over wid ye soon,' he says, 'wid a power o' money an' I'm sure Mary Byrne'll be a good friend to ye till then. The worst of it is,' he says, 'it's a terrible wild outlandish place, and I can't be promisin' ye many letthers, for God knows if there'll be a post-office in it at all,' says he, 'but I'll be thinkin' of ye often, an' ye must keep up your heart,' he says.

"Well," sucking up her breath again, "poor Mrs. Byrne done all she could for me, but of course when it got to be weeks an' months that I was on my back not able to do a hand's turn for meself, an' no money comin' an' no sign o' Barney, what could she do, poor cratur? One day Dochter Isaacs says to her, 'Mrs. Byrne,' says he, 'why don't ye send poor Mrs. Brady to the Infirmary?' 'What Infirmary, sir?' says she. 'The Union Infirmary,' says he; 'it's the on'y place she's fit for except the Incurables in Dublin,' says he, 'an' I'm afraid there's no chance for her there.' 'Oh, dochter, don't mention it!' says poor Mrs. Byrne—she was telling me about it aftherwards. 'Is it the Union? I wouldn't name it,' she says, 'to a decent respectable woman like Mrs. Brady. She's a cousin by marriage o' me own,' says she. 'I wouldn't *name* it to her,

I assure ye.' 'Just as you please,' says Docther Isaacs. 'It 'ud be the truest kindness you could do her all the same, for she'd get better care and nourishment than you could give her.' Well, poor Mrs. Byrne kep' turnin' it over in her mind, but she raly couldn't bring herself to mention it nor wouldn't, on'y she was druv to it at the end, the crature, with me bein' ill so long, an' the rent comin' so heavy on her an' all. So we settled it between the two of us wan day, an' she passed me her word to bring me Barney's letther—if e'er a wan comes—the very minute she gets it, an' if he comes himself she says she won't let on where I am, all at wanst, but she'll tell him gradual. Sometimes I do be very unaisy in me mind, Miss Mahony, I assure ye, wondherin' what he'll say when he hears. I'm afeared he'll be ready to kill me for bringin' such a disgrace on him."

"Sure, what could ye do?" said Kate, a little tartly, for naturally enough, as "an inmate" of many years' standing, she did not quite like her new friend's insistence on this point. "Troth, it's aisy talkin', but it's not so aisy to starve. An' afther all, there's many a one that's worse off nor us here, I can tell ye, especially since the Sisthers come, God bless them, with their holy ways. How'd ye like to be beyant at —— Union, where the nurses gobbles up all the nourishment that's ordhered for the poor misfortunate cratures that's in it, an' leaves thim sthretched from mornin' till night without doin' a hand's turn for them? Ay, an' 'ud go near to kill them if they dar'd let on to the docther. Sure, don't I know well how it was before the Sisthers was here—we have different times now, I can tell ye. Why, that very statye o' St. Pathrick that ye were talkin' of a while ago, wasn't it them brought it? An' there's St. Joseph over in the ward fornenst this, an' St. Elizabeth an' the Holy Mother above. See that now. Isn't it a comfort to be lookin' at them holy things, and to see the blessed Sisthers come walkin' in in the mornin' wid a heavenly smile for every one an' their holy eyes lookin' into every hole an' corner an' spyin' out what's wrong?"

"Ay, indeed," assented Mrs. Brady, a little faintly, though, for however grateful she might be, and comforta-

ble in the main, there was a bitterness in the thought of her "come-down" that nothing could alleviate.

She and her neighbor were excellent friends all the same, and she soon shared Kate's enthusiasm for "the Sisthers," finding comfort moreover in the discovery that Sister Louise understood and sympathized with her feelings, and was willing to receive endless confidences on the subject of the "little boy," and to discuss the probability of his speedy advent with almost as much eagerness as herself.

But all too soon it became evident that unless Barney made great haste another than he would take Mrs. Brady "out of" the workhouse. Grim death was approaching with rapid strides, and one day the priest found her so weak that he told her he would come on the morrow to hear her confession and to give her the last Sacraments.

Not one word did the old woman utter in reply. She lay there with her eyes closed and her poor old face puckered up, unheeding all Kate Mahony's attempts at consolation. These, though well meant, were slightly inconsistent, as she now assured her friend that indeed it was well for her, and asked who wouldn't be glad to be out o' that; and in the next moment informed her that maybe when she was anointed she might find herself cured an' out, as many a wan had before her, an' wasn't it well known that them that the priest laid his holy hands on, as likely as not took a good turn immaydiate.

Later on Sister Louise bent over Mrs. Brady with gentle reassuring words.

"God knows best, you know," she said, at the end of her little homily; "you will say, 'His will be done,' won't you?"

"Sure, Sisther, how can I?" whispered Mrs. Brady, opening her troubled eyes, her face almost awful to look on in its gray pallor. "How can I say, 'His will be done,' if I'm to die in the workhouse? An' me poor little boy comin' as fast as he can across the say to take me out of it, an' me breakin' my heart prayin' that I might live to see the day! An' when he comes back he'll find the parish has me buried. Ah, Sisther, how am I to resign meself at all? In the name o' God how *am* I to resign meself?"

The tears began to trickle down her face, and Sister

Louise cried a little too for sympathy, and stroked Mrs. Brady's hand, and coaxed and cajoled and soothed and preached to the very best of her ability; and at the end left her patient quiet but apparently unconvinced.

It was with some trepidation that she approached her on the morrow. Mrs. Brady's attitude was so unusual that she felt anxious and alarmed. As a rule the Irish poor die calmly and peacefully, happy in their faith and resignation; but this poor woman stood on the brink of eternity with a heart full of bitterness, and a rebellious will.

Mrs. Brady's first words, however, reassured her.

"Sisther, I'm willin' now to say, 'His will be done.'"

"Thank God for that!" cried Sister Louise fervently.

"Ay. Well, wait till I tell ye. In the night, when I was lying awake, I took to lookin' at St. Pathrick beyant, wid the little lamp flickerin' an' flickerin' an' shinin' on his face, an' I thought o' Barney, an' that I'd niver see him agin, an' I burst out cryin'. 'Oh, St. Pathrick!' says I, 'how'll I ever be able to make up my mind to it at all?' An' St. Pathrick looked back at me rale wicked. An' 'oh,' says I, again, 'God forgive me, but sure how can I help it?' An' there was St. Pathrick still wid the cross look on him p'intin' to the shamrock in his hand, as much as to say, 'there is but the wan God in three divine Persons, an' Him ye must obey.' So then I took to batin' me breast an' sayin', 'the will o' God be done!' an' if ye'll believe me, Sisther, the next time I took heart to look at St. Pathrick there he was smilin' for all the world the moral o' poor Barney. So,' says I, 'after that!' Well, Sisther, the will o' God be done! He knows best, Sisther alanna, doesn't He? But," with a weak sob, "my poor little boy's heart 'ill be broke out an' out when he finds I'm afther dyin' in the workhouse!"

"We must pray for him," said the Sister softly; "you must pray for him and offer up the sacrifice that God asks of you, for him. Try not to fret so much. Barney would not like you to fret. He would grieve terribly if he saw you like this."

"Sure he would," said Mrs. Brady, sobbing again.

"Of course he would. But if he heard you were brave

and cheerful over it all, it would not be half so bad for him."

Mrs. Brady lay very quiet after this, and seemed to reflect.

When the priest came presently to administer the Sacraments of the dying to her, she roused herself and received them with much devotion; and presently beckoned Sister Louise to approach.

"Sisther, when Barney comes axin' for me, will ye give him me bades an' the little medal that's round me neck, an' tell him I left him me blessin'—will ye, dear?"

"Indeed I will."

"God bless ye. An' tell him," speaking with animation and in rather louder tones, "tell him I didn't fret at all, an' died quite contint an' happy an'—an' thankful to be in this blessed place where I got every comfort. Will ye tell him that, Sisther alanna?"

The Sister bowed her head: this time she could not speak.

It was nearly two months afterwards that Sister Louise was summoned to the parlor to see "Mr. Brady," who had recently arrived from America, and to whom his cousin, Mrs. Byrne, had broken the news of his mother's death.

Sister Louise smiled and sighed as she looked at this big, strapping, prosperous-looking young fellow, and remembered his mother's description of him. The black eyes and curly hair and rosy cheeks were all there, certainly, but otherwise the likeness to "St. Patrick" was not so very marked.

"Mr. Brady wants to hear all about his mother, Sister," said the Sister Superior. "This is Sister Louise, Mr. Brady, who attended your poor mother to the last."

Mr. Brady, who seemed a taciturn youth, rolled his black eyes towards the new-comer and waited for her to proceed.

Very simply did Sister Louise tell her little story, dwelling on such of his mother's sayings, during her last illness, as she thought might interest and comfort him.

"There are her beads, and the little medal, which she always wore. She left them to you with her blessing."

Barney thrust out one large brown hand and took the

little packet, swallowing down what appeared to be a very large lump in his throat.

"She told me," pursued the Sister in rather tremulous tones, "to tell you that she did not fret at all at the last, and died content and happy. She did, indeed, and she told me to say that she was thankful to be here——"

But Barney interrupted her with a sudden incredulous gesture, and a big sob. "Ah, whisht, Sisther!" he said.

FATHER LALOR IS PROMOTED.

From 'Miss Erin.'

Father Lalor was, as has been said, much distressed at Erin's present attitude. However little he might approve of Mr. Fitzgerald's system of education, there was no doubt that such an education was better than none; and to run wild as she was now doing was, for a girl of her disposition, pernicious in the extreme. But he was getting very old now, and full of infirmities; and when he found his remonstrances and prayers of no avail, he gave up attempting to shake her resolution. In fact, he acknowledged himself wholly unable to cope with her. He did not understand this tenderly loved little friend of his. Her enthusiasm startled him, her determination distressed him, her passionate nature and impatience of control filled him with fears for her future. He was the only friend she had now, and he was failing fast.

"Child, child, what will become of you when I am gone?" he groaned once, half to himself, after listening, with anxious, puzzled face, to one of her tirades.

And then Erin ceased declaiming, and burst into tears.

He often sighed heavily as he looked at her, and when she asked him the reason, would reply, sighing again:

"Old age, my dear, old age."

One Ash Wednesday morning, after Father Lalor had distributed as usual the blessed ashes to an innumerable congregation—for Ash Wednesday and Palm Sunday are great days in Ireland, days on which every man, woman,

and child in the parish rallies round the priest—when he had imprinted a dusky cross on the forehead of the last infant of tender years who approached the altar rails, he straightened himself, and stood for a moment looking over his spectacles at the crowded church, and then raised his hand in blessing; a blessing which was not demanded by the rubrics, but which was prompted by the fulness of his heart.

“Moll,” he said afterwards, when he was seated in his parlor waiting for his breakfast and his housekeeper came trotting in, her forehead still smeared with traces of the recent ceremony, and her cap very much awry—“Moll, do ye know I have a kind of a feeling that this is the last time I’ll be giving ashes in Glenmor chapel.”

“Ah, what nonsense, your reverence,” cried Moll, setting down the teapot with a bang. “Glory to goodness, did ever any one hear the like o’ that? an’ you well an’ hearty, thank God. No, but it’s fifty times more you’ll be givin’ ashes in Glenmor chapel. I declare, if it warn’t yourself was afther sayin’ it, I’d be threatenin’ to tell the priest on ye.”

“Well, well, Moll; you know it is well to remember one’s last end. *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverum reverteris.* I’ve said that often enough to day, and it’s a good thing to be thinking of. Sure, I’m going on eighty, Moll; do you know that? Nearly fifty-six years priest. Isn’t it time for me to be taking a rest? Ay, ay; I’d be glad enough to go, only for one thing. But the Lord knows best. We’re all in his hands. Moll, is that what ye call tea, woman dear?”

“God bless us, I forgot to put the water in! Sure, ye have me moithered altogether, talkin’ that way,” wept Miss Riddick, wiping her eyes and retiring with the teapot.

Father Lalor laughed and became once more his cheerful self, and Moll forgot his presentiment until Mid-lent Sunday, when it was painfully recalled to her memory. Father Lalor had a particularly slow and distinct utterance in saying Mass, every word being audible. What, then, was Moll’s surprise and terror when she discovered that on Sunday, and “Lætare” Sunday to boot, clad more-over in white vestments, Father Lalor was saying Mass for the dead!

She could not wait until he came home for breakfast, but went into the sacristy at the conclusion of the service.

She found him standing, still in chasuble and biretta, in the middle of the room, with a curious half-smile on his face.

"Ye're not feelin' quite yerself this mornin', are ye, sir?" she asked him, tremblingly.

"Moll," said Father Lalor, "it's a queer thing: there's—there's lead in my shoes."

"God bless us, yer reverence, how'd lead get into them? Didn't I clean them myself last night, and fetch them up to ye this mornin'?"

"It's there, though," repeated the priest, in a tone of conviction. "I feel it so cold and so heavy, Moll. See—I can hardly lift my foot."

He made an attempt to do so, but fell suddenly prone on his face, stiff and speechless: a leaden hand had indeed gripped him—he had a paralytic stroke.

For many days after he lay motionless and unconscious, but at last revived in some degree, though it was plain he would never leave his bed again.

Often, even before his power of speech returned, his eyes would rest anxiously on Erin, who sat by his bedside with a pale face and woful eyes. She could scarcely be persuaded to eat or sleep; and even when forced to leave the sick-room, would take up her position outside the door, where she would crouch for hours weeping, or praying desperately.

One evening she chanced to be alone with him, Mrs. Riley, who was in attendance, having left the room for a moment; and suddenly he spoke in the feeble stammering tones with which they had become familiar.

"Erin, my pet—I'm going from ye—ye know that?"

"Oh, no, no, father! I can't let you go. God will make you get better, I am praying so hard. You are the only friend I have in the world. God will not take you away from me."

"Faith, my dear," he said, with something of his old quaint manner, "I don't see why we should expect the Almighty to perform a miracle for the like of us. And it would be a miracle, Erin—nothing less, if I am to recover. No, no; the Lord has called me, and I'll have to go, child."

He 's askin' us to make the sacrifice each in our own way—you in the beginning of your life, and I at the end of mine. It's the last He'll require of me; and as for you, my pet, you're in his hands—I leave you in His hands. He made you, and He'll protect you. Come here, child—close—and kneel down."

Erin obeyed, sobbing, and the old man, feebly lifting his hand, marked the sign of the cross on her forehead.

"May the God of the fatherless be with you!" he said. "I surrender you to Him. May He watch over you in all your ways!"

After this last great effort he ceased to take any interest in earthly things, and concerned himself wholly with his own spiritual affairs.

"When the end is near," he said once, with his quiet smile, "it's just the same for priest or layman. There's only yourself and God. No matter how many souls you may have had to look after in your lifetime, at the last you must just concern yourself with your own."

One day he asked suddenly, "Do you hear the bell, Erin?"

"What bell, dear father? I don't hear anything."

"I thought," he said, knitting his brows, as though making an effort to concentrate his attention—"I thought I heard a bell tolling. They'll all be praying for me, won't they? All my faithful people. . . . Come to his assistance, all ye saints of God; meet him, all ye angels of God; receive his soul and present it now before its Lord."

Erin leaned forward, startled; the old man's fixed, unrecognizing gaze betokened that his mind was wandering. He continued to recite slowly and impressively the prayers for the dying, that he had said so often by so many poor beds—his voice weak, but infinitely solemn.

"May Jesus Christ receive thee, and the angels conduct thee to thy place of rest. May the angels of God receive his soul, and present it now before its Lord. . . . Lord have mercy on him, Christ have mercy on him, Lord have mercy on him. Our Father. . . ."

The greater part of this prayer being said "in secret," his voice dropped suddenly; but he seemed to lose the train of thought, and presently fell into a doze. His mind, however, appeared to run perpetually in this groove, and in

his fancy he frequently said Mass for the dead, and repeated the last blessing and the litany for the departing soul. During his transient moments of consciousness, he was still busy with his preparations for this great "flitting."

He did not appear afraid, only solemn, and deeply in earnest. One day he said with pathetic simplicity:

"I think, you know—I think I have always done my best. I always tried to do my best—and God knows that. He will remember that when I go to my account. Fifty-six years—fifty-six years! Think of all the souls I have had the charge of in fifty-six years. And I must render an account of all; an account of all . . . but I think I have always done my best."

"I fancy," said Mrs. Riley, that same evening—"I fancy, Moll, that I can see a change. He's got the look, ye know——"

"Ay, an' the color's altered," said Moll.

Both women had been weeping, and even now restrained their tears with difficulty. There was a kind of desperate resignation in their look and manner as became those who were bracing themselves up to bear a great blow. Erin looked from one to the other, turning sick and cold; she had never been so near death before, and the awfulness of it overwhelmed her. This inevitable, terrible, unspeakable mystery, which was about to be brought close to her, by which her friend and father would be snatched away from her, even while she clung to him—eternity itself, as it were, entering the homely chamber to engulf him under her very eyes—for a moment the terror of it outweighed her anguish.

She crept out of the parlor, where this colloquy had taken place, and went upstairs to the familiar room, standing trembling, with her hand on the handle of the door, her heart beating violently. But presently she conquered herself and entered, all her fear vanishing at the first sight of the dearly loved face. It had changed since she saw it last, but for the better, she thought; a certain settled majesty of line and expression had taken possession of it—it had even lost the drawn look which it had worn for so many days. But the white hair lay damp and heavy on Father Lalor's brow, and he breathed with difficulty.

He smiled at her as she approached, and then his thoughts floated away from her again to the empire of that vast world which he was so soon to enter. His lips moved, and the child bent over him to listen.

"To Thee, O Lord, the angels cry aloud" . . . he murmured, over and over again.

"Ah," said Mrs. Riley, who had followed Erin into the room, "he's been saying it ever since morning. You know what it is, dear? . . . It's from the *Te Deum*."

Moll entered presently, with the priest who had attended Father Lalor during his illness. The old man had squared his accounts with his Master long before, and now merely greeted his young companion-in-arms with the same comfortable smile which he had bestowed on Erin, and betook himself again to the great half-open gate through which he had already caught the echo of angels' voices. It was his last sign of recognition; already he had wandered beyond their reach, though they clasped his hand and listened to his voice. Erin's young and passionately human heart rebelled; he was there still, and she was dearest of all to him. Would he not look at her once, only once more, return a single pressure of her hand? She thrust her poor, little, eager, quivering face forward as he turned his head, and cried aloud:

"Oh, father, father, dear father, speak to your little Erin! Only one word—one word. Look at me, just look at me, to show you hear me."

But Father Lalor heard no more; his eyes were fixed on things that she could not see; he had gone too far on his great journey to pause or to look back.

Erin sank down on her knees again, and for some time there was no sound in the room but that of the patient's labored breathing and the low tones of the young priest. Then there came a silence, a long silence, broken at last by the voice of the old man.

"Mother!"

He had raised his head for a moment, with an expression of astonishment and unutterable joy—and then it fell back.

He was gone. A great awe fell upon them all. For a moment no one stirred or wept. At last—

"Our mother came to fetch him," said Mrs. Riley, tremulously.

"Oh, no, ma'am, sure it was the Holy Virgin herself he saw," added Moll, stooping to kiss the inert hand.

Whether it was indeed the mother of his youth, upon whom the white-haired priest called with his last breath, or that other Mother, whom for all time all nations shall call blessed, certain it is that he died with that hallowed word upon his lips. It was a meet end to his most simple and innocent life—as a little child he entered the kingdom of Heaven.

MATTHIAS M'DONNELL BODKIN.

(1850 —)

MATTHIAS M'DONNELL BODKIN, K.C., of the Irish bar, is one of the modern school of Irish novelists, whose works are permeated not alone with the characteristic humor of the people, but with that strangely blended note of sadness which underlies so much of it.

He was born on the 8th of October, 1850. His father was Dr. Thomas Bodkin of County Galway. He was educated at the Tullabeg Jesuit College and at the Catholic University. He gained the double gold medal of the law students' debating society. He married in 1885, and shortly afterward was elected Member of Parliament for North Roscommon, but was unseated in 1890.

Among his books may be mentioned 'Shillalegh and Shamrock,' 'Poteen Punch' (a series of stories which have appeared in various Christmas numbers of *The United Irishman*), 'Pat o' Nine Tails,' 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' 'White Magic,' 'Stolen Life,' 'The Rebels,' 'Paul Beck,' 'Dora Myrl,' etc.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S ADVENTURE.

From 'Poteen Punch.'

"Half-past one," said his Excellency, turning to his *aide-de-camp*, who sat beside him in the comfortable landau. "Still a full hour and a half from lunch; perhaps. I should say, an empty hour and a-half. I am beginning to understand what they tell me about 'the pinch of hunger in Connemara.' There is famine in the air. I am not surprised that the people are troubled with a superabundance of appetite."

"Your Excellency will find there is also a superabundance of food," rejoined the private secretary, a pale-faced abortion with a *pince-nez* and an incipient mustache. "You will get a luncheon at Maam Hotel you could not get in London.¹ To talk of starvation in a country where there are such grouse on the mountains and such trout in the lakes always appeared to me the very height of absurdity," and he smiled a complacent little smile of superior wisdom.

¹ The incident herein narrated regarding Lord Carlisle is absolutely authentic, and occurred about 1866.

His Excellency also smiled—a gastronomic smile, in which pleasant memories and anticipations were curiously mingled. He leaned back on the cushions and gazed with courteous patronage—courteous still, though slightly bored—at the solemn procession of mountains, as the carriage bowled swiftly along the level road that wound among the hills.

It was a glorious spring day. High over head were the great, clear curves of the mountains against the blue sky, and here and there bright little lakes glittered in the sunshine like flashing jewels set in the bosom of the hills.

His Excellency had fallen into a dreamy reverie, in which no doubt, were pleasant visions of broiled trout of a golden brown, and tender grouse and champagne, with the cream on its surface and the bubbles rising through the liquid amber. No word more was spoken until the carriage swept suddenly round the shoulder of a mountain, and came upon the pleasant inn of Maam, with the tall hill towering up into the sunshine at the back, and in front the broad flash of a crystal lake.

Neither to lake nor mountain were the eyes or thoughts of his Excellency turned at the moment. He missed the flutter of excitement which the Viceregal arrival had hitherto provoked at the pleasant hotel in the heart of lonely Connemara. For a moment the dreadful thought flashed across his mind that the special courier dispatched to announce his arrival had miscarried, but he promptly dismissed the fear as absurd. The carriage swept over the bridge in front of the hotel, and drew up with a flourish on the smooth gravel sweep before the door. Still the place seemed as silent and as solitary as the front of the bare mountain opposite. The footman leaped down at once, and played the kettle-drum on the knocker with such vigor that the echo might be heard rolling and vibrating through the hills as if a hundred hungry giants had come home together to dinner and forgotten their latch-keys. Not a sound answered from within. A second time the knocker was plied more vigorously than the first, and as the echoes died away in the dead silence that followed there was heard within the house a smothered, mysterious tittering, that seemed to pervade the entire building. The footman raised the knocker for the third time as if to batter

in the door, and at the same moment he almost fell forward on his face; the door opened suddenly, and the host appeared, blocking the entrance with his sturdy form. Instantly every window in front was peopled with grinning faces, as if some huge practical joke was in progress.

"His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant," gasped the gorgeous flunkey as soon as he recovered a little from his amazement.

"Move on, my good man, there is nothing for you here," retorted the innkeeper, with an impudent grin, as if addressing an importunate beggar. The joke was emphasized by a roar of laughter from the windows.

Lord Carlisle was speechless for a moment at the grotesque absurdity of the whole proceeding, too surprised at first to feel indignant. He thought, so far as he had power to think at all, that the host had gone mad, and, on the principle of "birds of a feather flock together," had filled his place with lunatics. But the situation was a desperate one. Here was a hungry—a very hungry—Viceroy in the heart of a desolate region with a dozen Connemara miles (the longest miles in the world) between him and the nearest food and shelter.

Something must be done. He stepped past the petrified footman and confronted the host, who did not budge an inch.

"My good fellow," said he with his blandest smile, "you surely received the announcement of my arrival?"

"Ay," retorted the host, "and got my orders how to welcome you."

"Remember," said Lord Carlisle, with tremendous dignity, "I am the representative of your Sovereign."

"And I," rejoined the other, "am a tenant of Lord Leitrim."

Then, for the first time, a vague suspicion of the nature of the proceedings dawned on his Excellency. He recognized the terrible revenge of the rack-renting nobleman, but he tried to put a brave face on his fear.

"Would you insult the representative of the Queen?" he demanded.

"The landlord," replied the innkeeper, insolently, "is king and queen in Ireland, and all the royal family besides; no one knows that better than yourself. It is he that has

filled the hotel with his friends, and arranged a welcome for your Excellency."

"What kind of welcome has he arranged for me?" asked the Viceroy, hastily betrayed into the question.

"That," retorted the host, suddenly slamming the door of the inn within an inch of the Viceregal nose.

It was a pleasant position, truly—standing beside his own footman on the wrong side of the hotel door, with the whole front of the house alive with faces laughing at his discomfiture. He turned a foolish face on his private secretary and *aide-de-camp*, who turned still more foolish faces upon him. A storm of laughter broke out from the hotel, so loud and long, that it set all the giants into a roar of laughter amongst the echoing mountains.

To get clean out of the place was clearly the first thing to be done. His Excellency could never tell how he got back into his carriage or outside the inhospitable gates, with roars of laughter all the time ringing in his ears. The coachman drove on instinctively a couple of hundred yards from the place, then pulled his horses on their haunches in the middle of the road, and stood stock-still awaiting instructions. The prospect was not a pleasant one. The midday splendor of the spring day was over. A chill breeze came blowing up from the west with a damp rawness in it that told of coming rain. Croagh Patrick clapped his gray nightcap firmly down on his high bald pate, which is the signal for putting out the light in those desolate regions. Sure enough, a heavy cloud at the moment came drifting across the sun, and the whole brightness and charm of the wild landscape vanished in a moment. The bleak moorland stretched away to the gray horizon, broken by broad patches of dull water, whose surface was already pockpitted by the raindrops, and the mountains frowned dismally, like sulky giants, in the gathering gloom. Behind them, the road wound, like a long white ribbon, back towards Galway, and turned out of sight round the corner of a mountain. In front it stretched on towards Cong, till the ribbon dwindled to a thread, and the eye lost it. The carriage stood stock-still on the road, waiting for orders, but no orders were given. So it might have waited for an hour if the horses' impatience, reacting on the coachman, had not tempted him to break silence.

"Where to now, your Excellency?" he inquired, dismally enough.

"To bl—zes!" answered his Excellency.

It was the first time the smooth, smiling lips of Lord Carlisle had shaped a profane syllable. Before decorum could stop the words they were out. But decorum resumed command the next instant.

"Ay, to blazes, to be sure," he continued, in quite an altered tone of voice, with a look of mild reproach at the tittering *aide-de-camp*. "But what blazes? that is the question. The blazing fire that this morning browned our toast in the best parlor of Mack's Hotel in Galway, or the blazes that are perhaps kindly cooking our dinners in Cong? Any blazes, or, at least, almost any blazes, were welcome on such an evening as this." He gazed as he spoke, with a half shudder, at the rain-blotted landscape, and smiled a sickly smile at his own sickly pleasantries.

"Cong is the nearest refuge—perhaps, I should rather say Galway is the farther of the two, your Excellency," interposed the private secretary.

"Then to Cong let it be," said Lord Carlisle, leaning back in his carriage, with a look of patient resignation.

I am not cruel enough to ask the gentle reader (how I love the good old-fashioned phrase!) to hang on behind the Viceregal coach for that dreary drive in the pelting rain for twelve Connemara miles, with weary horses, along the muddy, mountain roads. With that power which is given to me I will lift him up, snug and warm, and set him down under a porch, sheltered from rain and storm, in the little village of Cong, just as the Viceregal carriage comes floundering along through the pools of water that shine in the light of the flickering oil-lamps in the streets, and draws up in front of the principal, because only, hotel in the town.

Unlike the hotel from which they parted a good three hours ago, at Maam, the house is ablaze with light, and redolent with savory odors. Now and again, from inside, a burst of jolly laughter drowns the fretful whining of the wind.

The very look of the place seemed to bid a cordial welcome to the wet, weary, and hungry travelers. A smile began to dawn on the pale face of his Excellency, as eyes,

ears, and nostrils gave him promise of a pleasant fare and comfortable quarters. The flickering smile disappeared in black despair when the host, whom a thundering peal upon the knocker brought to the door, spoke almost the same words as the churl of Maam, "No room for you here."

But though the words were the same, the manner of speaking was very different, and there was a look of compassion for the belated company on the host's jolly face, as he stood in the passage through which bright light and genial warmth and pleasant odors streamed out on the damp darkness of the night.

"No room," he repeated, and prepared to shut the door.

Then Lord Carlisle's dignity yielded to his despair. "I am the Lord Lieutenant!" he cried from his carriage.

"I could not let you in if you were the King," retorted the other. "Not if you were the Pope of Rome, could you get in without leave."

"Who says a word against my good friend, his Holiness?" cried a rich jovial voice behind them, and the host drew aside respectfully, as a tall, burly figure, with a big face, as full of good humor as the sun is of light at mid-day, came striding down the passage and met the Viceroy face to face at the door.

"Big Joe!" cried Lord Carlisle in delighted amazement.

"Your Excellency," responded the other, with old-fashioned courtesy, "now and always at your service."

"Never needed it more, Joe," responded Lord Carlisle pitifully. "I'd give my Garter for a dinner and bed. I have been turned like a beggarman out of all the hotels in Connemara."

"I'm afraid you will find it hard to get in here," said Big Joe. "You see, you are not the kind of guest that was expected, and I don't think you would like the company any more than they'd like you."

"Any company is good enough for me," said the other entreatingly, "if Big Joe M'Donnell is amongst them. But a good dinner would make the worst company in the world pleasant to me now."

Big Joe was silent for a moment. "I'll tell you the whole truth," he said, "and nothing but the truth. We hold our Patrick's-day dinner here to-night. Every man is bound to tell a story or drink a quart of salt water; so

there will be a good many stories," he added, with humorous twinkles in his eyes, "and they might not all suit the ears of his Excellency."

"His Excellency's ears are neither as long nor as tender as a donkey's," was the curt reply, "and his Excellency's teeth are as hungry as a wolf's."

"Well, if you don't mind hearing they might mind telling," said Joe. "There is very little Castle company amongst us to-night, and some of the yarns spun might be twisted into a hemp cravat for the neck of the spinner."

Lord Carlisle drew himself up haughtily, with an indignant flush upon his handsome old face. "I have sat at your table," he said, "and you have sat at mine. I did not expect that insinuation from Joe M'Donnell. There is some honor yet left even amongst Irish Lord Lieutenants."

Joe clapped his great hand on his shoulder as he turned and faced him frankly. "Pardon," he said; "it was only a rough jest. I'll answer to my friends for your honor, and let him that questions it answer to me. But your story? They won't let you off the story or a quart of salt water."

"A dinner is cheaply bought by a story," said the courtly old nobleman, his good humor completely restored. "It is not often they hear the misadventures of a Viceroy from his own lips. I will tell them why Lord Leitrim slammed the door of the Maam hotel in my face; a story at present known but to one other person, besides myself, in the world."

"Bravo," said Joe. "One moment, and I will be with you again." He went up the stairs three steps at a time, and returned in a moment, more radiant than ever.

"They have voted you to the chair," he said, "and have made room for your aide and private sec."

"And Captain Phunkit, ex-Commissioner of Police?" said his Excellency; "the poor devil travels in my suite. Now, that his teeth are drawn, your friends can afford to forgive him."

"An ill-conditioned dog," said Joe, with a frown for a moment darkening his face like a cloud on the sun; but it lit up again in a moment. "Let him come in," he said; "if he were the devil himself it is no night to shut him out."

He'll hear some stories to-night that will make his punch disagree with him."

There was no time for introduction when his Excellency reached the large, warm, and comfortable room. The dinner was being served as he entered. He was seated at once in his great chair at the head of the table, with the genial heat of the roaring fire percolating through the screen at his back, and a plate of steaming hare soup in front of him, before he fully realized the pleasant change of situation. The guests will introduce themselves later on, just now they are too hungry for much ceremony.

I rejoiced just now that I was able to save my readers the weary drive in the rain from Maam to Cong; I regret I cannot invite them to share the dinner.

It was worth sharing. It was, above all things, a substantial repast—substantial and luxurious as well. At the head of the table, filling the room with incense, was a haunch of venison that might have extorted the praises of Abbot Boniface of 'The Monastery,' and flesh and fowl, roast and boiled, were set at close intervals round the board. The conversation and laughter mingled pleasantly with the feast.

"Sounded there the noisy glee
Of a reveling company;
Sprightly story, merry jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest;
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork."

Good humor and good fellowship had reached their climax when the cloth was removed, and the shining mahogany was spread with glasses that sparkled and steaming brass kettles that twinkled in the candle-light. Bowls of sugar were set round like a miniature rockery, and fragrant lemons were scattered amongst them. To crown all there were ranged at close intervals great square, cut-class bottles, filled with that most celestial of all fluids—Irish poteen—honestly made and matured, "hid for a long time in the deep delved earth," hiding its potency under a soft, sweet savor—mild as milk, and mellow as honey. Truly it was, in the words of the poet, "a balmy liquor, crystalline of hue." Soon a tender vapor filled the room

from the steaming tumblers—a magic haze mingling with which life's troubles seemed to vanish into thin vapor.

Heretofore the world (unlike the churlish Lord Leitrim) had opened her inn doors wide for his Excellency Lord Carlisle, and given him of her best. No pleasure had been denied him. The rarest wines that had ever held in their liquid gold or purple the imprisoned sunlight of the South had gratified his discriminating palate. He had drank (in moderation) from the intoxicating cup of power, drained deeply of the delicious draught of flattery, and sipped daintily of love. But he felt that life's highest pleasure had at length been reached when, amid appropriate surroundings, while the wind howled without, and the fire roared within, and bright lights and brighter faces shone around the festive board, he tasted for the first time in his existence that divine essence—*Potteen Punch*. He felt a genial glow suddenly prevading his body and mingling with the blood that coursed warmer and more lively through his veins. The elixir of life, he thought, had been discovered at last.

He tapped gently with his silver ladle on the shining mahogany, from whose polished surface another ladle rose to meet it. All eyes were instantly turned towards the head of the table.

"Gentlemen," said his Excellency, "I am about to redeem the pledge which has made me partaker of your festivity. Surely a light penalty for so great a pleasure. I will tell you the story of my coming here. The cause and motive of the delightful degradation to which I have been subjected by Lord Leitrim. I say delightful, advisedly.

"A couple of hours since this topic was the most hateful, this remembrance the most miserable in my life. The magic of your society has made it an abounding pleasure. Above all——" Here he paused, as if words failed him. He lifted his steaming tumbler to his lips, and tasted again the reviving nectar. "Surely," he murmured softly, as he set it upon the table, "the liquor is not earthly. I will tell you, gentlemen," he resumed, "if you will permit me, the happy chance, heretofore esteemed miserable, to which I am indebted for the pleasures of to-night. I will tell you what no mortal but he and I know at this moment, and what may puzzle future generations.

WHY LORD LEITRIM SLAMMED THE DOOR.

"Lord Leitrim and I were the best of friends when I first came to Ireland. We used to shoot a great deal together in Connemara. Leitrim had a considerable estate near Maam; and as he generally had some evictions in progress there, he managed to combine business with amusement. For me, I confess those were very happy days. I have ever loved," said his lordship, lapsing unconsciously into the oratorical vein, "the contemplation of human virtue. The frugality and the industry of the peasantry, and, above all, their becoming reverence for those whom Providence had placed over them touched my heart. These men and their families were actually starving. They were clothed like scarecrows and lodged like pigs. Yet they crowded in to pay every farthing of their earning into the hands of the landlord or his agents. They stood with trembling knees and uncovered heads in his presence, and answered his taunt or curse with a blessing 'on his Honor.' So great and beneficial an effect has the distinction of station, which the unthinking would condemn, upon the harmony of the universe.

"The contemplation of such primitive virtue was to my sensitive soul more pleasurable than the slaughter of innocent birds. I therefore frequently remained at home, while Leitrim pursued his sport alone on the mountains. As Gaskin has said, in his admirable and immortal collection of my speeches, addresses, and poems, which I humbly assure you would well repay perusal, 'I was always a patron of elegant literature.'

"So it chanced that I sat one autumn evening at the open window of the hotel, with a litter of manuscript around me, now smoothing sentences for an address to an agricultural meeting, now hunting up rhymes for an *extempore* poem. The scene was propitious to the muse. On the left lay a miniature lake, its smooth water turned to burnished gold by the slanting sunlight, with a miniature castle balanced on a miniature island in its center. Down to the lake came leaping a torrent with glimpses of the sunlight on its waves. Beyond, a perfect wilderness of hills stretched away in dim outlines to the distant horizon. But one great mountain rose dark and threaten-

ing in the near foreground, with an angry flush of purple heath upon its massive face. On this mountain I knew that Leitrim was at that moment engaged in grouse-shooting. Indoors or out there was no stir or sound of life. Dead silence in the room, dead silence outside. The dreary lifelessness of that vast landscape grew intolerably awful. I could not go on with my verses or my address. Taking up an excellent telescope, I began, from sheer loneliness, to search for Lord Leitrim and his dogs on the distant mountainside.

"It was a splendid glass. As I looked through it the great mountain moved in close to the window, and rocks and knolls, and sheep-tracks and little brawling streams, came out upon its smooth purple surface. A mountain sheep up on the giddy height munching the scanty pasture, under the shelter of a great gray rock, was quite company to me in the midst of the universal stillness and desolation. I left my sheep with reluctance and swept the vast mountainside with my glass in search of Lord Leitrim. At length I found him moving slowly down the shoulder of the hill, with his gun under his arm and the dogs ranging in wide circles in front. Almost an instant after he came within the focus I observed him lift his gun suddenly from under his arm, and move forward with quickened step in the direction of the dogs. They were on a dead set. As his lordship reached them they moved on with short convulsive starts, till a hare leaped out from cover about twenty yards in front. For an instant, as he leaped on a sharp knoll in front, his form was clearly outlined; in that instant the gun was steadily pointed and discharged. I could see the flash through my glass, though I heard no sound, and I could see the dead hare roll down the hill. One of the dogs, an old pointer, Carlow, lay quite still, with his big head on the ground, when the hare got up; the other, a beautiful young Irish setter, 'Bow-wow,' bounded a few paces in pursuit. He checked himself in an instant and stood at gaze, with head erect and stiffened limbs, and tail stretched out like an ostrich plume—a perfect model of canine beauty. I saw Lord Leitrim, as the hare fell, turn deliberately and shoot the dog with the left barrel. The poor brute dropped in his tracks.

"I watched him through the telescope, writhing in

agony, until his limbs stiffened in death, and then moved the glass on in pursuit of his lordship. I noticed that he was now walking faster than before, and I moved the glass on in front in search of the cause. A gleam of scarlet flashed into the field of the telescope, and his lordship was instantly forgotten in the graceful figure that I saw stepping lightly up the mountain along the narrow path that led from Maam to Lenane. I have traveled a good deal in my life, though circumstances have compelled me to lead a very sedentary life of late. I was always an appreciative admirer of the female form divine, and was always of opinion that the Irish peasant girl is the most graceful woman in the world. I could get little more than the outline of the face and figure through the glass, but I knew it was a figure of surpassing grace and a face of surpassing beauty.

"She was dressed in a scarlet petticoat, with a plaid shawlet folded across her bosom, her dark hair smoothly parted over her forehead. Her naked feet gleamed whitely through the dark heather, as she moved swiftly, with light elastic step, up the side of the mountain. In the pleasure with which I watched her, Lord Leitrim was, as I said, forgotten. I followed her movements with the glass, and was absolutely startled when Lord Leitrim stepped suddenly from the other side into the field of vision.

"He advanced towards her with the confident air of an old acquaintance. I could see that she was embarrassed and abashed. Then there seemed to be some conversation between them, for he pointed with his hand down towards a poverty-stricken village on his property on the skirt of the mountain, while the girl stood with drooped head, and I could swear she was blushing. Then with a quick, graceful little curtsey, she tried to slip past, but he caught her round the waist with arrogant gallantry, and strove roughly for a kiss. Even while the girl was struggling in his arms, and while I watched the struggle with intense interest, another figure sprang suddenly into the circle of mountain slope that was covered by my glass; the strong hand of a stalwart young peasant was laid upon Leitrim's shoulder, and he went reeling back three paces. He recovered himself in an instant, caught up his gun,

which he had rested upon a rock, and leveled it at his young assailant. But the young mountaineer was too quick for him. Springing lightly forward, with his left hand he flung up the gun almost, it seemed to me, as the flash and smoke issued from the barrel, while a strong straight blow from his right hand made his lordship measure his aristocratic length upon the heather. Then, with a gesture of terror, the young girl seized his arm and pulled him away, and both, moving swiftly round the shoulder of the hill, were lost to view. Lord Leitrim picked himself up slowly from the ground and gazed sullenly after the pair, as if meditating a pursuit; but he quickly abandoned the thought, if he entertained it, and, followed by the solitary pointer, moved steadily down the hill in the direction of the nearest police barrack. The pleasurable excitement of the little drama I had witnessed indisposed me to further literary labor for the day. The scene had been the more startling and vision-like, as I could only see, not hear, and the whole had rapidly passed in dumb show before my eyes like a drama of ghosts.

“So with a mild cigar for my companion, I set out for a solitary stroll round the borders of the lake. An hour afterwards I found Lord Leitrim awaiting my arrival at the hotel, and in a brief space of time we were sitting *tête-à-tête* discussing an excellent dinner, of which the trout from the lake and the grouse from the mountain formed delicious accessories. His lordship ate heartily and drank heavily, and was, for him, in exceptionally good spirits; but not one word passed his lips as to the scene I had so strangely witnessed. He left next morning early for Clifden, and I saw him no more during my visit. A few days afterwards I was enlightened by the waiter, a sleek, smooth-faced fellow, whom I had heard described by his fellow-servants as ‘*a sleveen*.’

“‘Quare goings on, your Excellency,’ he said, as he laid a delicately browned trout before me on the breakfast table. ‘Quare goings on entirely, be all accounts, on the mountain. The other morning, your Excellency will remember, whin his lordship was out on the mountain, didn’t young Mark Joyce think to take his life, the blackguard, and he a tenant of his own? Out he jumps from behind a rock, out forninst him, and catches the gun out of his hand,

His lordship staggered with the surprise, and troth that was the lucky stagger for him, for the whole contents of the gun went clean through the leaf of his hat, and it was the blessing of God it didn't blow the roof of the head off him. The Lord betune us and harm, young Joyce must have thought he was done for out and out, for he cuts away with himself across the mountain, and there wasn't his equal to run, to fight, or, for that matter, work either, in the whole countryside. But his lordship gets up off the ground, I thank you, and walks fair and easy down to the police barrack, and the peelers had me boyo nabbed before he knew where he was at cock-shout in the morning. I heerd tell his colleen took on in a terrible way, shouting and screaming that her boy was wronged and innocent; but her father bid her hould her whist, for his lordship is master over them all, and it would be a poor look-out facing the winter without a roof over their heads. Troth, they say that his lordship has a hankering after the girl this while back, and that's how all the row ruz. But, be that as it may, they took young Joyce before the magistrate, and be all account it's tried by the judge he'll be at the next 'sizes coming on in Galway.'

"This certainly seemed to me a somewhat distorted version of the scene I had witnessed on the mountain, but as the main incident was accurate—a peer had been violently assaulted by a peasant—I didn't feel called upon to interfere, but determined with myself that justice must take its course.

"A few days later," his Excellency continued, "I myself left for Dublin to make arrangements for an approaching levee. On the occasion of my departure I received an enthusiastic ovation from a vast crowd, in which the two waiters and the ostler of the hotel, to whom I gave a sovereign each, were included; and the fact was chronicled in the Dublin papers as 'an additional proof—if proof were wanted—of my benevolence and popularity.' In the self-same papers I found an account of the trial and committal of young Joyce before the magistrates for shooting at Lord Leitrim with murderous intent. His lordship's account was corroborated by his Scotch gamekeeper. There were no witnesses for the defense, and I could not sufficiently admire the discretion of the beautiful peasant girl in

whose interest and presence the assault had been committed, in refraining from obtruding herself.

“But the preparations for the approaching levee and drawing-room soon chased all thoughts of the incident from my memory. The drawing-room was on a scale of unusual magnificence. The *élite* of Dublin society, the most delicate and delicious toadies in the universe, crowded the reception-rooms. I derived special pleasure from the hope of meeting once again my old English friend, the rich, benevolent, and eccentric Dowager Countess of D——, who had written to me a few days previously for permission to present a beautiful young cousin and *protégée*—a permission which, I need hardly say, I most willingly accorded. We had been in Connemara together, but had not met, and her ladyship had only returned to Dublin with her companion a day or two before the drawing-room. The eventful evening came, an evening memorable to me. The reception-room with its rich silk paneling and artistic mouldings, was one great glow of color and of light.

“‘And women beautiful, in rich array,
In mist of muslin and in sheen of silk,
And blazing jewels, filled the spacious hall.’

“For myself, I took my stand, with Garter on knee and Star on breast, on the elevated dais in the throne-room, prepared for the kissing ordeal, which is alternately the privilege and penance of a Viceroy. I was exceptionally fortunate on that occasion. A long train of fresh young beauties filed past me, and I tasted the sweets of pouting lips and blushing cheeks—a privilege that many an ardent young lover would give five of the best years of his life to attain. But good luck won’t last for ever. Suddenly the doors opened on a gaunt and angular spinster of about forty, dressed in the very perfection of bad taste, ‘a discord in mauve and yellow.’ She bore rapidly down upon me with a mincing step and a self-complacent smile of pert inanity. False hair, and powder, and paint proclaimed themselves shamelessly under the merciless brilliancy of the tapers. With a girlish giggle of affected coyness she pressed her wrinkled old lips to mine, and for five

minutes afterwards I felt the distinct taste of carmine on my mouth.

"But oh! what a contrast was she that next glided slowly and gracefully up the brilliant avenue of light. The lissom figure was clad in pure white, and never did the white marble of Greece assume more graceful form. The fair young face, framed in smooth bands of jet black hair, seemed very pale. There was a deep melancholy in the large eyes of darkest blue, and the rich, red, rosebud mouth was depressed at the corners as with sad remembrances. Shall I own it? my heart began to thump and jump strangely as she entered the throne-room. I had that startling sensation that every one has experienced, that the whole scene had occurred in some former life in some other world. I trembled and blushed like a schoolboy in the ecstasy of first love as I pressed her rich ripe lips to mine. She took my kiss with a calm, unconscious indifference that was more chilling than absolute repugnance. The dark blue eyes just flashed one earnest look upon my face as she swept past with easy grace. I have little recollection of anything that occurred afterwards, until I found an opportunity of directing my chamberlain to discover for me the name of the beautiful stranger, and, if possible, secure her attendance at the next Viceregal entertainment. To my delight, he soon returned with the information that she had been presented by my old friend, the Countess of D——, and that her name was Miss Kathleen O'Meara.

"To the next ball they were bidden, and they came. I had no difficulty in obtaining an introduction from the Countess, who seemed strangely amused and pleased at my eagerness.

" 'Let the all-accomplished Lord Carlisle beware,' she said. 'Miss O'Meara is a dangerous young rebel, and will, I fear, be merciless in the hour of victory.'

"But I was not to be warned, and our acquaintance, after a few meetings, ripened into intimacy. There was a strange mystery about the young girl which completed the fascination that her beauty had begun. A quick, lively humor flashed out occasionally through the habitual melancholy of her manner. She had read little, but that little she had read to good purpose. I never knew a truer appreciation than hers of the beauties of literature. I was

conscious of a deeper meaning in the most familiar lines of our greater poets, as they flowed in mellow music from her lips. She sang, too, in a low, rich contralto, disdaining all instrumental accompaniment. It is impossible to describe the unutterable sadness of her rendering of 'Savourneen Dheelish Eileen Oge,' her rich voice sinking to a pitiful moan at the close. Her manner towards myself as our acquaintance progressed was full of a subtle and changing fascination. Now she seemed most anxious to win my affection, watching my face and listening to my words with most flattering attention, eager to anticipate my slightest wishes. Then there would be a short spell of calm, listless indifference, as though her thoughts were far away.

"Now and again, though rarely, a gleam of humor would leap, laughing, into the dark blue eyes in the midst of one of my most elaborate compliments. We met repeatedly. Sometimes in the reception-rooms of the Viceregal Lodge, sometimes, though more rarely, at the Bilton Hotel, where the Countess had taken up her temporary residence. My old friend certainly acted the kindly matron to perfection, and seemed strangely amused to see the semi-Platonic affection I had always expressed for herself gradually merge into a warmer feeling for her young *protégée*. Somehow we lapsed into correspondence, I cannot remember how; Miss O'Meara's letters were of the briefest; but they provoked from me enthusiastic and eloquent rejoinders couched in that exquisite delicacy of style for which, as Mr. Gaskin truly remarks in his justly popular book, to which I have already referred, I was always famous.

"At length my ardor reached a climax, and in one fervent letter, addressed to 'My soul's idol, the most beautiful Miss O'Meara,' I laid my rank and station at her feet and implored her acceptance of my hand.

"Two formal lines informed me that Miss O'Meara would have the pleasure of giving me a personal reply if I honored her by calling next day at 'The Bilton.' It was with feelings of the wildest excitement that I kept this singular appointment. I, the Viceroy of Ireland, the all-admired and all-accomplished Carlisle, sat on the edge of a chair in the private sitting-room of 'The Bilton,' and fidgeted with my hat and cane and gloves like a bashful

schoolboy awaiting the coming of his charmer. My heart gave one great jump and then stood quite still as I heard a light quick step in the passage. The door opened, and, to my utter astonishment, there entered—my young maiden of the mountain!

"Yes, there she was, plaid shawl, red petticoat and all, as I had seen her on the brown mountainside, on that memorable evening in Maam. Yet not for one moment did I doubt that she was Miss Kathleen O'Meara as well. She paused for a moment at the door, then advanced lightly and noiselessly towards me, her white naked feet sinking softly in the thickness of the rich Turkey carpet. The real woman was before me at last, honest, earnest, determined, and ten times more beautiful than I had ever thought her before. In a passion of tears she threw herself at my feet.

" 'O! forgive me, my lord,' she exclaimed; 'forgive a poor girl who has dared to trifle with your greatness; but what will not a true girl do and dare for her lover's sake? He was the truest-hearted and the bravest that ever woman loved, and *he must not* suffer lifelong imprisonment because he dared raise his hand to save the girl who was to be his wife from the insult of a titled villain. They swore foul falsehoods against him, my lord. Three days ago he was sentenced, but you can and will save him.'

"In the utter amazement of the moment I murmured out the stereotyped Viceregal reply to unpopular deputations, 'There is a great deal of force and justice in the arguments you have so ably and eloquently advanced, and I promise the matter shall have the most careful consideration on the earliest opportunity.'

"But she drowned the closing words with another burst of passionate entreaty. 'You can save him, my lord,' she said, 'and you must—ay, *must*, or face the ridicule of the world as the rejected suitor of a peasant schoolmistress.'

"This was a view of the case that had not at first presented itself, but I saw at once the full force of the argument, especially as a gleam of malicious mockery played in the black blue eyes, behind the fast-falling tears, like sunshine through shower. I have always loved to be just and merciful, especially when no other alternative suggested itself, and in five minutes afterwards she obtained

a promise, signed and sealed, of a free pardon for Mark Joyce, and I received in return my own elegant epistles.

"I confess it was with something of a pang I noticed how carelessly the beautiful girl handed back the letters that had placed a Viceregal coronet and my all-accomplished self at her disposal, and with what happy eagerness she thrust in close to her heaving bosom the scrap of paper that promised a pardon to a penniless peasant. A moment more a faint tap was heard at the door, followed by an ostentatious cough, and the Countess came laughing into the room.

" 'I must interrupt the billing and cooing of the young lovers,' she said, mockingly. 'But,' she quickly added, 'I must not be too hard on an old friend. Forgive me, my lord, for having betrayed you into an act of clemency and justice; for having made you the instrument to defeat a cruel profligate, and to secure the happiness of two deserving lovers. From my soul I believe Joyce is as innocent as I am of the crime for which he has been condemned.'

" 'I *know* he is,' I unguardedly exclaimed, and in a moment more those two women had drawn from me a full account of the scene on the mountain, to the intense delight of Kathleen, whose own truth and whose lover's innocence were thus so strangely and completely vindicated to the Countess. I could not, however, but observe that I had myself sunk several degrees in the estimation of both the ladies, for not having previously acted on my personal knowledge of his innocence.

"Their explanation of the trap into which I had tumbled was very brief. Kathleen had seen the Countess at the Maam Hotel. Hearing she was a great English lady and a friend of mine, she told her story with tearful eloquence, and implored her help. The kind heart of the elder lady was deeply moved, and Kathleen's singular beauty and talent suggested the little plot of which I was the victim.

"The rest of the story is soon told. I pardoned Joyce on the ground of insanity, and the pardon was followed shortly after by his complete freedom. The benevolent Countess assisted the grateful couple to a comfortable home in the New World. A few years after she received a check for the full amount of her advances, which she

accepted with reluctance, and a brooch—a shamrock, exquisitely wrought in emeralds, which she loved to display upon her comely bosom.

“Lord Leitrim never forgave me for thus robbing him of the victim of his hate and the victim of his love. At last he had a diabolical revenge when he made the landlord, who was his tenant, shut me out this desolate evening from dinner and bed at Maam, and compelled me to drive, cold and hungry, twelve long Irish miles to Cong.

“But out of evil cometh good, and to Lord Leitrim’s inveterate malignity I am indebted for the pleasantest evening in my life. But for him I would be this moment sitting alone in solemn state at Maam looking out at a wet mountain.”

Subdued applause, mixed with laughter, greeted Lord Carlisle’s story, of which the fine-spun sentences were somewhat lost on the audience, but the humor of the situation was thoroughly appreciated.

DION BOUCICAULT.

(1822—1890.)

DION BOUCICAULT, a prolific and successful dramatist and playwright, as well as a noted actor, was born in Dublin, Dec. 26, 1822. He was brought up under the guardianship of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, and his real name was Dionysius Lardner Boucicault. His famous play of 'London Assurance' was brought out at Covent Garden in March, 1841. An immediate success, it has since remained a stock piece on the stage, and is perhaps the best of all his works.

For the rest of his life Mr. Boucicault was constantly before the public, either as author, actor, or theatrical manager, and frequently in the combined character of the three. He produced upward of fifty pieces. In most of these he was indebted to some other author for his story, but that does not take away from him the merit of having used his materials with great skill. Most of his works are a singular mixture of merits and defects. They display, unquestionably, wit, skill in describing character, and marvelous ingenuity in stage effects. On the other hand, the writer depended for a great part of his success on the aid of the stage carpenter, and his plays, when they come to be read, appear very poor in comparison with the impression they produce on the stage.

Among his chief pieces may be mentioned 'London Assurance,' 'The Colleen Bawn,' 'The Octoroon,' 'Old Heads and Young Hearts,' 'Janet Pride,' 'The Corsican Brothers,' 'Louis XI.,' 'The Shaughraun,' 'The Jilt,' 'The Streets of London,' 'The Flying Scud,' 'After Dark.' He also dramatized Irving's 'Rip Van Winkle,' and Joseph Jefferson enlarged this version for his own use. In 1876 Mr. Boucicault settled in New York, occasionally visiting England, where he brought out several pieces, some of which appeared on the London stage. He died in New York in 1890.

LADY GAY SPANKER.

From 'London Assurance.'

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A morning-room in Oak Hall, French windows opening to the lawn. MAX and SIR HARCOURT seated on one side, DAZZLE on the other; GRACE and YOUNG COURTLY playing chess at back. All dressed for dinner.

Enter LADY GAY, L., fully equipped in riding habit, &c.
Lady Gay. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I



DION BOUCICAULT

From a photograph

In the character of "Daddy O'Dowd" in his play of
that name.

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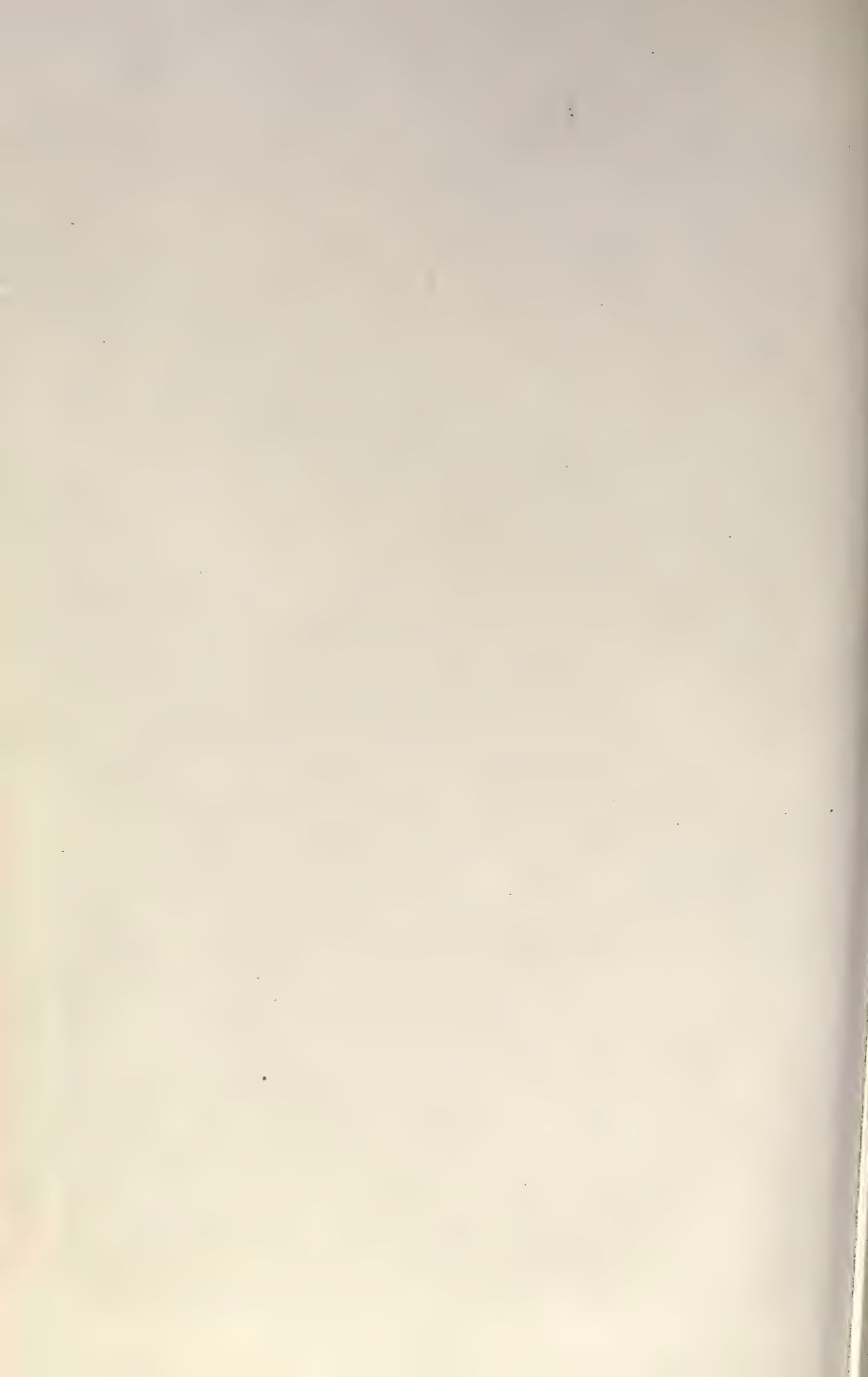
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Lady Gay. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? 1





have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? (*Kisses her.*) There, don't fidget, Max. And there—(*kisses him*) there's one for you.

Sir Harcourt. Ahem!

Lady Gay. Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max. Permit me to introduce—Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) A devilish fine woman!

Dazzle. (*Aside to Sir H.*) She's a devilish fine woman.

Lady Gay. You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

Sir Harcourt. Oh, no! (*Aside.*) I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir Harcourt. Does your Ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! I say, Governor, does my Ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir Harcourt. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once! Only once?

Sir Harcourt. Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir Harcourt. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. (*All laugh.*) His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay. Ha! ha! ha!

Dazzle. How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir Harcourt. Sir, I never looked absurd in my life.

Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir Harcourt. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young Courtly. (*Aside.*) My dad will be caught by this she Bucephalus-tamer.

Max. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone: the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's Colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the Colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away, he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. Do you hunt?

Dazzle. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. (*To Sir Harcourt.*) You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir Harcourt. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir Harcourt. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause:—these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir Harcourt. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep? In fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir Harcourt. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music,—match it where you can.

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Dazzle. (*Aside to Sir Harcourt.*) Ah, would you—

Lady Gay. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing,—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) I wish I were the mouth!

Max. Why, we will regenerate you, Baronet! But Gay, where is your husband?—Where is Adolphus!

Lady Gay. Bless me, where is my Dolly?

Sir Harcourt. You are married, then?

Lady Gay. I have a husband somewhere, though I can't find him just now. Dolly, dear! (*Aside to Max.*) Governor, at home I always whistle when I want him.

Enter SPANKER, L.

Spanker. Here I am,—did you call me, Gay?

Sir Harcourt. (*Eying him.*) Is that your husband?

Lady Gay. (*Aside.*) Yes, bless his stupid face, that's my Dolly.

Max. Permit me to introduce you to Sir Harcourt Courtly.

Spanker. How d' ye do? I—ah!—um!

(*Appears frightened.*)

Lady Gay. Delighted to have the honor of making the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly celebrated in the world of fashion.

Spanker. Oh, yes, delighted, I'm sure—quite—very, so delighted—delighted!

(*Gets quite confused, draws on his glove, and tears it.*)

Lady Gay. Where have you been, Dolly?

Spanker. Oh, ah, I was just outside.

Max. Why did you not come in?

Spanker. I'm sure I didn't—I don't exactly know, but I thought as—perhaps—I can't remember.

Dazzle. Shall we have the pleasure of your company to dinner?

Spanker. I always dine—usually—that is, unless Gay remains—

Lady Gay. Stay to dinner, of course; we came on purpose to stop three or four days with you.

Grace. Will you excuse my absence, Gay?

Max. What! what! Where are you going? What takes you away!

Grace. We must postpone the dinner till Gay is dressed.

Max. Oh, never mind—stay where you are.

Grace. No, I must go.

Max. I say you sha'n't! I will be king in my own house.

Grace. Do, my dear uncle;—you shall be king, and I'll be your prime minister,—that is, I'll rule, and you shall have the honor of taking the consequences. (*Exit, L.*)

Lady Gay. Well said, Grace; have your own way; it is the only thing we women ought to be allowed.

Max. Come, Gay, dress for dinner.

Sir Harcourt. Permit me, Lady Gay Spanker.

Lady Gay. With pleasure,—what do you want?

Sir Harcourt. To escort you.

Lady Gay. Oh, never mind, I can escort myself, thank you, and Dolly too;—come, dear! (*Exit, R.*)

SONG.

[The following is supposed to be sung by a young woman, an exile, whose baby had died in her old home.]

I'm very happy where I am,
Far across the say—
I'm very happy far from home,
In North Amerikay.

It's lonely in the night when Pat
Is sleeping by my side.
I lie awake, and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried.

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear it spake—
Oh! nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall;
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all;

It rises like my heart just now,
It makes a dawny hill;
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

Oh! little Voice, ye call me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear ye spake—
Oh! nobody but me.

THOMAS BOYD.

(1867 —)

THOMAS BOYD was born about 1867 in County Louth. He is a poet of much power and promise, as well as an active journalist. His poem 'To the Leanán Sidhe' is eminently Celtic in character. He has been an occasional contributor to *United Ireland* and other papers.

TO THE LEANÁN SIDHE.¹

Where is thy lovely perilous abode?
In what strange phantom-land
Glimmer the fairy turrets whereto rode
The ill-starred poet band?

Say, in the Isle of Youth hast thou thy home,
The sweetest singer there,
Stealing on wingèd steed across the foam
Through the moonlit air?

Or, where the mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine,
And sunbeams strike thro' shadow, dost thou breathe
The word that makes him thine?

Or by the gloomy peaks of Erigal,
Haunted by storm and cloud,
Wing past, and to thy lover there let fall
His singing-robe and shroud?

Or is thy palace entered thro' some cliff
When radiant tides are full,
And round thy lover's wandering, starlit skiff,
Coil in luxurious lull?

And would he, entering on the brimming flood,
See caverns vast in height,
And diamond columns, crowned with leaf and bud,
Glow in long lanes of light,

And there, the pearl of that great glittering shell
Trembling, behold thee lone,
Now weaving in slow dance an awful spell,
Now still upon thy throne?

*Leanán Sidhe (Lenawn Shee), 'The Fairy Bride.'*²

Thy beauty! ah, the eyes that pierce him thro'
Then melt as in a dream;
The voice that sings the mysteries of the blue
And all that Be and Seem!

Thy lovely motions answering to the rhyme
That ancient Nature sings,
That keeps the stars in cadence for all time,
And echoes thro' all things!

Whether he sees thee thus, or in his dreams,
Thy light makes all lights dim;
An aching solitude from henceforth seems
The world of men to him.

Thy luring song, above the sensuous roar,
He follows with delight,
Shutting behind him Life's last gloomy door,
And fares into the Night.

JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK.

(1707—1762.)

JOHN BOYLE, Earl of Cork and Orrery, was the only son of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and was born Jan 2, 1707. At the age of twenty-one he married Lady Harriet Hamilton, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney.

In 1732 Boyle took his seat in the House of Peers, where he distinguished himself by his opposition to Walpole.

In 1738 he went to live in a house in Duke Street, Westminster, and in June of the same year he married Margaret Hamilton, an Irish lady, "in whom the loss of his former countess was repaired." In 1739 he produced his edition of Roger Boyle's dramatic works in two volumes, 8vo, and in 1742 his 'State Letters.' In 1746 he went to reside with his father-in-law at Caledon in Ireland, and there passed four happy years. In 1751 appeared his translation of Pliny's 'Letters,' with observations on each Letter and an essay on Pliny's life. This ran through several editions in a few years. Its success, no doubt, caused him to hurry the preparation of his 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift,' which was also very successful, though not his best work from a literary point of view. In December, 1753, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Cork.

In addition to the works already mentioned Boyle wrote 'Letters from Italy,' which were published in 1774, and 'Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth,' 1759. He also contributed several papers to *The World* and *The Connoisseur*. His translation of Pliny is not without merit, and his history of Tuscany, had he lived to finish it as begun, would have given him legitimate claim to a fair position among successful historians. His contributions to *The World* and *The Connoisseur* are read by those who still cling to that class of literature, and some of them are not without humor of a kind which no doubt was approved of in their time.

SWIFT AS A PAMPHLETEER.

From 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift.'

In the year 1720, he began to reassume, in some degree, the character of a political writer. A small pamphlet in defense of the Irish manufacturers, was, I believe, his first essay (in Ireland) in that kind of writing: and it was to that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favor. His sayings of wit and humor had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-en-

gaged all readers in his favor. They were adapted to the understanding; and pleased the imagination of the vulgar: and he was now looked upon in a new light, and distinguished by the title of "The Dean."

The flux and reflux of popular love and hatred was equally violent. They are often owing to the accidents, but sometimes to the return of reason, which, unassisted by education, may not be able to guide the lower class of people into the right track at the beginning, but will be sufficient to keep them in it, when experience has pointed out the road. The pamphlet, proposing the universal use of Irish manufactures within the kingdom, had captivated all hearts. Some little pieces of poetry to the same purpose were no less acceptable and engaging. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true interest of Ireland was no longer doubted. His patriotism was as manifest as his wit. He was looked upon with pleasure and respect, as he passed through the streets: and he had attained so high a degree of popularity, as to become the arbitrator in the disputes of property among his neighbors: nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or to murmur at his decrees.

But the popular affection, which the Dean had hitherto acquired, may be said not to have been universal, till the publication of the 'Drapier's Letters,' which made all ranks and all professions unanimous in his applause. The occasion of those letters was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and to so great a degree that for some time past the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of supposititious value. Such a method was very disadvantageous to the lower parts of traffic, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the state. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to William Wood, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in England for the use of Ireland, to the value of a certain sum specified. These halfpence and farthings were to be received by those persons who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought to be of such dangerous consequence to the public, and of such exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the Dean, under the character of M. B. Drapier, wrote a letter to the

people, warning them not to accept Wood's halfpence and farthings as current coin. This first letter was succeeded by several others to the same purpose, all which are inserted in his works.

At the sound of the Drapier's trumpet, a spirit arose among the people, that, in the Eastern phrase, was like unto a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person of rank, party, and denomination, was convinced that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The Papist, the Fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banner of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause. Much heat, and many fiery speeches against the administration, were the consequence of this union: nor had the flames been allayed, notwithstanding threats and proclamations, had not the coin been totally suppressed, and had not Wood withdrawn his patent.

This is the most succinct account that can be given of an affair which alarmed the whole Irish nation to a degree that in a less loyal kingdom must have fomented a rebellion: but the steadfast loyalty of the Irish and their true devotion to the present royal family is immoveable: and, although this unfortunate nation may not hitherto have found many distinguishing marks of favor and indulgence from the throne, yet it is to be hoped in time they may meet with their reward.

The name of Augustus was not bestowed upon Octavius Cæsar with more universal approbation, than the name of The Drapier was bestowed upon The Dean. He had no sooner assumed his new cognomen, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health, or, in plain English, bumpers, were poured forth to the Drapier as large and as frequent, as to the glorious and immortal memory of King William the Third. His effigies were painted in every street in Dublin. Acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps wherever he passed. He was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular: but he was more immediately looked upon as the legislator of the Weavers, who frequently came in a body, consisting of fifty or sixty

chieftains of their trade, to receive his advice, in settling the rates of their manufactures and the wages of their journeymen. He received their addresses with less majesty than sternness; and ranging his subjects in a circle round his parlor, spoke as copiously and with as little difficulty and hesitation, to the several points in which they supplicated his assistance, as if trade had been the only study and employment of his life. When elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they had consulted his sentiments and inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal cheerfulness and submission. In this state of power, and popular love and admiration, he remained till he lost his senses: a loss which he seemed to foresee, and prophetically lamented to many of his friends.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

(1853 —)

WILLIAM BOYLE, one of the brightest and raciest of modern Irish authors, was born in 1853 at Dromiskin, County Louth. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, and entered the Inland Revenue branch of the Civil Service soon after 1870. He has been brought much into contact with the peasantry of his own country, and that he knows them in many aspects the 'Kish of Brogues' abundantly testifies. He has written stories and verses for the magazines and newspapers.

THE COW CHARMER.

From 'A Kish of Brogues.'

"Och! she's bravely, Mickel—bravely, if the Lord spares her," Larry Hanlon answered to his friend, Michael Duffy, as the latter volunteered assistance to drive the new purchase up the lane home from the fair of Crossmaglen.

"Troth, she is!—a fine figure of a cow all out; an' as you say, sure, if she's lucky, Larry, it's everythin'."

"That's it, avick!" Larry continued, in the mildly deprecatory tone of a man who considered he had got a safe bargain. "She'll give us a dhrop o' milk, plaze God, till our own comes roun', an' thin, maybe, we could put a bit o' beef on her bones and send her across to England."

"She's a mountainy," Michael critically observed, turning his head on one side the better to observe the animal. "She'll be hard to fatten."

"Well, she is—she is," Larry acquiesced slowly; "but she's big, Mickel."

This assertion Michael saw no reason to dispute, and—to change the subject from the personal characteristics of the cow, which he rather feared to discuss in the presence of Mrs. Hanlon, the purchaser's wife, who was approaching them from her own door—he asked his friend where he meant to put the animal.

"By gob! I never thought where I'd put her at all, at all. There's not a taste o' room in the cowshed wid the rest o' the cattle, an' I can't keep her out these frosty nights

that 's comin' on. But here 's Biddy, an' I 'll back her for some scheme or another."

Biddy was Larry's better half; indeed, she might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called his three-quarters. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, of a remarkably yellow complexion, and addicted to much declamation. Still, as her husband used to say—and who had a better right to know?—her bark was worse than her bite. This was fortunate, for her bark was very bad indeed. She had, however, one chink in her armor—an aversion to going to either fair or market; and Hanlon took advantage of this little weakness to hold his own pretty well on the question of sales and purchases. I dare say the Duke of Wellington had some particle of cowardice somewhere in him, which some of his subordinates discovered to their own advantage. Larry's wife was the iron warrior of her domestic circle.

Still, Mrs. Hanlon reserved to herself the right of criticising any purchased article or animal, although she rarely cavilled at the price. It was, therefore, not without a little trepidation that Larry waited for his wife's opinion on the cow. His friend stood by in silence. Michael was a very good man, but he was one of that numerous class—to which the present writer confesses he himself belongs—who are bravest at a reasonable distance from the scene of action. Michael praised the cow immoderately coming up the lane, but he was no such fool as to unmask his forces to the sweeping artillery of Mrs. Biddy, till he knew in what direction these same guns were pointed.

"She's a good figure of a cow," Mrs. Hanlon murmured, walking all round the animal; "an' quiet, too," she added, scratching her between the horns.

"Wasn't thim my very words?" Michael gleefully appealed to Hanlon. "'That's just Biddy's cut of a cow,' says I—'a fine figure, wid plenty o' bone an' horn, an' no nonsense about her.' Didn't I?"

"'Deed ye did that," Larry responded. "But where 'll we put her, Biddy?" he went on. "The other cattle id make sthrange wid her, even if there was room among thim."

"Agh!" Biddy answered in disgust, throwing out one

arm like a railway signal. "Min have no more heads on thim nor a bunch o' sally wattles! Come along! We'll put her in the castle, to be sure."

"The Lord betune us an' harm, Biddy, no!" Larry exclaimed, in utter astonishment, forgetting that his wife's decrees were more immutable than the proverbial legislation of the Medes and the Persians.

"Why not?" Biddy demanded, stopping short; and the cow—which seemed to have taken naturally to her mistress from a general sense of boniness—or, as Michael Duffy called it, "figures," common between them—stopped also. "I axed ye, Larry Hanlon, why not?"

Larry, whose mental barometer always ran down to "stormy" when his wife called him by his full name, stammered out:

"Why—I thought—maybe—Biddy, dear—that it widn't be just right. Maybe the 'good people'—God save us—widn't like it. Sure, ye know the castle's on their walk, an' that they built it thimselves, all in one night, an' we never put any livin' thing into it afore, barrin' turf."

In truth, this was an objection so serious that had it only first entered into Biddy's own mind she would no more have thought of putting the cow into the castle than she would of putting her in her own "bedroom parlor." But the good woman was committed to the measure, and, right or wrong, she had a soul beyond surrender. She was also skillful in defense.

"An' that's all my thanks!" she grumbled, in a strangely mingled tone of pathos and complaint; "afther me turnin' every sod of turf out of id wid my own two blessed hands, like a black slave"—she should have said a yellow one—"you come home an' tell me when you're full of whisky"—he was quite sober—"about fairies, and castles, an' the Lord knows what, as if"—and here she gathered strength to crush him—"as if I didn't know myself ten times more about sich things than you or one belongin' to you, an' the charm in my own family, that my cousin, Jemmy Mulroy, promises to lave me on his dyin' day, glory be to God!"

The good lady walked off, leaving her husband utterly routed—the cow, with that unfailing instinct which tells the lower animals their real master, following behind her.

Castleshanaghas, or, as it was more popularly called, Fairy Castle, was a small ivy-covered ruin, standing on the verge of Hanlon's farmyard. Two of its sides had disappeared half-way down, but at the angle of the remaining sides there stood a substantial round turret of considerable height, with a circular apartment, of about ten feet in diameter, at the top, to be reached by a stone staircase winding in the interior from the base. The first floor, which was the only one remaining, was composed of a solid arch of masonry, so that the basement, in which Mrs. Hanlon had decided to locate the new cow, and from which the staircase wound, was an arched compartment of the entire length and breadth of the tower.

The ruin, largely overrun by ivy, in which countless sparrows had taken up their abode, might have been picturesque but for the somewhat shabby farmyard surroundings with which Time, that old satirist, had mocked it. Learned antiquarians who had seen it said that the men who had built it had copied from the Spaniards. This decision seemed profane and wicked to the local faith, which held that the structure was erected in a single night by fairies wherein to celebrate the nuptial festivities of their youthful king and queen.

The antiquarian idea was therefore rejected by the neighborhood with all the scorn which such an unromantic story of the castle's origin deserved. "As if a pair o' bald-headed ould blades, wid their books an' maps an' goggles, could tell more about it in a quarther of an hour nor dacent, sinsible Christians, wid charms in their families, who wor lookin' at it all their lives, an' could see the very road the fairies thraveled every blessed day they riz!" By which description there is ample reason to suppose that Mrs. Hanlon meant herself.

It was not without grave misgivings that she led the way to the fairy castle. But what would you have a woman do? Her character for consistency—or, what was much the same, for obstinacy—was at stake; and, as she flung out all the turf in the touching manner she had described, in order to make room for the cow, in the cow should go. Besides, the desecration of the fairy boudoir, if there were a desecration in the transaction, was clearly at her husband's door, not at hers, for he was the first to drag fairies

into the matter. Clearly Mrs. Hanlon was in the right anyhow.

Into the castle, therefore, the cow was inducted. She was littered, fed, watered, and milked—and a good yield of milk she gave, too, it was remarked. Then some hay was left her for consumption during the night, and, to make all safe, a chain and padlock was fastened on the outside of the door—the only modern portion of the structure—and carefully locked by Biddy's own hand.

Mrs. Hanlon was not a person disposed to let her bone go with the dog, or her cow with the fairies, without a struggle; so, after she had put all the children to bed, and before she herself retired, she stole out and listened cautiously at the castle door. The cow was all right, and could be distinctly heard grinding away at her hay. The good woman made a sacred sign at the door and withdrew.

But the new inhabitant, being a cow of a capacious stomach—several capacious stomachs, I believe I should say—and of an energetic turn of mind on the question of supplies, no sooner had she devoured all the hay which had been set before her than she began to explore the premises for more. With this laudable intention she traversed round and round her domain, and when she stopped, rather disgusted with her fruitless efforts, she found her nose at the bottom of the spiral staircase, up which she scented the fresh night air. She had been bred upon the mountains, and was accustomed from her infancy to poke her nose and force her body into all sorts of rocky nooks and crevices in search of food.

There was no telling what undiscovered treasure lay above these steps. What loads of hay, what acres of scented meadow, what pits of succulent and luscious turnips might not lie beyond her and above her! One trifling effort and the blissful Eldorado she had often dimly dreamt of on her sunny mountainsides in happy calfhood might be her own. Talk not of Jack and his Beanstalk as peculiar only to the human tribe. Nature prompting for supplies is the real parent of romance. The cow began to ascend. No doubt, when she got some way up, "hopes and fears that kindle hope" must have crossed and re-crossed the tablets of her brain. But there was no retreat.

She could not descend backwards, and she could not turn around. There was clearly nothing for it but to push on.

The time and toil it must have cost this Christopher Columbus of the cowshed to reach the New World she was searching for, human ingenuity can never reckon. The Turret Chamber, somehow, and in some time before morning, she, however, reached, where, probably exhausted with her ascent, she lay down to rest. The descent the poor beast was never destined to accomplish.

Mrs. Hanlon, who was about betimes in the morning, hastened to inspect the new purchase. She unlocked the castle door and walked in, at first step incredulous of the evidence of her eyesight, and then in blank amazement. She rushed back wildly to the dwelling-house, and, in an agitated voice, accosted her husband, who was dressing:

"Come out o' that, I say! But it's you that's long in decoratin' yourself! An' sure, the bed might be stole from anondher us afore you'd miss it if ye hadn't me to look afther ye. Here's a nice affair! The new cow stole out o' the stable from us, an' you takin' it as quiet as if nothin' happened. D'ye hear me, I say? The new cow's stole out o' the stable!"

"Is id out o' the castle, Biddy?" Larry inquired from the bedroom.

"Ay, out o' the castle, if ye like that betther, though it's all the one to me it seems whin she is gone, castle or no castle," Biddy retorted.

"Are ye sure ye looked all roun' inside, Biddy?" the husband interrogated, still unseen.

"Sure? Musha, that's a nice thing to ax me, as if I was an omadhaun,¹ instead o' yer own born wife on the flure wid ye. I tell ye she's not in id. I took the key an' opened the door myself."

"An' did they break the lock, or dhraw the staple, or what?" Larry inquired, making his appearance with only one stocking on.

"The not a break or breck was on it," Biddy answered, as though the question was irrelevant. "What wid it be bruck for? Wasn't it myself that locked it last night, an' myself that opened it this morning? But the divil resave the cow (God pardon me!) was inside!"

¹ *Omadhaun*, a fool.

"Aw! Biddy, jewel, it's not good she was!" Hanlon cried, staggered at the suspicion which began to cross him.

"Sure we hadn't time to tell whether she was good, bad, or middlin'," Mrs. Hanlon answered, purposely misunderstanding him; "an' if she was the worst cow that ever gev the makin's of a churnin', you 're not goin' to let her wid the robbers that way—the vagabones!"

"Biddy, Biddy, mind what y' are sayin'!" Larry murmured mysteriously. "She wasn't good to meddle wid, I mane; an' it's the fairies has her this minute, or I'm much mistaken. Don't you say the door was locked, a-hagur?"

The impossibility of abstracting the cow through the keyhole now presented itself to the excited housewife for the first time, and as locks were regarded with unbounded confidence in that primitive region—the idea of a duplicate key never once entered the imagination of the worthy couple.

Here was a new and far more serious view of things. Had she, the prudent, pious Mrs. Hanlon, who had a charm in her own family, been guilty of the iniquity of advising—nay, commanding—that an insult should be offered to the most vindictive portion of the invisible creation? For several moments she was stricken dumb. But Biddy Hanlon was not the woman to remain long undecided.

"Look about ye, Larry," she said, still taking the initiative; "maybe they left her down at O'Flynn's fort, the way they did Jenny Gallagher's baby, the great God presarve us!" and the good dame reverently raised her hands and eyes and performed a devout curtsy.

"Oh! throth I'll look all round the whole place afore I rise any rout at all about her," Larry remarked, with a slight savor of the matter-of-fact about him. "Maybe she got out some way."

They searched the farmyard and buildings, up and down and in and out; they searched the fields, the fairy fort, highways and byways all the country around, and all without success, because they never thought of searching at the top of the castle.

Then they sent for Jemmy Mulroy, the cow-charmer.

Jemmy could charm back the milk to a cow that had lost it. Where was the wonder, then, if he could charm back a cow to her byre? And if he sometimes failed to restore

the missing commodity to its rightful owner, he never failed to tell him who it was that had it, which was the next best thing and a comfort in itself, as the crime was certain to be laid upon the shoulders of some one with whom the loser was only on indifferent terms. So that if Jemmy could not quite recover the cow for his cousins, there was no doubt, judging by analogy, that he could tell them where on earth she was gone to. As each successive natural effort to trace the missing animal began and ended in failure, the Hanlons' faith in the strength of Jemmy's magic increased.

The first and most essential requisite for a successful issue of the necromancer's undertaking was a bottle of whisky. Precluded by the stern discipline of his avocation from demanding it, the operator usually resorted to the diplomatic intervention of a pocket corkscrew, which he produced in the presence of the uninitiated employer of his potent charms with the suggestive side observation: "You'll be wanted bineby whin the bottle comes." This never failed to illuminate the dullest intellect, and was, besides, productive of a vague feeling of the presence of mysterious and unlimited mechanical appliances, such articles of personal adornment as corkscrews being rarely seen in those days.

Jemmy soon responded to the summons. He was a little, round-shouldered, old man, dressed in corduroy breeches, blue stockings, and faded red waistcoat, and a light-gray frieze coat of the swallow-tail denomination. His hat was just beginning to show signs of settling down in life, and, to finish all, he carried one of the crookedest walking-sticks that ever made a tortuous passage from a man's hand to the earth.

On the present occasion Jemmy's corkscrew, having only the ordinary duties of its kind to accomplish, was closed with great solemnity and restored to its resting-place. Jemmy then filled a glass of whisky for himself, and drank it off without further ceremony. After this he filled and handed a glass each to Larry and his wife, ungallantly leaving the lady for last. Then he lightly put back the cork, and placed the bottle on the hob beside the fire for his own exclusive sustainment during the performance of his mystic operations.

Although Mrs. Hanlon was not sufficiently inured to ardent spirits to dispose of her portion without the invocation of a few tears, she struggled bravely with the task, lest any womanly reluctance on her part to comply with her cousin's ritual might hinder the efficacy of his charms. After this preliminary it was necessary to visit the scene of the abduction, where Jemmy wisely shook his head and held his tongue. On returning to the kitchen he ordered three bottles to be filled with salt and water, and ranged beside the other bottle already on the hob. The children were turned out of the house, and Biddy and Larry also withdrew, leaving the charmer alone.

In about half an hour the good housewife, whose impatient curiosity had grown the better of her superstition, stole softly back, and peeped through the kitchen window. She could just see the skirts of Jemmy's coat round the edge of a short wall which screened the fireplace from the open door. He was holding a low conversation with the bottles, and she withdrew in awe. But the window had a marvelous attraction. Surely there could be no great harm in a respectful peep by one who might herself some day be initiated into the complete performance. Mrs. Hanlon again reached the window. This time Jemmy spoke an intelligible tongue. His words were addressed to the house dog, which had remained indoors, and gave him some annoyance by crawling underneath his legs, and to the cat, whose luxurious instincts lured her to the pillowing roundness of the necromancer's shoulders, where pussy had established herself with such a general sense of comfort that she could only adequately express her feelings by softly bursting into song. Mrs. Hanlon, whose commendable desire to behold as much as possible had impelled her to squeeze her countenance into one corner of the window, saw, and amazement filled her. Still, she failed to discover any connection between this animal intrusiveness and the words which followed:

"Yez are over me an' yez are ondher me an' yez are all roun' me!" Jemmy helplessly exclaimed. "But sorra bit I'd mind yez, only I can't stand flays!"

Mrs. Hanlon's nose was becoming flat and bloodless, and her breath had dimmed the glass out of all transparency, but if Peeping Tom himself, and the whole half-dozen

wives of Blue Beard were tugging with a warning at her elbow, the good lady would not have found it in her to desert her post of observation.

"He is fightin' thim! He is fightin' thim!" she thought. "Law! how I'd like to see thim!"

At that moment the cow upon the top of the castle lifted up her voice and bawled.

"By the powers o' war!" she exclaimed, "they're in the air over us, an' the cow in the middle o' thim! No wondher Jemmy said they wor over him an' ondher him an' all round him!"

"Moo-oo-oo!" bellowed the cow, hungry, upon her lofty eminence.

"Where, in the name o' gracious, is she? Is it up the chimbley, Biddy, dear?" Larry asked, rushing up with the children all after him.

"Whist, I tell ye!" Biddy answered. "She's among the fairies, an' Jemmy's on their thrack, *magha bragh!*"¹

"The Lord presarve us all this blessed day!" Larry devoutly ejaculated. "Jemmy is the hayro o' the world!"

Again the cow's plaintive low burst above them, and one of the quick-eyed urchins discerned *drimmin's*² face and horns protruding through the turret battlements.

"Look, Daddy, look!" the child cried; "she's above on the top o' the castle!"

"Musha, more power to yer elbow, Jemmy, jewel! but it's yerself that done it about right this time, anyway!" Larry roared out, losing all self-control as he danced about in delight and wonder on beholding his lost animal's ruby visage high up among the ivy.

"What's this noise for?" Jemmy Mulroy asked indignantly, coming to the door.

"The cow! the cow! ye brought her back to us!" Larry made answer. "She's down as far as the top o' the castle! Give thim *launah wallah*,³ my *bouchal*,⁴ now you're at it, an' ye'll have her on the ground in less than no time!"

Jemmy, whose belief in his own success in the present instance was of the vaguest, and whose sight did not en-

¹ *Magha bragh*, out they went.

² *Drimmin*, cow.

³ *Launah wallah*, the full of it.

⁴ *Bouchal*, boy.

able him to perceive the visible portion of the beast upon the turret, said, with an eye to ultimate failure:

"Yiz spoilt the charm on me! I just had her by the horn the very time yiz bawled out an' stopped me."

Mrs. Hanlon, who had remained silent since she left the window, wrapped in admiration as she was, here turned a look upon her husband which had made him wish not that he had not been born, but that he had been born dumb.

"No, Jemmy, no!" he answered eagerly. "Sure ye have her anyway; and if ye can't finish the job all out, maybe we can manage to get her down ourselves."

"Let me see the crather anyway," Jemmy said, curious to solve the riddle of the cow's peculiar eminence.

Together they all entered the enchanted castle and ascended to the turret-chamber. On the steps unmistakable traces of the cow's progress that way remained visible to all. Not, however, to Mrs. Hanlon.

"Begorra! it's climbed up the steps she did!" Larry exclaimed, brightening.

His wife again turned upon him the look already mentioned, and the little flickering light upon his countenance was made ghastly in its glare.

"If she got up thim steps be herself, Larry Hanlon, why doesn't she get down thim be herself?"

To this poser Larry helplessly replied that maybe she wasn't able.

"Thin, thank God, good man, that ye have thim belonging to your wife that's able," she retorted.

Jemmy wisely held his peace. Such materialistic suggestions were beneath his notice. Silently he ascended to the cow's apartment, silently he looked all round it, and silently he descended to the earth—Mrs. Hanlon and her husband respectfully following his footsteps. Thus they returned to the dwelling-house, where the charmer took up his whisky-bottle, filled for himself, and partook thereof. Then he took the three other bottles containing the salt and water severally, laid them on the kitchen table, and broke silence.

"To-night," he said, "when the clock strikes twelve, tie a knot on the cow's tail and give her one of these. The second one ye'll have to give her when the cock crows once in the mornin', and the third ye must take and bury in the

garden to-morrow. On the third day from now, if yez haven't got her on the groun', yez may make up yer minds to fatten her where she is, for if the fairies milks her three times more she'll never ate green grass on this earth. What's done can't be ondone, an' I won't blame any one; but if yez hadn't inthrupted me at the minute yez did, it's not where she is the cow id be now."

With which grave reproof of curiosity and levity Jemmy sorowfully filled out the last drop of whisky in the bottle, drank it, took the fee which Mrs. Hanlon had silently laid upon the table, and departed.

The charmer's instructions were carefully complied with as far as was possible, Larry and his friend Duffy braving all the fairy terrors of the castle and remaining up all night for the purpose. Just on the stroke of twelve, the knot was gravely tied upon the cow's tail, and the first bottle poured down her throat, not without protest on behalf of the recipient. Anxiously, with strained ears and backs creeping with affright, the two friends waited for the cock-crow. The caution Biddy gave them not to sleep was superfluous. Their nerves were too much tried for slumber. Once or twice Larry started up, thinking he had heard the signal he was waiting for. It was only a trick of his imagination. Then he would sit down again and listen to the blood coursing through his ears—which he doubted not was the echo of the fairies' feet—and to the cow contentedly grinding her hay. Duffy seemed less communicative than the cow.

At last, clear, long, and shrill, "the harbinger of early morn" gave them warning. The two men started to their feet, Larry holding the bottle in his hand. But before they had time to lay a hand upon the patient's or rather victim's horn, the cock crew a second time, and to this they attributed the subsequent failure. Down the cow's throat, however, the fluid was destined to go, the friends cunningly pledging themselves to keep the mishap from Mrs. Hanlon, which they did for three months at least. They felt that having a second time missed success by a hair's-breadth, even Jemmy Mulroy was now powerless to charm the cow to earth, "charmed he never so wisely." So they took his hint and fattened her where she was.

It was a tragic termination to an aspiring and eventful

career. A temporary roof of sticks and straw was laid across the turret battlement. A temporary manger was erected underneath. Then up the weary steps went day by day supplies of hay, and straw, and oilcake, and cabbage, and turnips, and water, and bucketfuls of white mealy drink, hot and steaming, of all which the unsuspecting prisoner freely, and even ravenously partook, and from which she apparently derived large internal comfort. But her high mountain birth and breeding precluded her from much obesity, and it was supposed that the fairies must continue milking her; for, though she devoured twice the quantity of food of any stalled ox in the barony, the resultant accumulation of beef was no more than half. Michael Duffy said it was the keen air so far up that did it. One day the usual supply of edibles did not go up the winding staircase. The butcher man went instead, followed by an attendant, bearing the peculiar arms of his craft.

I will draw a veil over what ensued.

Whether it is that fairy money, or money derived from sources over which fairies may have had control, has a way of multiplying of its own, Jemmy Mulroy could no doubt tell, but I cannot. Anyhow, it was lucky money that Larry received from the butcher for this cow. Not liking to buy anything with it, lest there might be further trouble, Larry put the price of the cow in bank. It was the first money he had ever put away in such a manner, but once the custom was begun he rapidly developed a taste for calling at the bank, till at last he became a well-known figure at its broad counter on a fair or market day.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon are now people of importance. They ride their own jaunting-car, and have a son a student in Maynooth. But with all Biddy's worldly success, she suffered a keen disappointment when, after the death of Jemmy Mulroy, she discovered that he had left his charm to a more distant relative, who happened to possess the advantage of knowing Irish, in which language alone it could be transmitted. Nevertheless, her pride is consoled by proclaiming, whenever an opportunity arises, that there is still a charm in her family, and the young fellows round about, when they look into her daughter's bright eyes, and remember the fortune waiting for her in the bank, never think for a moment of disputing the assertion.

PHILANDERING.

Maureen, *acushla*, ah! why such a frown on you!

Sure, 't is your own purty smiles should be there,
Under those ringlets that make such a crown on you,
As the sweet angels themselves seem to wear,
When from the picthers in church they look down on you,
Kneeling in prayer.

Troth, no, you needn't, there isn't a drop on me,
Barrin' one half-one to keep out the cowl'd;
And, Maureen, if you 'll throw a smile on the top o' me,
Half-one was never so sweet, I 'll make bowld.
But, if you like, dear, at once put a stop on me
Life with a scowl'd.

Red-haired Kate Ryan?—Don't mention her name to me!
I've a taste, Maureen darlin', whatever I do.
But I kissed her?—Ah, now, would you even that same to
me?—

Ye saw me! Well, well, if ye did, sure it's true,
But I don't want herself or her cows, and small blame to me
When I know you.

There now, *aroon*, put an ind to this strife o' me
Poor frightened heart, my own Maureen, my duck;
Troth, till the day comes when you 'll be made wife o' me,
Night, noon, and mornin', my heart 'll be bruck.
Kiss me, *acushla*! My darlin'! The life o' me!
One more for luck!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

(1828—1857.)

JOSEPH BRENNAN was born in Cork, Nov. 17, 1828. He became a journalist in 1847, and about the same time married a sister of John Savage. "Brennan," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "was one of the most powerful and eloquent of the younger writers in 1848." He contributed poems to *The Nation* and to *The Irishman*, of which latter he became editor.

He was supposed to have been concerned in an attack on the Cappoquin police barracks and in 1849 he fled to this country. In 1853 he partly lost his sight, and before he died was quite blind. He became editor of *The New Orleans Times* soon after he had settled in that city, and died there in 1857.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom—
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple—
O thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love,
Our hearts always answer in tune and in time, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words that I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to the arms that alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

CHARLOTTE BRÖÖKE.

(1740—1793.)

CHARLOTTE BROOKE, the author of 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' was one of the twenty-two children of Henry Brooke, the author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' all of whom she survived. She was born in 1740, and was fond of books from a very early age. In the atmosphere of a home such as hers, there was ample opportunity of gratifying her taste for antiquarian lore, and often, while the rest of the family were in bed, she would steal downstairs to the study, there to lose herself in her beloved books.

She was led to the study of the Irish language, and in less than two years she found herself mistress of it. From reading Irish poetry and admiring its beauties, she proceeded to translate it into English, one of her earliest efforts being a song and monody by Carolan, which appeared in Walker's 'Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards.'

Encouraged by the admiration they called forth, and by the advice of friends, she set herself to collect and translate such works of Irish poets as she could procure and were found worthy of appearing in an English dress. Her 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' which appeared in 1788, was the result. This work has had an important influence on the study of the then almost forgotten poets who had written in the Irish language.

Miss Brooke's other works were: 'Dialogue between a Lady and her Pupils'; 'The School for Christians,' 'Natural History, etc.,' 'Emma, or the Foundling of the Wood,' a novel, and 'Belisarius,' a tragedy.

Unfortunately, Charlotte Brooke was influenced by the taste of the time; she translated the vigorous and natural Irish idiom into formally elegant phraseology and gave it the form of classical odes, with strophe and antistrophe, and artificialities of that kind. She had, however, a fine spirit of appreciation, and brought to her work not only her own personal enthusiasm, but the knowledge and learning which she had gained from her father (*q.v.*).

ODE ON HIS SHIP.

From the Irish of Maurice Fitzgerald.

Bless my good ship, protecting power of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destined coast,
Breathe, benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
Spread their angelic shields!

Before us the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

Oh calm the voice of winter's storm!
Rule the wrath of angry seas!
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
Oh check the biting wind of spring,
And, from before our course,
Arrest the fury of its wing,
And terrors of its force!
So may we safely pass the dangerous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats
Of Teamor's ancient fame!
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
Adieu, ye sweet retreats,
Where the famed hunters of your ancient vale,
Who swelled the high heroic tale,
Were wont of old to dwell!
And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now, my ship!—hoist now thy sails
To catch the favoring gales.
Oh Heaven! before thy awful throne I bend!
Oh let thy power thy servant now protect!
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
Our course through every peril to direct;
To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain,
Oh may thy power their wrath assuage!
May smiling suns and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave.
Majestic in its might,
Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
Erects its stately height!
From her strong bottom, tall in air
Her branching masts aspiring rise:
Aloft their cords and curling heads they bear,
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of flight
She goes—she cleaves the storm!

Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails, exulting in her might;
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean, to the destined shore
Her course triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dangerous path she dares explore;
Wrecks, storms, and calms alike she braves,
And gains with scarce a breeze the wished-for shore.
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on she bounds, in conscious might,
To meet the promised fight!
While, distant far,
The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
And view her course with emulous amaze,
As, like some champion's son of fame,
She rushes to the shock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impelled by rage, and fired with glory's flame!

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight
Her monstrous bulk appears,
While o'er the seas her towering height,
And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame—
The strife of swords, the deathless name—
So does she seem, and such her rapid course!

Such is the rending of her force;
When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendors play,
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way,
Like the red bolt of heaven she shoots along,
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! oh hear my prayer!
Safe passage now bestow!
Soft o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
And prosperous breezes flow!
O'er the rough rock and swelling wave,
Do thou our progress guide!
Do thou from angry ocean save,
And o'er its rage preside!

Speed my good ship along the rolling sea,
O heaven! and smiling skies, and favoring gales decree!
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
Swift in her glittering flight and sounding course!
Stately moving on the main,
Forest of the azure plain!
Faithful to the confided trust,
To her promised glory just;
Deadly in the strife of war,
Rich in every gift of peace,
Swift from afar,
In peril's fearful hour,
Mighty in force and bounteous in her power
She comes, kind aid she lends,
She frees from supplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease!

Hear, blest Heaven! my ardent prayer!
My ship—my crew—oh take us to thy care!
O may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While, from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

HENRY BROOKE.

(1706—1783.)

HENRY BROOKE, dramatist, novelist, and essayist, a Goldsmith in versatility if not in genius, was born at Rantavan, County Cavan, in 1706. His education was obtained from Dr. Sheridan and at Trinity College. In his seventeenth year he entered at the Temple, and soon became acquainted with every one in London worth knowing. "Swift prophesied wonders of him," and "Pope affectionately loved him."

Returning to Ireland, he became guardian to his aunt's only child, Catherine Meares, a beautiful girl. In a short time love sprang up between them and they were secretly married while as yet the young lady was in her fourteenth year. The match was a happy one, and remained so to the end. In 1732, at the pressing solicitations of his friends, he went again to London, to continue his studies and enter regularly upon his profession. But poetry was as fatal to him there as love had been in Ireland. Law was neglected for the Muses, and in the same year appeared his first poem, 'Universal Beauty,' which Pope looked upon as a wonderful first production. Soon after he was obliged to return to Ireland, and there for some time he devoted himself to his profession as a chamber counsel.

In 1737 he went again to London, where he was received with enthusiasm by Pope, while Lord Lyttelton sought his acquaintance, and Mr. Pitt spoke of him and treated him with affectionate friendship. Before this he had published (in 1738) a graceful and spirited translation of the first three books of Tasso. 'Gustavus Vasa' gave offense to the authorities and its production was disallowed. This, however, only helped to add to his fame, for his friends rallied around him, the play was printed, and he sold 5,000 copies at 5s. (\$1.25) each, his pecuniary reward being more than it would probably have been had the authorities not interfered.

Soon after his return to Ireland he received the appointment of barrack-master from Lord Chesterfield, and while in this post resumed his pen to a certain extent. He wrote the 'Farmer's Letters,' something after the style of the 'Drapier Letters,' and in the same year (1745) his tragedy 'The Earl of Westmoreland' appeared. In 1747 four fables by him were printed in Moore's 'Fables for the Female Sex,' and in 1748 his dramatic opera 'Little John and the Giants' was performed in Dublin. In 1749 his tragedy 'The Earl of Essex' was performed at Dublin with great success, and also afterwards at Drury Lane. In 1766 he issued his first novel, 'The Fool of Quality,' a work of unequal merit, but marked by wonderful flashes of genius in the midst of much that is mystical. In 1772 his poem 'Redemption' appeared, and in 1774 his second novel, 'Juliet Greville.' In 1778 a great number of his works were published, most of which had evidently been written in the apparently blank years of his retirement. These were: 'The

Last Speech of John Good,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'The Impostor,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Montezuma,' 'The Vestal Virgin,' five tragedies; 'The Contending Brothers,' 'The Charitable Association,' 'The Female Officer,' 'The Marriage Contract,' four comedies; and 'Ruth,' an oratorio. Finally, in 1779, appeared the 'Fox Chase,' a poem. On Oct. 10, 1783, he passed away, leaving of a numerous family but two to mourn his loss.

Few of his other works are known to the majority of readers even by name, except 'Gustavus Vasa,' which still keeps the stage, and 'The Fool of Quality,' which was reissued under the editorship of, and with a biographical preface by, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and 'Juliet Greville.' Yet they are full of splendid passages, sufficient to start many a modern poet or writer on the road to fame. His plays, with scarce an exception, are marked by force and clearness. His poems are not so brilliant as those of Pope, nor so sweet in diction as those of Goldsmith, but they are full of solid beauties and just sentiment.

Brooke's poetical works were collected by his daughter Charlotte, who added some few things not mentioned here, and published them at Dublin in 1792 in one volume 8vo.

A GENTLEMAN.

There is no term in our language more common than that of "Gentleman"; and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine Gentleman," "a pretty Gentleman," "much of a Gentleman," "Gentlemanlike," "something of a Gentleman," "nothing of a Gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, tasseled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and a sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a Gentleman. A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by casually being conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman. In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a Gentleman. In taverns and some other places, he who is the most of a bully, is the most of—a Gentleman. With heralds, every

Esquire is, indisputably,—a Gentleman. And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of deceiving your wife, may, however, be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman. Plato, among the philosophers, was “the most of a man of fashion”; and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be—the most of a Gentleman. But seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, etc., the practitioners assumed the new title of Gentlemen, till such Gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky-way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their luster. Wherefore as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species—of Gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labor and utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative—of a Gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government,

their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges—of a Gentleman.

If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or anything common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere—of a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution: it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, etc., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance, and piety may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

It appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman is that of a person of fortune above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern Gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform. And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a Gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

GONE TO DEATH.

From 'The Earl of Essex.'

Queen. Is he then gone?—To death? Essex to death!
And by my order?—now perhaps—this moment!—
Haste, Nottingham, dispatch—

Nottingham. What would your majesty!

Queen. I know not what—I am in horrors, Nottingham.
In horrors worse than death!—Does he still live?
Run, bring me word—yet stay—can you not save him
Without my bidding? Read it in my heart—
In my distraction read—O, sure the hand
That saved him would be as a blest angel's
Pouring soft balm into my rankling breast—

Nottingham. If it shall please your majesty to give
Express commands, I shall obey them straight—
The world will think it strange.—But you are queen.

Queen. Hard-hearted Nottingham! to arm my pride,

Enter RUTLAND, wife of Essex.

My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here!
A sight to strike resentment dead, and rouse
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—
It is the wife of Essex!
Rise, Rutland, come to thy repentant mistress:
See, thy queen bends to take thee to her bosom
And foster thee for ever!—Rise.

Rutland. Which way?
Do you not see these circling steepes?—
Not all the fathom lines that have been loosed
To sound the bottom of the faithless main
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,
Help me to put these little bones together—
These are my messengers to yonder world,
To seek for some kind hand to drop me down
A little charity.

Queen. Heart-breaking sounds!

Rutland. These were an infant's bones—But hush—
don't tell—
Don't tell the queen—
An unborn infant's—may be, if 't is known,
They'll say I murdered it—Indeed I did not—
It was the axe—how strange soe'er 't is true!

Help me to put them right, and then they'll fly—
For they are light, and not like mine, incumbered
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.

Queen. Alas! her reason is disturbed; her eyes
Are wild and absent—Do you know me, Rutland?
Do you not know your queen?

Rutland. O yes, the queen!—
They say you have the power of life and death—Poor
queen!

They flatter you.—You can take life away,
But can you give it back? No, no, poor queen!—
Look at these eyes—they are a widow's eyes—
Do you know that?—Perhaps, indeed, you'll say,
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry:
That's not my fault; tears should come from the heart,
And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,
Cold as a stone.—But yet my brain is hot—
O fye upon this head, it is stark naught!
Beseech your majesty to cut it off,
The bloody axe is ready—say the word,
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)
And it is done—I humbly thank your highness.
You look a kind consent. I'll but just in,
And say a prayer or two.
From my youth upwards I still said my prayers
Before I slept, and this is my last sleep.
Indeed 't is not through fear, nor to gain time—
Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely;
You shall be judge yourself.—We must make haste;
I pray, be ready.—If we lose no time
I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.

Queen. Follow her close, allure her to some chamber
Of privacy; there soothe her frenzy, but
Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may not
Require such aid myself! for sure I feel
A strange commotion here.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. May it please your majesty,
The Earl, as he addressed him to the block,
Requested but the time to write these lines;
And earnestly conjured me to deliver them
Into your royal hands.

Queen. Quick.—What is here!—Just heaven!
Fly, take this signet,

Stop execution—fly with eagle's wings—
What art thou? Of this world?

Nottingham. Ha! I'm discovered—
Then be it so.—Your majesty may spare—

Queen. Stop, stop her yell!—Hence to some dungeon,
hence—

Deep sunk from day! In horrid silence there
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings;
Awake remorse and desperate penitence,
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt
May hell be all thy refuge!

Enter CECIL, RALEIGH, &c.

Cecil. Gracious madam,
I grieve to say your order came too late;
We met the messenger on our return
From seeing the Earl fall.

Queen. O fatal sound—
Ye bloody pair! accursed be your ambition,
For it was cruel.—
O Rutland, sister, daughter, fair forlorn!
No more thy queen, or mistress, here I vow
To be for ever wedded to thy griefs—
A faithful partner, numbering sigh for sigh,
And tear for tear; till our sad pilgrimage
Shall bear us where our Essex now looks down
With pity on a toiling world, and sees
What trains of real wretchedness await
The dream of power and emptiness of state.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

(1832 —)

STOPFORD A. BROOKE, the famous preacher, poet, and interpreter of English literature, was born at Letterkenny, County Donegal, in 1832. He was educated at Kidderminster, Kingstown, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained in 1857, and was for some time chaplain to the British Embassy at Berlin. He held various preferments in the Church of England up to 1880, but he left it for the Unitarian body in that year. His books are numerous; among the more purely literary may be mentioned the 'Life of the Late Frederick D. Robertson,' 'Riquet of the Tuft,' 'Poems,' and the various studies of literature which have made him so widely known as a teacher of light and leading. His volumes of sermons enjoy a wide circulation. His 'Primer of English Literature' is the standard book on its subject. He has edited in conjunction with T. W. Rolleston, his son-in-law, 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, which may be taken as a final judgment of its subject. In 1899 he succeeded Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as President of the Irish Literary Society.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

From 'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson.'

So lived and so died, leaving behind him a great legacy of thought, a noble gentleman, a Christian minister. To the tenderness of a true woman he joined the strong will and the undaunted courage of a true man. With an intellect at home in all the intricacies of modern thought, he combined the simple spirit of a faithful follower of Christ. To daring speculation he united severe and practical labor among men. Living above the world, he did his work in the world. Ardently pursuing after liberty of thought, he never forgot the wise reticence of English conservatism. He preserved, amid a fashionable town, the old virtues of chivalry. In a very lonely and much-tried life he was never false or fearful. Dowered with great gifts of intellect, he was always humble; dowered with those gifts of the heart which are peculiarly perilous to their possessor, he never became their slave. He lived troubled on every side, yet not distressed: perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted, but not forsaken: cast down, but not

destroyed: always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in his body. He died, giving up his spirit with his last words, in faith and resignation to his Father.

He lies in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well. The sound of the sea may be heard there in the distance; and, standing by his grave, it seems a fair and fitting requiem; for if its inquietude was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace of activity in God. He sleeps well; and we, who are left alone with our love and his great result of work, cannot but rejoice that he has entered on his Father's rest.

There were united around his tomb, by a common sorrow and a common love, Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Churchmen; the workingmen, the tradesmen, and the rank and wealth of Brighton. For once—and it was a touching testimony to the reality of his work—all classes and all sects merged their differences in one deep feeling. . . .

It may be asked whether the truest idea of what he was can be gathered from his Letters or from his Sermons. The best reply is, that the Sermons picture what he strove to be, what he was when he felt and acted best, what he would have been had his life been less vexed, his heart less fiery, and his brain less attacked by disease. Of the Letters, some represent him in his happiest and most intellectual moments; others in times of physical weariness, when both intellect and heart were pained with trouble, and beset with questions too hard for him to solve completely; and a few, as those written from the Tyrol, when his whole being was convulsed in the crisis of a great religious change. They relate his inward trials; his sermons bear witness to his contest and his victory. Only when both are read and balanced one against the other, can an adequate idea be formed of what he was. On account of the overstrained self-depreciation which sometimes possessed him, especially after the intellectual excitement of Sunday, it is not possible to take his own estimation of himself in his letters as representing the whole truth.

No man ought to be judged by a record of his own inner life,—no man ought to be judged entirely out of his own mouth. Far from being too lenient, men of Mr. Robert-

son's temper are too severe upon themselves. They write in deep pain, from the impulse of the moment; and then, when they have got rid of the pain by its expression, pass out of their study into an out-door life of such activity and vigor, that no one would imagine that an hour before they had been writing as if they were useless in their generation, and their existence a burden too galling to be borne.

On reading his correspondence, some may accuse him of indicating too strongly his loneliness and passionate desire of sympathy; they may call his fancies diseased, his complaints unmanly, and his transient doubts unchristian.

But his faithlessness was but momentary: only the man who can become at one with Frederick Robertson's strange and manifold character, and can realize as he did the agony and sin of the world,—only the man who can feel the deepest pain, and the highest joy, as Robertson could have felt them,—has either the right or the capability of judging him. Doubts did pass across his mind, but they passed over it as clouds across the sun. The glowing heart which lay behind soon dissipated them by its warmth.

With regard to his passionate desires and his complaint, they were human, and would have been humanly wrong in him only if he had allowed them to gain predominance over his will, righteously bent all through his life, not on their extinction, but on their subjugation. The untroubled heart is not the deepest, the stern heart not the noblest, the heart which crushes all expression of its pain not that which can produce the most delicate sympathy, the most manifold teaching, or speak so as to give the greatest consolation. Had not Robertson often suffered, and suffered so much as to be unable sometimes not to suppress a cry, his sermons would never have been the deep source of comfort and of inspiration which they have proved to thousands. The very knowledge that one who worked out the voyage of his life so truly and so firmly, could so suffer and so declare his suffering, is calculated to console and strengthen many who endure partially his pain and loneliness; but who have not, as yet, resisted so victoriously; whose temperament is morbid, but who have not, as yet, subdued it to the loving and healthy cheerfulness of his Christian action.

Nor can those who should thus accuse him ever have conceived what that character is which *must* express itself, or ever have realized that there are times when expression is necessary if life is to continue. Such a necessity belongs almost always to the poetic temperament, and appears nowhere so much as in the Psalms. They are full of David's complaints against his destiny. They tell of his long and lonely nights, his tears, his sufferings at the hands of men, his doubts of Eternal Justice; and it is through the relief afforded by this natural expression of impassioned feeling that he gains calm enough to see into "the way of the Lord," and to close his Psalms of sorrow with words of triumphant trust. It was just so with Frederick Robertson. The expression of his distress neither injured his manliness nor subtracted from his Christian faith. It was the safety-valve by which he freed himself from feeling under too high a pressure not to be dangerous, and brought himself into that balanced state in which active and profitable work is possible. One of the most important things to remark in his life is, that a man may *retain* high-wrought sentiment, passionate feelings, imaginations and longings almost too transcendental, a sensitiveness so extreme as to separate him from almost all sympathy, and at the same time subdue all so as to do his Father's will in the minutest as well as the largest duties. But I repeat, without the "timely utterance which gave his thoughts relief," he could not have been strong enough to do the work of his life, a work distinctive and great, but the results of which do not lie so openly on the surface of society as to be manifest at once to the careless glance of the public. . . .

The results of his preaching upon the intellectual men who attended his congregation have already been dwelt on. On those whose tendency was towards skepticism the effect of his sermons was remarkable. "I never hear him," said one, "without some doubt being removed, or some difficulty solved." Young men who had boasted publicly of doubts which were an inward terror to them, could not resist the attractive power of his teaching, and fled to him to disclose the history of their hearts, and to find sympathy and guidance. Nor was his influence less upon that large class whose religion grows primarily out of emotion, for he

combined in himself two powers which generally weaken one another,—the power of close and abstract thinking, and the power of deep and intense feeling.

As a clergyman, by his clear elucidation of the truths common to all, but lying beneath widely differing forms of opinion, he has done much to bring about a spirit of religious union among the various parties of the Church. He has assisted, by his teaching, in the great work of this day,—the preservation of the Church of England as a church, in which all the members vary in views, mode of action, and character of teaching, but are one in faith, one in aim, and one in spirit; for he dreaded that genuine Low Churchism which seeks to force upon all the members of a church a set of limited opinions about illimitable truths.

As a clergyman he has also brought distinctly forward the duty of Fearlessness in speaking. "I desire for myself," he says, "that I may be true and fearless, but still more that I may mix gentleness and love with fearlessness." He was not one who held what are called liberal opinions in the study, but would not bring them into the pulpit. He did not waver between truth to himself and success in the world. He was offered advancement in the Church, if he would abate the strength of his expressions with regard to the Sabbath. He refused the proffer with sternness. Far beyond all the other perils which beset the Church was, he thought, this peril: that men who were set apart to speak the truth and to live above the world should substitute conventional opinions for eternal truths,—should prefer ease to conscience, and worldly honor to that which cometh from God only.

He has taught also by his ministerial life the duty and the practice of that Prudence which fitly balances courage. He was not one of the radicals of English polemics. His was not that spirit, too much in vogue at present among the so-called Liberal party,—the spirit of Carlstadt, and not of Luther; the spirit of men who blame their leaders for not being forward enough, who desire blindly to pull down the whole edifice of "effete opinions," and who, inspired by the ardor and by some of the folly of youth, think that they can at once root up the tares without rooting up the wheat also. Robertson, on the contrary, seems to have clearly seen, or at least to have acted as if he saw, that the

question of true outward religious liberty in a national Church was to be solved in the same manner as England had solved the question of solid-set Political Liberty,—by holding on to the old as long as possible, so as to retain all its good; by never embarking in the new till it had become a necessity of the age; by “broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent,” and by recognizing the universal truth hidden in that saying, “I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.” He clung, for example, to certain theories which seem incongruous with the rest of his views,—which seem strange to many of us now, just because we forget that England and the Church are ten years older since his death. He refused to discuss thoroughly questions which we bring forward prominently. He purposed, for example, writing a book on Inspiration. He refrained;—“the mind of England,” said he, “is not ready yet.” But if he were alive now, he would write it. I have already said that he would never bring forward in the pulpit an opinion which was only fermenting in his mind. He waited till the must became wine. He endeavored, as far as in him lay, without sacrificing truth, not to shock by startling opinions the minds of those who were resting peacefully in an “early heaven and in happy views.” He refrained in all things from violating a weak brother’s conscience. He would have hated the vaunting way with which some put forward novel views. He would have hated the pharisaical liberalism which says, “God, I thank Thee I am not as other men are, even as this believer in the universality of the Flood, or that in the eternal obligation of the Jewish Sabbath.” He would have disliked such a term as “free-handling”; and as strongly as he reprobated the irreverent boldness of those who speak as if they were at home in all the counsels of God, would he have blamed the irreverent license with which some writers have rushed at things held sacred by thousands of our fellow-Christians.

In one respect especially his life has a lesson for the Church of this time. He has shown that a well-marked individuality is possible in the English Church. The great disadvantage of a Church like ours,—with fixed traditions, with a fixed system of operation, with a theological education which is exceedingly conservative, with a man-

ner of looking at general subjects from a fixed clerical point of view, with a bias to shelter and encourage certain definite modes of thinking,—is that under its government clergymen tend to become all of one pattern. It may be said, and with truth, that the advantages of our system more than balance this disadvantage. Nevertheless, it is a disadvantage which is becoming more and more felt by clergymen and recognized by laymen. And one of the strongest impulses which have given rise to the present theological struggle, is the desire of men in holy orders to become more distinctly individual. Robertson anticipated by some years this deep-set feeling. He was himself and not a fortuitous concurrence of other men. Owing to his individuality, he retained the freedom of action and the diversity of feeling which men not only in the Church, but in every profession and business, so miserably lose when they dress their minds in the fashion of current opinion, and look at the world, at nature, and at God, through the glass which custom so assiduously smokes.

Robertson preserved his independence of thought. He had a strong idiosyncrasy, and he let it loose within the bounds of law,—a law not imposed upon him from without by another, but freely chosen by himself as the best. He developed, without rejecting the help of others, his own character after his own fashion. He respected his own conscience; believed in his own native force, and in the divine fire within him. He looked first at everything submitted to his judgment as if it were a new thing upon earth, and then permitted the judgments of the past to have their due weight with him. He endeavored to receive, without the intervention of commentators, immediate impressions from the Bible. To these impressions he added the individual life of his own heart, and his knowledge of the life of the great world. He preached these impressions, and with a freedom, independence, variety, and influence which were the legitimate children of his individuality.

That men should, within the necessary limits, follow out their own character, and refuse to submit themselves to the common mould, is the foremost need of the age in which we live; and if the lesson which Robertson's life teaches in this

respect can be received, if not by all, at least by his brethren, he will neither have acted nor taught in vain.

Of course, developing his own thoughts and life freely, he was charged by his opponents with faithlessness to the Church, and with latitudinarian opinions. But he rejoiced in finding within the Church of England room to expand his soul, and freedom for his intellect. He discovered the way to escape from the disadvantage I have mentioned, and yet to remain a true son of a Church which he loved and honored to the last. Moreover, he brought many into the Church of England: both Unitarians and Quakers, as well as men of other sects, were admitted by him into her communion. On the other hand, if the latter part of the accusation were true, and he was latitudinarian in opinion, it is at least remarkable that he should have induced in those who heard him profitably, not only a spiritual life, but also a high and punctilious morality. His hearers kept the Law all the better from being freed from the Law. And many a workingman in Brighton, many a business man in London, many a young officer, many a traveler upon the Continent, many a one living in the great world of politics or in the little world of fashion, can trace back to words heard in Trinity Chapel the creation in them of a loftier idea of moral action, and an abiding influence which has made their lives, in all their several spheres, if not religious, at least severely moral.

These are some of the results which have flowed, and will continue to flow, from his work and life. They have been propagated by means of his published sermons. The extension of these sermons among *all* classes has been almost unexampled. Other sermons have had a larger circulation, but it has been confined within certain circles. These have been read and enjoyed by men of every sect and of every rank. They seem to come home to that human heart which lies beneath all our outward differences. Workingmen and women have spoken of them to me with delight. Clergymen of the most opposed views to his keep them in their bookcases and on their desks.

But far beyond these outward tributes of respect, a more perennial one than all, is the epistle written by this man of God upon our hearts. That which God had given him, he has left to us. His spirit lives again in

others; his thoughts move many whom he never saw, on to noble ends. Unconsciously he blesses, and has blessed. Yet not unconsciously now: I rejoice to think that now, at least, he is freed from the dark thought which oppressed his life,—that his ministry was a failure. I rejoice to think that he knows now—in that high Land where he is doing, with all his own vividness of heart, ampler work than his weary spirit could have done on earth—that his apparent defeat here was real Victory; that through him the Spirit of all Goodness has made men more true, more loving, and more pure. His books may perish, his memory fade, his opinions be superseded, as, in God's progressive education of the Universal Church, we learn to see more clearly into Truths whose relations are now obscure; but the Work which he has done upon human hearts is as imperishable as his own Immortality in God.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

A MOMENT.

To-day chance drove me to the wood,
Where I have walked and talked with her
Who lies in the earth's solitude.
The soft west wind, the minister
Of Love and Spring, blew as of old
Across the grass and marigold,
And moved the waters of the pool,
And moved my heart a moment—Fool!
Do I not know her lips are cold.

DESERT IS LIFE.

"Desert is Life, its fates are flame,
Far off the foes we seek to quell;
Lord, let us pause awhile—the march
In evening's dew were just as well."

"Prophet of God," the Arabs cried,
"The sun darts death on heart and head;
Here rest till starlight night be cool"—
"Hell is hotter"—Mohammed said.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

(1810—1880.)

THIS noted actor, theater manager, playwright, poet, and story-writer, was born in Dublin in 1810. He made his first appearance as an actor in 1830, and is said to have been the original of Lever's 'Harry Lorrequer.' In 1842 he came to America, and, with the exception of a short trip to England in 1860, he remained here until his death on June 7, 1880.

The following lines to his memory by H. C. Bunner may fitly find a place here :

"The actor's dead, and memory alone
Recalls the genial magic of his tone;
Marble, nor canvas, nor the printed page
Shall tell his genius to another age:
A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less,
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.
Yet if, half a century from to-day,
A tender smile about our old lips play,
And if our grandchild query whence it came,
We'll say: 'A thought of Brougham'—
And that is Fame!"

We have, however, some more enduring monument than the memory of his acting, for, in addition to over one hundred comedies, farces, and burlesques, he wrote 'A Basket of Chips,' 'The Bunsby Papers,' 'Life Stories, and Poems.' Among his most successful plays were 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Irish Emigrant,' and 'The Game of Love.' He collaborated with Dion Boucicault in writing 'London Assurance.'

NED GERAGHTY'S LUCK.

CHAPTER I.

Brave old Ireland is the land of Fairies, but of all the various descriptions there isn't one to be compared with the Leprechaun, in the regard of cunning and 'cuteness. Now if you don't know what a Leprechaun is, I'll tell you. Why, then—save us and keep us from harm, for they are queer chaps to *gosther* about—a Leprechaun is the fairies' shoemaker: and a mighty conceited little fellow he is, I assure you, and very mischievous, except where he might happen to take a liking.

But, perhaps, the best way to give you an idea of their

appearance and characteristics, will be to tell you a bit of a story about one.

Once upon a time, then, many years ago, before the screech of the steam engine had frightened the "good people" out of their quiet nooks and corners, there lived a rollicking, good-natured, rakish boy, called Ned Geraghty; his father was the only miller in the neighborhood for miles round, and being a prudent, saving kind of an old hunk, was considered to be amazingly well off, and the name of the town they lived in would knock all the teeth out of the upper jaw of an Englishman to pronounce: it was called Ballinaskerrybaughkilinashaghlín.

Well, the boy, as he grew up to a man's estate, used to worry the old miller nearly out of his seven senses, he was such a devil-may-care good-for-nothing. Attend to anything that was said to him he would not, whether in the way of learning or of business. He upset ink-bottle upon ink-bottle upon his father's account-books, such as they were; and at the poor apology for a school, which the bigotry of the reverend monopolizers of knowledge permitted to exist in Ball—, the town—he was always famous for studying less and playing more, than any boy of his age in the barony.

It isn't to be much wondered at then, that when, in the course of events, old Geraghty had the wheat of life threshed out of him by the flail of un pitying Time, Master Ned, his careless, reprobate son, was but little fitted to take his position as the head-miller of the country.

But to show you the luck that runs after, and sticks close to some people, whether they care for it or not, as if, like love, it despiseth the too ardent seeker.

Did you ever take notice, that two men might be fishing together at the same spot, with the same sort of tackle and the same sort of bait? One will get a bushel full before the other gets a bite—that's luck,—not that there's any certainty about it; for the two anglers might change places to-morrow. Ah! it's an uncomfortable, deceiving, self-confidence-destroying, Jack-o'-lantern sort of thing is that same luck, and yet, how many people, especially our countrymen, cram their hands into their pockets, and fully expect that the cheating devil will filter gold through their fingers.

But, good people, listen to me, take a friend's advice don't trust her, and of this be assured, although a lump of luck may, now and then—and mighty rarely at that—exhibit itself at your very foot, yet to find a good vein of it you must dig laboriously, unceasingly. Indolent humanity, to hide its own laziness, calls those *lucky* men, who, if you investigate the matter closely, you'll find have been simply *industrious* ones.

But to return to the particular luck which laid hold of Ned Geraghty, everybody thought, and everybody of course, the worst, and that Ned the rover would soon make ducks and drakes of the old man's money; that the mill might as well be shut up now, for there was nobody to see after it: every gossip, male and female, had his or her peculiar prognostic of evil. Sage old men shook their heads, grave old matrons shrugged their shoulders, while the unanimous opinion of the marriageable part of the feminine community was, that nothing could possibly avert the coming fatality, except a careful wife.

Now, candor compels the historian to say, that the mill-hoppers did not go so regularly as they did formerly; and, moreover, that Ned, being blessed with a personal exterior, began to take infinite pains in its adornment. Finer white cords and tops could not be sported by any squireen in the parish; his green coat was made of the best broadcloth, an intensely bright red Indian handkerchief was tied openly round his neck, a real beaver hat on his impudent head, and a heavy thong-whip in his hand, for he had just joined modestly in the Bally, etc., etc., hunt.

This was the elegant apparition that astonished the sober and sensible town folk, a very few months after the decease of the miserly old miller, and of course all the evil forebodings of the envious and malicious were in a fair way to be speedily consummated, when my bold Ned met the piece of luck that changed the current of his life, and gave the lie to those neighborly and charitable prognostics.

It was on one fine moonlight night that Ned was walking homeward by a short cut across the fields, for his sorry old piece of horse-flesh had broken down in that

day's hunt, and for many a weary mile he had been footing it through bog and brier, until, with fatigue and mortification, he felt both heart-sick and limb-weary, when all at once his quick ear caught the sound of the smallest kind of a voice, so low, and yet so musical, singing a very little ditty to the accompaniment of tiny taps upon a diminutive lap-stone. Ned's heart gave one great bound, his throat swelled, and his hair stuck into his head like needles.

"May I never eat another day's vittals, if it ain't a Leprechaun," said he to himself, "and the little villain is so busy with his singing that he didn't hear me coming; if I could only catch a-howlt of him, my fortune's made."

With that, he stole softly towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and peeping slyly over a short clump of blackthorn, there, sure enough, he saw a comical little figure not more than an inch and a half high, dressed in an old fashioned suit of velvet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, as grand as a prime minister, hammering at a morsel of fairies' sole-leather, and singing away like a cricket that had received a musical education.

"Now's my chance," said Ned, as, quick as thought, he dropped his hat right over the little vagabond. "Ha! ha! you murtherin schemer, I've got you tight," he cried, as he crushed his hat together, completely imprisoning the Leprechaun.

"Let me out, Ned Geraghty; you see I know who you are," squalled the little chap.

"The devil a toe," says Ned, and away he scampered towards home with his prize, highly elated, for he knew that the Leprechauns were the guardians of all hidden treasure, and he was determined not to suffer him to escape until he had pointed out where he could discover a pot of gold.

When Ned had reached home, the first thing he did was to get a hammer and some nails, and having placed his hat upon the table fastened it securely by the brim, the little fellow screeching and yelling like mad.

"Now, my boy, I've got you safe and snug," says Ned,

as he sat down in his chair to have a parley with his prisoner.

"There's no use in kicking up such a hullabulloo—tell me where I can find a treasure, and I'll let you go."

"I won't, you swaggering blackguard, you stuck up lump of conceit, you good for nothing end of the devil's bad bargain, I won't;" and then the angry little creature let fly a shower of abuse that gave Ned an indifferent opinion of fairy gentility.

"Well, just as you please," says he; "it's there you'll stay till you do," and with that Ned makes himself a fine, stiff tumbler of whisky-punch, just to show his independence.

"Ned," said the little schemer, when he smelt the odor of the spirits, "but that's potteen."

"It's that same it is," says Ned.

"Ah! ye rebel! ain't you ashamed of yourself to chate the gauger? Murther alive! how well it smells," chirps the cunning rascal, snuffing like a kitten with a cold in his head.

"It *tastes* better, *avic*," says Ned, taking a long gulp, and then smacking his lips like a post-boy's whip.

"Arrah, don't be *greiggin*¹ a poor devil that way," says the Leprechaun, "and me as dry as a lime-burner's wig."

"Will you tell me what I want to know, then?"

"I can't, really I can't," says the fairy, but with a pleasanter tone of voice.

"He's coming round," thought Ned to himself, and as with a view of propitiating him still further,

"Here's your health, old chap," says he, "and it's sorry I am to be obliged to appear so contrhary, for may this choke me alive if I wish you any harm in the world."

"I know you don't, Ned, *allana*," says the other, as sweet as possible; "but there's one thing I'd like you to do for me."

"And what might that be?"

"Just give us the least taste in life of that elegant punch, for the steam of it's gettin' under the crevices, an' I declare to my gracious it's fairly killin' me with the drouth."

"*Nabocklish*,"² cried Ned, "I'm not such a fool; how am I to get it at you?"

¹ *Greiggin*, make one long. ² *Nabocklish*, never mind.

"Aisy enough; just stick a pin-hole in the hat, and gi' me one of the hairs of your head for a straw."

"Bedad, I don't think that would waste much o' the liquor," says Ned, laughing at the contrivance; "but if it would do you any good, here goes."

So Ned did as the Leprechaun desired, and the little scoundrel began to suck away at the punch like an alderman, and by the same token the effect it had on him was curious: at first he talked mighty sensibly, then he talked mighty lively, then he sung all the songs he ever knew; then he told a lot of stories as old as Adam, and laughed like the mischief at them himself; then he made speeches, then he roared, then he cried, and at last, after having indulged in

"Willie brewed a peck o' malt,"

down he fell on the table with a thump as though a small-sized potato had fallen on the floor.

"Oh! may I never see glory," roared Ned, in an explosion of laughter, "if the little ruffian ain't as drunk as a piper."

"Ha! Ned, Ned, you unfeelin' reprobate an' bad Christian; have you no compassion at all, at all?" squeaked the Leprechaun in drunken but most miserable accents.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" the poor little creature groaned, like a dying tadpole.

"What's the matter?" says Ned, with real concern. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Air! air!" grunted the Leprechaun.

"The fellow's dead drunk," thought Ned, "so there'll be no harm in lettin' him have a mouthful of fresh air;" so he ripped up two or three of the nails, when, with a merry little laugh, the cunning vagabond slid through his fingers, and disappeared like a curl of smoke out of a pipe.

"*Mushen* then, may bad luck be to you, for a deludin' disciple, but you've taken the conceit out o' me in beautiful style," cried Ned, as he threw himself into his chair, laughing heartily, however, in spite of his disappointment, at the clever way the little villain had effected his release.

"What a fool I was to be taken in by the dirty mountebank."

"No, you are not," said the voice, just above his head.

Ned started with surprise, and looked eagerly round.

"There's no use in searching, my boy; I've got my liberty, and I'm now invisible," said the voice, "but your lettin' me out was a proof that you have a good heart, Ned, and I'm bound to do you a good turn for it."

"Why, then, yer a gentleman ivery inch of ye, though it's only one an' a bit," cried Ned, jumping up with delight; "what are ye goin' to gi' me? a treasure!"

"No, better than that," said the voice.

"What then?"

"A warning."

What the warning was we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"What the mischief is the matter wid me at all, at all?" said Ned; "sure don't I know every foot of the ground between this and the next place, wherever it is? but bad luck attend the bit of *me* knows where I'm stan'in' now.

"Howsomever, I can't stand here all night, so here goes for a bowld push, somewhere or another."

With that, my bold Ned struck at random through the fields in one direction, hoping to find some well-known landmark which might satisfy him as to his whereabouts, but all in vain; the whole face of the country was changed; where he expected to meet with trees, he encountered a barren waste; in the situation where he expected to find some princely habitation, he met with nothing but rocks—he never was so puzzled in his life.

In the midst of his perplexity, he sat down upon a mound of earth, and scratching his head, began seriously to ponder upon his situation.

"I'll take my Bible oath I was on my track before I met with that devil of a Leprechaun," said he, and then the thought took possession of him, that the deceitful fairy had bewitched the road, so that he might wander away, and perhaps lose himself amongst the wild and terrible bogs.

He was just giving way to an extremity of terror, when, upon raising his eyes, what was his astonishment to find that the locality which, before he sat down, he could have sworn was nothing but a strange and inhospitable waste, was blooming like a garden; and what's more, he discovered, upon rubbing his eyes, to make sure that he was not deceived, it was his own garden, his back rested against the wall of his own house; nay, the very seat beneath him, instead of an earthy knoll, was the good substantial form that graced his little door-porch.

"Well," cries Ned, very much relieved at finding himself so suddenly at home, "if that don't beat the bees, I'm a heathen; may I never leave this spot alive if I know how I got here no more nor the man in the moon; here goes for an air o' the fire, any way, I'm starved intensely wid the cowl."

Upon that he started to go in, when he found that he had made another mistake; it wasn't the *house* he was close to, but the *mill*.

"Why, what a murtherin' fool I am this night; sure it's the mill that I'm forninst, and not the house," said he. "Never mind, it's lucky I am, to be so near home, any way; there it is, just across the paddock"; so saying, he proceeded towards the little stile which separated the small field from the road, inly wondering as he went along, whether it was the Leprechaun or the whisky that had so confused his proceedings.

"It's mighty imprudent that I've been in my drinkin'," thought he, "for if I had drunk a trifle less, the country wouldn't be playin' such ingenious capers wid my eyesight, and if I had drunk a trifle more, I might a hunted up a soft stone by way of a pillow, and made my bed in the road."

Arrived at the stile, a regular phenomenon occurred, which bothered him more and more—he couldn't get across it, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertion; when he went to step over, the rail sprang up to his head, and when taking advantage of the opening he had to duck under he found it close to the ground.

The moon now popped behind a dense, black cloud and sudden darkness fell upon the place, while at the same moment the slow, rusty old village clock gave two

or three premonitory croaks, and then banged out the hour of midnight.

Twelve o'clock at night is, to the superstitious, the most terror-fraught moment the fearful earth can shudder at, and Ned was strongly imbued with the dread of ghostly things; at every bang of the deep-toned old chronicler, he quivered to the very marrow of his bones; his teeth chattered, and his flesh rose up into little hillocks.

There he was, bound by some infernal power. The contrary stile baffled all his efforts to pass it: the last reverberation of the cracked bell ceased with a fearful jar, like the passing of a sinner's soul in agony, and to it succeeded a silence yet more terrible.

"Maybe it's dyin' that I am," thought Ned; and all that was lovely and clinging in God's beautiful world, rushed across his mind at the instant.

"If it is to be my fate to leave it all, so full of life and hope, and yet so unmindful of the great blessings I have unthankfully enjoyed, heaven pity me, indeed, for I'm not fit to go." At this moment his ear caught a most familiar sound, that of the mill hopper, so seldom heard lately, rising and falling in regular succession.

Surprised still more than ever, he turned round and beheld the old mill, brilliantly lighted up; streams of brightness poured from every window, door, and cranny, while the atmosphere resounded with the peculiar busy hum which proceeds from an industriously employed multitude.

Fear gave place to curiosity, and Ned stealthily crept towards the mill opening, and looked in; the interior was all a-blaze with an infinity of lights, while myriads of diminutive figures were employed in the various occupations incidental to the business. Ned looked on with wonder and admiration to see the celerity and precision with which everything was done; great as was the multitude employed, all was order and regularity; here thousands of little atomies pushed along sack after sack of corn—there, numberless creatures ground and deposited the flour in marked bags, while Ned recognized his old friend, the Leprechaun, poring over a large account-book, every now and then reckoning up a vast amount of bank bills and dazzling gold pieces.

Ned's mouth fairly watered as he saw the shining metal, and he heard the crisp creasing of the new bank notes which took the little accountant ever so long to smooth out, for each one would have made a blanket for him; as soon as the Leprechaun had settled his book affairs to his satisfaction, he after the greatest amount of exertion, assisted by a few hundred of his tiny associates, deposited the money in a tin case, whereupon Ned distinctly read his name.

While he was hesitating what course to adopt, whether to try and capture the Leprechaun again, or wait to see what would eventuate, he felt himself pinched on the ear, and on turning round, he perceived one of the fairy millers standing on his shoulder, grinning impudently in his face.

"How do you do, sir?" says Ned, very respectfully, for he knew the power of the little rascals too well to offend them.

"The same to you, Ned Geraghty, the sporting miller," says the fairy. "Haven't we done your work well?"

"Indeed, an' it's that you have, sir," replied Ned; "much obleeged to you, I am, all round."

"Won't you go in and take your money?" says the fairy.

"Would it be entirely convenient?" said Ned, quietly, although his heart leaped like a salmon.

"It's yours, every rap, so in an' lay a-howld ov it," said the other, stretching up at his ear.

"They wouldn't be again' me havin' it inside, would they?" inquired Ned.

"The money that you have earned yourself, we can't keep from you," said the fairy.

"That's true enough, and sure if I didn't exactly earn it myself, it was earned in my mill, and that's all the same"; and so, quieting his scruples by that consoling thought, Ned put on a bold front, and walked in to take possession of the tin case, in which he had seen such an amount of treasure deposited. There was not a sound as he entered—not a movement as he walked over to the case; but as he stooped down and found that he could no more lift that box from the ground than he could have torn a tough old oak up by the roots, there arose such a wild, musical, but derisive laugh from the millions of fairy.

throats, that Ned sank down upon the coveted treasure, perplexed and abashed; for one instant he held down his head with shame, but summoning up courage, he determined to know the worst, when, as he raised his eyes, an appalling scene had taken place.

The fairies had vanished, and instead of the joyous multitude flitting like motes in the sunbeam, he beheld one gigantic head which filled the entire space; where the windows had been a pair of huge eyes winked and glowered upon him; the great beam became a vast nose, the joists twisted themselves into horrid matted hair, while the two hoppers formed the enormous lips of a cavernous mouth. As he looked spell-bound upon those terrible features the tremendous lips opened, and a voice like the roar of a cataract when you stop your ears and open them suddenly, burst from the aperture.

The sound was deafening, yet Ned distinguished every syllable.

"Ain't you afraid to venture here?" bellowed the voice.

"For what, your honor?" stammered out Ned, more dead than alive.

"For weeks and weeks not a morsel has entered these stony jaws, and whose fault is it? yours!" thundered the awful shape; "you have neglected us, let us starve and rot piecemeal; but we shall not suffer alone—you, you! must share in our ruin."

At these words a pair of long, joist-like arms thrust themselves forth, and getting behind Ned, swept him into the space between the enormous hoppers—the ponderous jaws opened wide—in another instant he would have been crushed to atoms. But the instinct of self-preservation caused him to spring forward, he knew not where; by a fortunate chance he just happened to leap through the door, alighting with great force on his head; for a long time, how long he could not tell, he lay stunned by the fall; and, indeed, while he was in a state of insensibility, one of his neighbors carried him home, for he remembered no more until he found himself in bed, with a bad bruise outside of his head, and worse ache within.

As soon as he could collect his senses, the scene of the past night arose vividly to his mind.

"It is the Leprechaun's warning," said he, "and it's true he said it was better far than gold, for now I see the error of my ways, and more betoken, it's mend that I will, and a blessin' upon my endayvors."

It is but fair to Ned to say that he became a different man; gave up all his fine companions and evil courses, and stuck diligently to his mill, so that in process of time he lived to see well-filled the very tin case that the Leprechaun showed him in *the warning*.

FRANCES BROWNE.

(1816—1879.)

MISS BROWNE, like Helen Keller in our day, was a remarkable example of the victories which perseverance and strength of will can achieve over great physical and social obstacles. Born in Stranorlar, County Donegal, Jan. 16, 1816, an attack of smallpox deprived her of eyesight in infancy, but as she grew up she managed to teach herself and to get others to instruct her, and at an early age she had an intimate acquaintance with the chief masters of English literature.

She was compelled to earn her own living and began by sending a poem to *The Irish Penny Journal*, which was accepted. She next succeeded in obtaining admission to *The Athenæum*, *Hood's Magazine*, *The Keepsake*, and other periodicals. The editor of the first-named was a warm friend to the struggling young poetess, and did much to call public attention to her work. In 1844 she issued a collection of her poems, under the title 'The Star of Atteghai, the Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems.'

Miss Browne left Ireland in 1847, and made her home either in Edinburgh or in London. Besides the books mentioned above, she also published 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems,' 'Legends of Ulster,' 'The Ericsons,' a tale; 'The Hidden Sin,' a novel (1866); and a sort of autobiography, entitled 'My Share in the World' (1862). She enjoyed a small pension from the civil list bestowed upon her by Sir Robert Peel. The poems of Miss Browne deserve attention altogether apart from the personal circumstances of the authoress. She died in London, Aug. 25, 1879.

It is curious that no reference is made in any of her biographies to the one book by Frances Browne which has endeared her to thousands of children on both sides of the Atlantic. 'Granny's Wonderful Chair, and the Stories it Told' was published in London in 1856, and two editions were rapidly exhausted. It remained out of print until 1880. In the mean time, a curious circumstance happened. In 1877 Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett began in *St. Nicholas* 'The Story of Prince Fairy Foot,' under the general title of 'Stories from the Lost Fairy Book, Retold by the Child Who Read Them.' It was at once discovered that the 'Lost Fairy Book' was none other than the book in question.

In 1880 it was reprinted in a cheaper form with the original illustrations by Kenny Meadows, and at once took on a new lease of life. New editions were called for yearly until 1891, when a splendid edition, with colored pictures drawn by Mrs. Seymour Lucas, was published and had an enormous sale both in England and in the United States, where it had already become known.

In 1901 an edition of the book was prepared for use as a supplementary reading-book in the schools of the United States, and it has been adopted in nearly all of the larger States in the Union. One of

the foremost educational authorities says of the stories contained in it : " They are, though set in an atmosphere of the wonderful, full of happenings which are always real and possible ; the characters are concrete and natural, and the incidents are related in a most pleasing style which children may with advantage incorporate into their own expressions."

THE STORY OF CHILDE CHARITY.

Once upon a time there lived in the west country a little girl who had neither father nor mother ; they both died when she was very young, and left their daughter to the care of an uncle, who was the richest farmer in all that country. He had houses and lands, flocks and herds, many servants to work about his house and fields, a wife who had brought him a great dowry, and two fair daughters.

All their neighbors, being poor, looked up to them—inso-much that they imagined themselves great people. The father and mother were as proud as peacocks ; the daughters thought themselves the greatest beauties in the world, and not one of the family would speak civilly to anybody they thought beneath them.

Now it happened that though she was their near relation, they had this opinion of the orphan girl, partly because she had no fortune and partly because of her humble, kindly disposition. It was said that the more needy and despised any creature was, the more ready was she to befriend it : on which account the people of the west country called her Childe Charity ; and if she had any other name, I never heard it.

Childe Charity was thought very little of in that proud house. Her uncle would not own her for his niece ; her cousins would not keep her company ; and her aunt sent her to work in the dairy, and to sleep in the back garret, where they kept all sorts of lumber and dry herbs for the winter. The servants learned the same tune, and Childe Charity had more work than rest among them. All the day she scoured pails, scrubbed dishes, and washed crockery ware ; but every night she slept in the back garret as sound as a princess could in her palace chamber.

Her uncle's house was large and white, and stood among green meadows by a river's side. In front it had a porch



THE WONDERFUL CHAIR
Which told the Story of Childe Charity

covered with a vine; behind, it had a farmyard and high granaries. Within, there were two parlors for the rich, and two kitchens for the poor, which the neighbors thought wonderfully grand; and one day in the harvest season, when this rich farmer's corn had been all cut down and housed, he condescended so far as to invite them to a harvest supper.

The west-country people came in their holiday clothes and best behavior. Such heaps of cakes and cheese, such baskets of apples and barrels of ale, had never been at feast before; and they were making merry in kitchen and parlor, when a poor old woman came to the back door, begging for broken victuals and a night's lodging. Her clothes were coarse and ragged; her hair was scanty and gray; her back was bent; her teeth were gone. She had a squinting eye, a clubbed foot, and crooked fingers. In short, she was the poorest and ugliest old woman that ever came begging.

The first who saw her was the kitchen-maid, and she ordered her to be gone for an ugly witch. The next was the herd-boy, and he threw her a bone over his shoulder; but Childe Charity, hearing the noise, came out from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and asked the old woman to take her share of the supper, and sleep that night in her bed in the back garret. The old woman sat down without a word of thanks.

All the company laughed at Childe Charity for giving her bed and her supper to a beggar. Her proud cousins said it was just like her mean spirit, but Childe Charity did not mind them. She scraped the pots for her supper that night, and slept on a sack among the lumber, while the old woman rested in her warm bed; and next morning, before the little girl awoke, she was up and gone, without so much as saying "Thank you" or "Good morning."

That day all the servants were sick after the feast, and mostly cross too—so you may judge how civil they were; when, at supper time, who should come to the back door but the old woman, again asking for broken victuals and a night's lodging. No one would listen to her, or give her a morsel, till Childe Charity rose from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and kindly asked her to take her supper, and sleep in her bed in the back garret.

Again the old woman sat down without a word. Childe Charity scraped the pots for her supper, and slept on the sack. In the morning the old woman was gone; but for six nights after, as sure as the supper was spread, there was she at the back door, and the little girl regularly asked her in.

Childe Charity's aunt said she would let her get enough of beggars. Her cousins made continual sport of what they called her "genteel visitor."

Sometimes the old woman said, "Child, why don't you make this bed softer? and why are your blankets so thin?" but she never gave her a word of thanks, nor a civil good morning.

At last, on the ninth night from her first coming, when Childe Charity was getting used to scrape the pots and sleep on the sack, her accustomed knock came to the door, and there she stood with an ugly ashy colored dog, so stupid-looking and clumsy that no herd-boy would keep him.

"Good evening, my little girl," she said, when Childe Charity opened the door; "I will not have your supper and bed to-night—I am going on a long journey to see a friend; but here is a dog of mine, whom nobody in all the west country will keep for me. He is a little cross, and not very handsome; but I leave him to your care till the shortest day in all the year. Then you and I will count for his keeping."

When the old woman had said the last word, she set off with such speed that Childe Charity lost sight of her in a minute. The ugly dog began to fawn upon her, but he snarled at everybody else. The servants said he was a disgrace to the house. The proud cousins wanted him drowned, and it was with great trouble that Childe Charity got leave to keep him in an old ruined cow-house.

Ugly and cross as the dog was, he fawned on her, and the old woman had left him to her care. So the little girl gave him part of all her meals, and when the hard frost came, took him up to her own back garret without any one knowing it, because the cow-house was damp and cold in the long nights. The dog lay quietly on some straw in a corner. Childe Charity slept soundly, but every morning the servants would say to her,—

"What great light and fine talking was that in your back garret?"

"There was no light but the moon shining in through the shutterless window, and no talk that I heard," said Childe Charity, and she thought they must have been dreaming; but night after night, when any of them awoke in the dark and silent hour that comes before the morning, they saw a light brighter and clearer than the Christmas fire, and heard voices like those of lords and ladies in the back garret.

Partly from fear, and partly from laziness, none of the servants would rise to see what might be there; till at length, when the winter nights were at the longest, the little parlor-maid, who did least work and got most favor, because she gathered news for her mistress, crept out of bed when all the rest were sleeping, and set herself to watch at a crevice of the door.

She saw the dog lying quietly in the corner, Childe Charity sleeping soundly in her bed, and the moon shining through the shutterless window; but an hour before day-break there came a glare of lights, and a sound of far-off bugles. The window opened, and in marched a troop of little men clothed in crimson and gold, and bearing every man a torch, till the room looked bright as day. They marched up with great reverence to the dog, where he lay on the straw, and the most richly clothed among them said,—

"Royal prince, we have prepared the banquet hall. What will your highness please that we do next?"

"Ye have done well," said the dog. "Now prepare the feast, and see that all things be in our best fashion: for the princess and I mean to bring a stranger who never feasted in our halls before."

"The commands of your highness shall be obeyed," said the little man, making another reverence; and he and his company passed out of the window.

By-and-by there was another glare of lights, and a sound like far-off flutes. The window opened, and there came in a company of little ladies clad in rose-colored velvet, and carrying each a crystal lamp. They, also, walked with great reverence up to the dog, and the gayest among them said,—

"Royal prince, we have prepared the tapestry. What will your highness please that we do next?"

"Ye have done well," said the dog. "Now prepare the robes, and let all things be in our first fashion: for the princess and I will bring with us a stranger who never feasted in our halls before."

"Your highness's commands shall be obeyed," said the little lady, making a low courtesy; and she and her company passed out through the window, which closed quietly behind them.

The dog stretched himself out upon the straw, the little girl turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret. The parlor-maid was so much amazed, and so eager to tell this great story to her mistress, that she could not close her eyes that night, and was up before dawn; but when she told it, her mistress called her a silly wench to have such foolish dreams, and scolded her so that the parlor-maid durst not mention what she had seen to the servants. Nevertheless Childe Charity's aunt thought there might be something in it worth knowing; so next night, when all the house was asleep, she crept out of bed, and set herself to watch at the back garret door.

There she saw exactly what the maid told her—the little men with the torches, and the little ladies with the crystal lamps, came in, making great reverence to the dog, and they had the same conversation as before only the dog said to the one,—

"Now prepare the presents," and to the other, "Prepare the jewels;" and when they were gone the dog stretched himself on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The mistress could not close her eyes any more than the maid from eagerness to tell the story. She woke up Childe Charity's rich uncle before dawn; but when he heard it, he laughed at her for a foolish woman, and advised her not to repeat the like before the neighbors, lest they should think she had lost her senses.

The mistress could say no more, and the day passed; but that night the master thought he would like to see what went on in the back garret; so when all the house was asleep, he slipped out of bed, and set himself to watch at the crevice in the door. The same thing that the maid

and the mistress saw happened again: the little men in crimson with their torches, and the little ladies in rose-colored velvet with their lamps, came in at the window, and made an humble reverence to the ugly dog, the one saying, "Royal prince, we have prepared the presents," and the other, "Royal prince, we have prepared the jewels;" and the dog said to them all, "Ye have done well. To-morrow come and meet me and the princess with horses and chariots, and let all things be in our first fashion: for we will bring a stranger from this house who has never travelled with us nor feasted in our halls before."

The little men and the little ladies said, "Your highness's commands shall be obeyed." When they had gone out through the window, the ugly dog stretched himself on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The master could not close his eyes, any more than the maid or mistress, for thinking of this strange sight. He remembered to have heard his grandfather say that somewhere near his meadows there lay a path leading to the fairies' country, and the haymakers used to see it shining through the gray summer morning as the fairy bands went home.

Nobody had heard or seen the like for many years; but the master concluded that the doings in his back garret must be a fairy business, and the ugly dog a person of great account. His chief wonder was, however, what visitor the fairies intended to take from his house; and, after thinking the matter over, he was sure it must be one of his daughters—they were so handsome, and had such fine clothes.

Accordingly, Childe Charity's rich uncle made it his first business that morning to get ready a breakfast of roast mutton for the ugly dog, and carry it to him in the old cow-house; but not a morsel would the dog taste. On the contrary, he snarled at the master, and would have bitten him if he had not run away with his mutton.

"The fairies have strange ways," said the master to himself; but he called his daughters privately, bidding them dress themselves in their best, for he could not say which of them might be called into great company before night-fall.

Childe Charity's proud cousins, hearing this, put on the richest of their silks and laces, and strutted like peacocks from kitchen to parlor all day, waiting for the call their father spoke of, while the little girl scoured and scrubbed in the dairy. They were in very bad humor when night fell, and nobody had come; but just as the family were sitting down to supper the ugly dog began to bark, and the old woman's knock was heard at the back door. Childe Charity opened it, and was going to offer her bed and supper as usual, when the old woman said,—

“This is the shortest day in all the year, and I am going home to hold a feast after my travels. I see you have taken good care of my dog, and now if you will come with me to my house, he and I will do our best to entertain you. Here is our company.”

As the old woman spoke, there was a sound of far-off flutes and bugles, then a glare of lights; and a great company, clad so grandly that they shone with gold and jewels, came in open chariots, covered with gilding and drawn by snow-white horses.

The first and finest of the chariots was empty. The old woman led Childe Charity to it by the hand, and the ugly dog jumped in before her. The proud cousins, in all their finery, had by this time come to the door, but nobody wanted them; and no sooner were the old woman and her dog within the chariot than a marvellous change passed over them, for the ugly old woman turned at once to a beautiful young princess, with long yellow curls and a robe of green and gold, while the ugly dog at her side started up a fair young prince, with nut-brown hair and a robe of purple and silver.

“We are,” said they, as the chariots drove on, and the little girl sat astonished, “a prince and princess of Fairy-land, and there was a wager between us whether or not there were good people still to be found in these false and greedy times. One said Yes, and the other said No; and I have lost,” said the prince, “and must pay the feast and presents.”

Childe Charity never heard any more of that story. Some of the farmer's household, who were looking after them through the moonlight night, said the chariots had gone one way across the meadows, some said they had gone

another, and till this day they cannot agree upon the direction.

But Childe Charity went with that noble company into a country such as she had never seen—for primroses covered all the ground, and the light was always like that of a summer evening. They took her to a royal palace, where there was nothing but feasting and dancing for seven days. She had robes of pale green velvet to wear, and slept in a chamber inlaid with ivory. When the feast was done, the prince and princess gave her such heaps of gold and jewels that she could not carry them, but they gave her a chariot to go home in, drawn by six white horses; and on the seventh night, which happened to be Christmas time, when the farmer's family had settled in their own minds that she would never come back, and were sitting down to supper, they heard the sound of her coachman's bugle, and saw her alight with all the jewels and gold at the very back door where she had brought in the ugly old woman.

The fairy chariot drove away, and never came back to that farmhouse after. But Childe Charity scrubbed and scoured no more, for she grew a great lady, even in the eyes of her proud cousins.

WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN?

What hath Time taken? Stars, that shone
On the early years of earth,
And the ancient hills they looked upon,
Where a thousand streams had birth;
Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long-unfading trees;
And the halls of wealth, and the thrones of power—
He hath taken more than these.

He hath taken away the heart of youth,
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer sunshine o'er our path,
Making the desert green;
The shrines of an early hope and love,
And the flowers of every clime,
The wise, the beautiful, the brave,
Thou hast taken from us, Time!

What hath Time left us? desolate
Cities, and temples lone,
And the mighty works of genius, yet
Glorious, when all are gone;
And the lights of memory, lingering long,
As the eve on western sea—
Treasures of science, thought, and song—
He hath left us more than these.

He hath left us a lesson of the past,
In the shades of perished years;
He hath left us the heart's high places waste,
And its rainbows fallen in tears.
But there's hope for the earth and her children still,
Unwithered by woe or crime,
And a heritage of rest for all,
Thou hast left us these, oh Time!

JOHN ROSS BROWNE.

(1817—1875.)

JOHN ROSS BROWNE was born in Ireland in 1817. He was in his time a great traveler. Besides making several journeys through Europe and the East, he was at different times United States Inspector of Customs for the Pacific Coast and United States Minister to China.

He has embodied a great number of his experiences and adventures in his books, among which we may mention 'Etchings of a Whaling Cruise,' 'Yusef; or the Journey of the Franji,' and 'Resources of the Pacific Slope.' He died in Oakland, Cal., in 1875.

THE HISTORY OF MY HORSE, SALADIN.

From 'Yusef; or the Journey of the Franji.'

If there was any one thing in which I was resolved to be particular it was in the matter of horses. Our journey was to be a long one, and experience had taught me that much of the pleasure of traveling on horseback depends upon the qualities of the horse. . . . Yusef had already given me some slight idea of the kind of horse I was to have. It was an animal of the purest Arabian blood, descended in a direct line from the famous steed of the desert Ashrik; its great-granddam was the beautiful Boo-boo-la, for whose death the renowned Arab chieftain Ballala, then a boy, grieved constantly until he was eighty-nine years of age, when, no longer able to endure life under so melancholy an affliction, he got married to a woman of bad temper, and was tormented to death in his hundred and twentieth year, and the last words he uttered were, *doghera! doghera! straight ahead!* All of Yusef Badra's horses were his own, bought with his own money, not broken-down hacks like what other dragomans hired for their Howadji; though, praised be Allah, he (Yusef) was above professional jealousy. There was only one horse in Syria that could at all compare with this animal, and that was his own, Syed Sulemin; a horse that must be known even in America, for Syed had leaped a wall twenty feet high, and was trained to walk a hundred and fifty miles a day, and kill the most desperate robbers by catching them

up in his teeth and tossing them over his head. I had not heard of this horse, but thought it best, by a slight nod, to let Yusef suppose that his story was not altogether unfamiliar to me. Being determined to examine in detail all the points of the animal destined for myself, I directed Yusef to bring them both up saddled and bridled, so that we might ride out and try their respective qualities before starting on our journey. This proposition seemed to confuse him a little, but he brightened up in a moment and went off, promising to have them at the door in half an hour.

Two hours elapsed; during which time I waited with great impatience to see the famous descendant of the beautiful Boo-boo-la. I looked up toward the road, and at length saw a dust, and then saw a perfect rabble of Arabs, and then Yusef, mounted on a tall, slabsided, crooked old horse, and then—could it be?—yes!—a living animal, lean and hollow, very old, saddled with an ancient saddle, bridled with the remnants of an ancient bridle, and led by a dozen ragged Arabs. At a distance it looked a little like a horse; when it came closer it looked more like the ghost of a mule; and closer still, it bore some resemblance to the skeleton of a small camel; and when I descended to the yard, it looked a little like a horse again.

“Tell me,” said I, the indignant blood mounting to my cheeks, “tell me, Yusef, *is* that a horse?”

“A horse!” retorted he, smiling, as I took it, at the untutored simplicity of an American; “a horse, O General! it is nothing else but a horse; and such an animal, too, as, I’ll venture to say, the richest pasha in Beirut can’t match this very moment.”

“*Tahib!*” Good—said one of the Arabs, patting him on the neck, and looking sideways at me in a confidential way.

“*Tahib!*” said another, and “*tahib*” another, and “*tahib*” every Arab in the crowd, as if each one of them had ridden the horse five hundred miles, and knew all his merits by personal experience.

That there were points of some kind about him was not to be disputed. His back must have been broken at different periods of his life, in at least three places; for there were three distinct pyramids on it, like miniature pyra-

mids of Gizeh; one just in front of the saddle, where his shoulder-blade ran up to a cone; another just back of the saddle; and the third a kind of spur of the range, over his hips, where there was a sudden breaking off from the original line of the backbone, and a precipitous descent to his tail. The joints of his hips and the joints of his legs were also prominent, especially those of his forelegs, which he seemed to be always trying to straighten out, but never could, in consequence of the sinews being too short by several inches. His skin hung upon this remarkable piece of framework as if it had been purposely put there to dry in the sun, so as to be ready for leather at any moment after the extinction of the vital functions within. But to judge from the eye (there was only one), there seemed to be no prospect of a suspension of vitality, for it burned with great brilliancy, showing that a horse, like a singed cat, may be a good deal better than he looks.

"A great horse that," said Yusef, patting him on the neck kindly; "no humbug about him, General. Fifty miles a day he'll travel fast asleep. He's a genuine Syrian."

"And do you tell me," said I sternly, "that this is the great-grandson of the beautiful Boo-boo-la? That I, a General in the Bob-tail Militia, and representative in foreign parts of the glorious City of Magnificent Distances, am to make a public exhibition of myself throughout Syria mounted upon that miserable beast?"

"Nay, as for that," replied the fellow, rather crest-fallen, "far be it from me, the faithfulest of dragomans, to palm off a bad horse on a Howadji of rank. The very best in Beirut are at my command. Only say the word, and you shall have black, white, or gray, heavy or light, tall or short; but this much I know, you'll not find such an animal as that anywhere in Syria. Ho, Saladin! (slapping him on the neck) who's this, old boy? Yusef, eh? Ha, ha! see how he knows me! Who killed the six Bedouins single-handed, when we were out last, eh, Saladin? Ha, ha! You know it was Yusef, you cunning rascal, only you don't like to tell. A remarkable animal, you perceive; but, as I said before, perhaps your excellency had better try another."

"No," said I, "no, Yusef; this horse will do very well.

He's a little ugly, to be sure; a little broken-backed, and perhaps a little blind, lame, and spavined, but he *has* some extraordinary points of character. At all events, it will do no harm to try him. Come, away we go!" Saying which, I undertook to vault into the saddle, but, the girth being loose, it turned over and let me down on the other side. This little mishap was soon remedied, and we went off in a smart walk up the lane leading from Demetrie's toward the sand-hills. In a short time we were out of the labyrinth of hedges formed by the prickly-pears, and were going along very quietly and pleasantly, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, Yusef, who had a heavy stick in his hand, held it up in the air like a lance and darted off furiously, shouting as he went, "Badra, Badra!" Had an entire nest of hornets simultaneously lit upon my horse Saladin, and stung him to the quick, he could not have shown more decided symptoms of sudden and violent insanity. His tail stood straight up, each particular hair of his mane started into life, his very ears seemed to be torturing themselves out of his head, while he snorted and pawed the earth as if perfectly convulsed with fury. The next instant he made a bound, which brought my weight upon the bridle; and this brought Saladin upon his hind legs, and upon his hind legs he began to dance about in a circle; and then plunged forward again in the most extraordinary manner. The whole proceeding was so very unexpected that I would willingly have been sitting a short distance off, a mere spectator; it would have been so funny to see somebody else mounted upon Saladin.

Both my feet came out of the stirrups in spite of every effort to keep them there; and the bit, being contrived in some ingenious manner, tortured the horse's mouth to such a degree every time I pulled the bridle, that he became perfectly frantic, and I had to let go at last and seize hold of his mane with both hands. This seemed to afford him immediate relief, for he bounded off at an amazing rate. My hat flew off at the same time, and the wind fairly whistled through my hair. I was so busy trying to hold on that I had no time to think how very singular the whole thing was; if there was any thought at all it was only as to the probable issue of the adventure. Away we dashed, through chaparrals of prickly-pear, over ditches and dikes,

out upon the rolling sand-plain! I looked, and beheld a cloud of dust approaching. The next moment a voice shouted "Badra, Badra!" the battle-cry of our dragoman, and then Yusef himself, whirling his stick over his head, passed like a shot. "Badra, Badra!" sounded again in the distance. Saladin wheeled and darted madly after him; while I, clutching the saddle with one hand, just saved my balance in time. "Badra, Badra!" shrieked Yusef, whirling again, and blinded by the fury of battle. "Come on, come on! A thousand of you at a time! Die, villains, die!" Again he dashed furiously by covered in a cloud of dust, and again he returned to the charge; and again, driven to the last extremity by the terrific manner in which Saladin wheeled around and followed every charge, I seized hold of the bridle and tried all my might to stop him, but this time he not only danced about on his hind legs, but made broadside charges to the left for a hundred yards on a stretch, and then turned to the right and made broadside charges again for another hundred yards, and then reared up and attempted to turn a back somerset. All this time there was not the slightest doubt in my mind that sooner or later I should be thrown violently on the ground and have my neck and several of my limbs broken. In vain I called to Yusef; in vain I threatened to discharge him on the spot; sometimes he was half a mile off, and sometimes he passed in a cloud of dust like a whirlwind, but I might just as well have shouted to the great King of Day to stand still as Badra, the Destroyer of Robbers. By this time, finding it impossible to hold Saladin by the bridle, I seized him by the tail with one hand, and by the mane with the other, and away he darted faster than ever. "Badra, Badra!" screamed a voice behind; it was Yusef in full chase! Away we flew, up hill and down hill, over banks of sand, down into fearful hollows, and up again on the other side; and still the battle-cry of Yusef resounded behind, "Badra, Badra forever!"

On we dashed till the pine grove loomed up ahead; on, and still on, till we were close up and the grove stood like a wall of trees before us. "Thank heaven," said I, "we'll stop now! Hold, Yusef, hold!" "Badra, Badra!" cried the frantic horseman, dashing by and plunging in among the trees: "Badra forever!" Saladin plunged after him,

flying round the trees and through the narrow passes in such a manner that, if I feared before that my neck would be broken, I felt an absolute certainty now that my brains would be knocked out and both my eyes run through by some projecting limb. In the horror of the thought, I yelled to Yusef for God's sake to stop, that it was perfect folly to be running about in this way like a pair of madmen; but by this time he had scoured out on the plain again, and was now engaged in going through the exercise of the Djereed with a party of country Arabs, scattering their horses hither and thither, and flourishing his stick at their heads every time he came within reach. They seemed to regard it as an excellent joke, and took it in very good part; but for me there was no joke about the business, and I resolved as soon as a chance occurred to discharge Yusef on the spot. Saladin, becoming now a little tamed by his frolic, slackened his pace, so that I got my feet back into the stirrups, and obtained some control over him. There was a Syrian café and smoke-house not far off, and thither I directed my course. A dozen boys ran out from the grove, and seized him by the bridle, and at the same time, Yusef coming up, both horses were resigned to their charge, and we dismounted. "Hallo, sir!" said I, "come this way!" for to tell the truth I was exceedingly enraged and meant to discharge him on the spot.

"Bless me! what's become of your hat?" cried Yusef, greatly surprised; "I thought your excellency had put it in your pocket, to keep it from blowing away!"

"The devil you did! Send after it, if you please; it must be a mile back on that sand-hill."

A boy was immediately dispatched in search of the hat. Meantime, while I was preparing words sufficiently strong to express my displeasure, Yusef declared that he had never seen an American ride better than I did, only the horse was not used to being managed in the American fashion.

"Eh! Perhaps you allude to the way I let go the reins, and seized him by the mane?"

"To that most certainly I do refer," replied Yusef; "he doesn't understand it. None of the horses in Syria understand it."

"No," said I, "very few horses do. None but the best

riders in America dare to undertake such a thing as that. Did you see how I let my feet come out of the stirrups, and rode without depending at all upon the saddle?"

"Most truly I did; and exceedingly marvelous it was to me that you were not thrown. Any but a very practiced rider would have been flung upon the ground in an instant. But wherefore, O General, do you ride in that dangerous way?"

"Because it lifts the horse from the ground and makes him go faster. Besides, when you don't pull the bridle, of course you don't hurt his mouth or stop his headway."

Yusef assented to this, with many exclamations of surprise at the various customs that prevail in different parts of the world; maintaining, however, that the Syrian horses not being used to it, perhaps it would be better for me in view of our journey to learn the Syrian way of guiding and controlling horses; which I agreed to do forthwith. We then sat down and had some coffee and chibouks; and while I smoked Yusef enlightened me on all the points of Syrian horsemanship: how I was to raise my arms when I wanted the horse to go on, and hold them up when I wanted him to run, and let them down when I wanted him to stop; how I was to lean a little to the right or the left, and by the slightest motion of the bridle guide him either way; how I was to lean back or forward in certain cases, and never trot at all, as that was a most unnatural and barbarous gait, unbecoming both to horse and rider. Upon these and a great many other points he descanted learnedly, till the boy arrived with my hat; when, paying all actual expenses for coffee and chibouks, we distributed a small amount of backshish among the boys who had attended our horses, and mounted once more. This time, under the instruction of Yusef, I soon learned how to manage Saladin, and the ride back to Beirut was both pleasant and entertaining.

JAMES BRYCE.

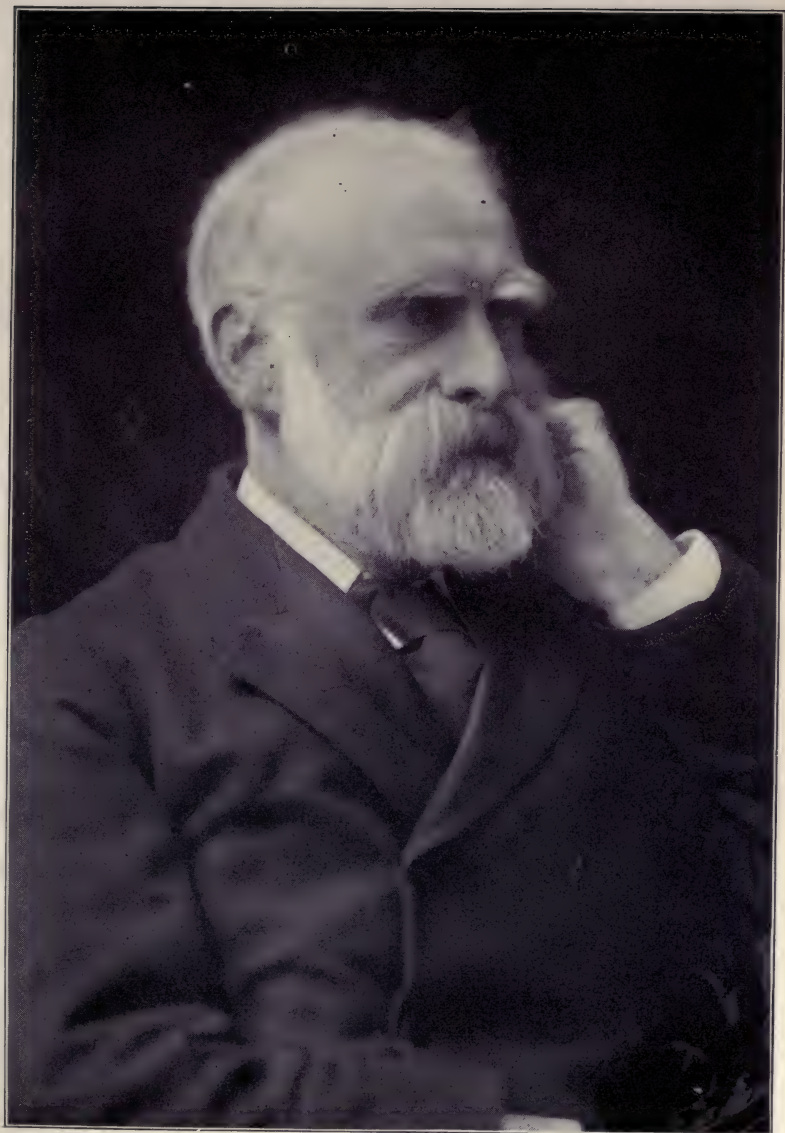
(1838 —)

THE Right Honorable James Bryce, P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., M. P. for Aberdeen since 1885, was born in Belfast in 1838. He is the eldest son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow (who died in 1877), and Margaret, the eldest daughter of James Young, Abbeyville, County Antrim. He married Elizabeth Marion, daughter of Thomas Ashton, Fordbank, near Manchester, 1889. He was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and was a scholar of Trinity College. He was graduated from Oxford B.A. in 1862 and D.C.L. in 1870, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1862. He was made a barrister in Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and practiced till 1882. He was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford in 1870, and resigned that office in 1893.

He was member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets in 1880, and was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1886. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (with a seat in the Cabinet) in 1892; President of the Board of Trade in 1894; Chairman of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education in 1894; and a member of the Senate of London University in 1893. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1894; corresponding member of the Institute of France in 1891; foreign member of the Royal Academies of Turin and Brussels in 1896; and corresponding member of the Societa Romana di Storia Patria in 1885. He was made Honorary LL.D. of the Edinburgh University in 1883, of Glasgow University in 1886, and of Michigan University in 1887. He was made Doctor of Political Science of the Royal Hungarian University of Buda Pest in 1896, Doctor of Letters of the Victoria University in 1897, Doctor of Civil Law of Trinity University, Toronto, in 1897, Doctor of Letters of Cambridge University in 1898, and an Honorary Fellow of Trinity and Oriel Colleges, Oxford. He was President of the Alpine Club from 1899 to 1901.

His publications are: 'The Flora of the Island of Arran,' 'The Holy Roman Empire,' 'Report on the Condition of Education in Lancashire' (for the Schools Enquiry Commission), 'The Trade Marks Registration Act, with Introduction and Notes on Trade Mark Law,' 'Transcaucasia and Ararat,' 'The American Commonwealth,' 'Impressions of South Africa,' and 'Studies in History and Jurisprudence.' He also edited 'Two Centuries of Irish History.'

As an original and accurate historian and as a careful observer he takes high rank. His 'American Commonwealth' is generally admitted to be the best critical analysis of American institutions made by a foreign writer.



RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOLDING
PUBLIC OPINION.

From the 'American Commonwealth.'

As the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, it is convenient to begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those general features of national character which give tone and color to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union; but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterwards to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes; though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whisky before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war, when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offenses of all kinds but one, offenses against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness

shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colors their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctively new flavor which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth

of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their laboring classes with the condition of the masses in the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great states of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and poor,—contests which go down to the foundations of government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while many think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that still greater changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such questions trouble American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only to protect the Constitution from being perverted by the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority as events developed the real issues, so that this also has been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the

majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed, because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.

This feeling shades off into another, externally like it, but at bottom distinct—the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail, but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This feeling appears in the guise sometimes of piety and sometimes of fatalism. Religious minds hold—you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits—that Divine Providence has especially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other state has yet attained, and that this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey, and which you can turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*.

The Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland, and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused, than in any other country. (I speak of course, of the native Americans, excluding negroes and recent immigrants.) They know the Constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its results tested at elections. The town meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. They exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness.¹ Women in particular, though their chief reading is fiction and theology,

¹ See for a curious, though, it must be admitted, somewhat dismal account of these theological discussions among the ordinary citizens of a small Western community, the striking novel of Mr. E. W. Howe, 'The Story of a Country Town.'

pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with the functions which the theory of the American Government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organization assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a reproach to the schools, which at least do what English schools omit—instruct the child in the principles of the Constitution—as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizens are not, as has hitherto been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislators, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is virtually one of the governors of the republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote. Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with the full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of their past careers. As has been said, the instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself capable of governing, does not completely fit him to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and

discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes of the ship and is expert in working her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but cannot judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting aside the *colluvies gentium* which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous church-goers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith.

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature.

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do

not mean irreverent,—far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions—political, economical, or social—to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and adviser. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for even in America few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others towards correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed towards instruction, but towards stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practiced the art of running conventions and winning elections.

Even that strong point of America, the completeness and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge of all politics by the politics they see first and know best—those of their township or city, and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman, or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size and believe that what does for Lafayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive or hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in

America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it. Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisure class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a member of a party, takes some interest in current events. But although he would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonishes an English visitor to find how small a part politics play in conversation among the wealthier classes and generally in the cities. During a tour of four months in America in the autumn of 1881, in which I had occasion to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country, and particularly in the Eastern cities, I never once heard American politics discussed except when I or some other European brought the subject on the carpet. In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of private talk as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel—more, I think, than he feels anywhere in Britain—that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There is plenty of political chat round the store at the cross-roads, and though it is rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.¹

¹ The European country where the common people talk most about politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boatmen discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens during the whole voyage with the liveliest interest and apparently considerable knowledge.

The want of serious and sustained thinking is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick perceptions serve them so well in business and in ordinary affairs of private life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking belongs to the average man everywhere. Admitting this, I must repeat once more that we are now comparing the Americans not with average men in other countries, but with the ideal citizens of a democracy. We are trying them by the standard which the theory of their government assumes. In other countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are expected to do it for themselves. To say that they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that the men who have got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, down-right, apprehensible by an ordinary understanding. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of their locality or party as truths due to their own reflection.

It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this

shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect, however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

They are an unsettled people. In no State of the Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in many it is almost nomadic. Nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbors.¹ Community of interest, or of belief in such a cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytizing force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favorable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. Whether or no there be truth in this suggestion, one who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may find ground for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the items are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbor's sentiment more quickly and easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite confidence, which foreigners attribute to the Englishman, though it belongs rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is,

¹ Forty years ago this was much less true of New England than it is to-day. There are districts in the South where the population is stagnant, but these are backward districts, not affecting the opinion of the country.

though not absent, yet less marked in America.¹ It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organization which their history and institutions have educed, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeful people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow like the wheel of a railway car, by the accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at once, because what has told upon one has told in the same way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds like success. The native American or so-called Know-Nothing party had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry, its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival. Now and

¹ I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the English, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans traveling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do: nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants—Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans—"the natives."

then, as for instance in the election of 1874-75, there comes a rush of feeling so sudden and tremendous, that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet any one who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. A love for what is old and established is in their English blood. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them conservative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their history and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future, makes them underestimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans. They are no doubt ready to listen to suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the City of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. I have remarked in an earlier chapter that the fondness for trying experiments has produced a good deal of hasty legislation, especially in the newer States, and that some of it has already been abandoned. But these admissions do not affect the main proposition. The Americans are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognizes the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in

their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the 'American Commonwealth.'

Social intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France. Yet there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages have begun to approximate to those of Europe, and other parts of the country. In the rural districts, and generally all over the West, young men and girls are permitted to walk together, drive together, go out to parties and even to public entertainments together, without the presence of any third person who can be supposed to be looking after or taking charge of the girl. So a girl may, if she pleases, keep up a correspondence with a young man, nor will her parents think of interfering. She will have her own friends, who when they call at her house ask for her, and are received by her, it may be alone; because they are not deemed to be necessarily the friends of her parents also, nor even of her sisters.

In the cities of the Atlantic States it is now thought scarcely correct for a young man to take a young lady out for a solitary drive; and in few sets would he be permitted to escort her alone to the theater. But girls still go without chaperons to dances, the hostess being deemed to act as chaperon for all her guests; and as regards both correspondence and the right to have one's own circle of acquaintances, the usage even of New York or Boston allows more liberty than does that of London or Edinburgh. It was at one time, and it may possibly still be, not uncommon for a group of young people who know one another well to make up an autumn "party in the woods." They choose some mountain and forest region, such as the Adirondack Wilderness west of Lake Champlain, engage

three or four guides, embark with guns and fishing-rods, tents, blankets, and a stock of groceries, and pass in boats up the rivers and across the lakes of this wild country through sixty or seventy miles of trackless forest, to their chosen camping-ground at the foot of some tall rock that rises from the still crystal of the lake. Here they build their bark hut, and spread their beds of the elastic and fragrant hemlock boughs; the youths roam about during the day, tracking the deer, the girls read and work and bake the corn-cakes; at night there is a merry gathering round the fire or a row in the soft moonlight. On these expeditions brothers will take their sisters and cousins, who bring perhaps some lady friends with them; the brothers' friends will come too; and all will live together in a fraternal way for weeks or months, though no elderly relative or married lady be of the party.

There can be no doubt that pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the greater freedom which transatlantic custom permits; and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized. American girls have been, so far as a stranger can ascertain, less disposed to what are called "fast ways" than girls of the corresponding classes in England, and exercise in this respect a pretty rigorous censorship over one another. But when two young people find pleasure in one another's company, they can see as much of each other as they please, can talk and walk together frequently, can show that they are mutually interested, and yet need have little fear of being misunderstood either by one another or by the rest of the world. It is all a matter of custom. In the West, custom sanctions this easy friendship; in the Atlantic cities, so soon as people have come to find something exceptional in it, constraint is felt, and a conventional etiquette like that of the Old World begins to replace the innocent simplicity of the older time, the test of whose merit may be gathered from the universal persuasion in America that happy marriages are in the middle and upper ranks more common than in Europe, and that this is due to the ampler opportunities which young men and women have of learning one another's characters and habits before becoming betrothed. Most

girls have a larger range of intimate acquaintances than girls have in Europe, intercourse is franker, there is less difference between the manners of home and the manners of general society. The conclusions of a stranger are in such matters of no value; so I can only repeat that I have never met any judicious American lady who, however well she knew the Old World, did not think that the New World customs conduced more both to the pleasantness of life before marriage, and to constancy and concord after it.

In no country are women, and especially young women, so much made of. The world is at their feet. Society seems organized for the purpose of providing enjoyment for them. Parents, uncles, aunts, elderly friends, even brothers, are ready to make their comfort and convenience bend to the girls' wishes. The wife has fewer opportunities for reigning over the world of amusements, because except among the richest people she has more to do in household management than in England, owing to the scarcity of servants; but she holds in her own house a more prominent if not a more substantially powerful position than in England or even in France. With the German hausfrau, who is too often content to be a mere housewife, there is of course no comparison. The best proof of the superior place American ladies occupy is to be found in the notions they profess to entertain of the relations of an English married pair. They talk of the English wife as little better than a slave; declaring that when they stay with English friends, or receive an English couple in America, they see the wife always deferring to the husband and the husband always assuming that his pleasure and convenience are to prevail. The European wife, they admit, often gets her own way, but she gets it by tactful arts, by flattery or wheedling or playing on the man's weaknesses; whereas in America the husband's duty and desire is to gratify the wife, and render to her those services which the English tyrant exacts from his consort. One may often hear an American matron commiserate a friend who has married in Europe, while the daughters declare in chorus that they will never follow the example. Laughable as all this may seem to English women, it is perfectly true that the theory as well as the practice of conjugal life is not the same in America as in England. There are overbearing husbands

in America, but they are more condemned by the opinion of the neighborhood than in England. There are exacting wives in England, but their husbands are more pitied than would be the case in America.

In neither country can one say that the principle of perfect equality reigns; for in America the balance inclines nearly, though not quite, as much in favor of the wife as it does in England in favor of the husband. No one man can have a sufficiently large acquaintance in both countries to entitle his individual opinion on the results to much weight. So far as I have been able to collect views from those observers who have lived in both countries, they are in favor of the American practice, perhaps because the theory it is based on departs less from pure equality than does that of England. These observers do not mean that the recognition of women as equals or superiors makes them any better or sweeter or wiser than Englishwomen; but rather that the principle of equality, by correcting the characteristic faults of men, and especially their selfishness and vanity, is more conducive to the concord and happiness of a home.

They conceive that to make the wife feel her independence and responsibility more strongly than she does in Europe tends to brace and expand her character; while conjugal affection, usually stronger in her than in the husband, inasmuch as there are fewer competing interests, saves her from abusing the precedence yielded to her. This seems to be true; but I have heard others maintain that the American system, since it does not require the wife to forego her own wishes, tends, if not to make her self-indulgent and capricious, yet slightly to impair the more delicate charms of character; as it is written, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

From 'Two Centuries of Irish History.'

There would be little profit in trying to apportion between England and the different classes and parties in Ireland the blame for the misfortunes of the last ninety

years. When it is perceived that all these misfortunes were the natural result of the position in which the two islands found themselves, the charge of deliberate malignity which many Irishmen have brought against England falls to the ground. The faults of England were ignorance and heedlessness—faults always found where the governed are far from the sight of the governors, and misgovernment brings no direct or immediate penalty in its train. United not to the Irish people as a whole, but to a caste which was hardly a part of that people, and knowing that caste to be bound to herself, she allowed it to govern in her name. She did not heed, because she scarcely heard, the complaints of the oppressed race. It is true that Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries were almost always Englishmen. But going to Ireland with no previous knowledge of the country, and living there among the Ascendancy, they saw with its eyes and heard with its ears. Even statesmen like Peel and Goulburn appear in Irish history as the mere mouthpieces of the lawyers and officials who surrounded them, and accepted the brutal remedies for disorder which those officials, following the old traditions, suggested to them. Nor, when the turn of the Whigs came, did they cordially recognize the equality of rights and duties to which the Catholics had been admitted in 1829, but sought to deal with them as if they were still an inferior class. Had England, even that unsympathetic oligarchy which ruled England till 1832, governed Ireland directly, influenced by no one class in Ireland more than any other, she could have hardly failed to remove many of the evils of the country. Had she left administration and legislation entirely in the hands of the Ascendancy, excluding them from the legislature of Britain, the administration would probably have been no worse, and a spirit of Irish patriotism, a sense of responsibility to the mass of the inhabitants, and dread of their displeasure, such as seemed to be growing up in the last half of the preceding century, might have arisen to weld the Anglo-Irish and the native Irish into one people. It was the combination of dependency government with the government of a denationalized caste that proved fatal during the first seventy years of this century, as during the first eighty of the century preceding.

The faults of the Irish people are no less clearly traceable to the conditions under which they lived. Miseries unparalleled in modern Europe, miseries which legislation did not even attempt to remove, produced agrarian crimes and lawless combinations. The sense of wild justice that underlay these crimes and combinations bred an ingrained hostility to law, and a disposition to sympathize with those who braved it. Englishmen who admit this explanation of the most distressing feature of Irish peasant life, are surprised that it should still subsist. But though it sprang up in the middle of last century, the conditions that produced it—that is to say, agrarian oppression and the absence of equal justice locally administered—remained long after the Union in scarcely diminished potency. With the aversion to law there came naturally an aversion to the so-called “English Government,” and to England herself. It was intensified among the leaders of the people by the events of 1798, and perpetuated by the contempt with which Irish patriotism had been treated in England—a contempt in curious contrast with the sympathy which England warmly and frequently expressed for national movements elsewhere.

England expected loyalty from the Irish, especially after she thought she had honored them by union with herself. But what was there to make them loyal either to the Crown or to the English connection? Loyalty is a plant which does not spring up of itself. A healthy seed must be sown, and sown in a congenial soil. Loyalty to the Crown is in England the result of centuries of national greatness, of a thousand recollections grouped round the head of the State, who personifies the unity and glory of the nation. In Ireland the recollections were recollections of conquest mingled with not a few of cruelty and treachery. The dominant caste, which had gone to the verge of rebellion in 1782, called itself loyal when, in 1798, the subject race followed the example which the Volunteers had set. This caste has since professed attachment to the English Crown. Its attachment has not been disinterested. “Doth a man serve God for naught?” The Ascendency had solid reasons for adhering to the power which maintained it as an ascendency. But the other Irish nation of ninety years ago, the nation of Celts and Roman Catholics,

had no more reason for loyalty to the King of England than the Christians of the East have for loyalty to the Turkish sultan. Nor have the English kings sought to foster loyalty in the way which kings find most effective, by their personal presence. Before the appearance of James II., followed by the conquering entrance of William III., only three sovereigns had set foot in Ireland—Henry II., John, and Richard II. Since the battle of the Boyne only one royal visit was paid, that of George IV. in 1824, down to the visit of her present Majesty in 1849.¹ On both those occasions the sovereign was received with the greatest warmth. Why has one of the most obvious services a monarchy can render been so strangely neglected?

The want of a capacity for self-government, which is so often charged upon the Irish, does not need to be explained by an inherent defect in Celtic peoples when it is remembered that no opportunity of acquiring it has ever been afforded them. Since the primitive clan organization of the native race was dissolved in the sixteenth century, neither local nor national self-government has ever existed in Ireland, until the recent establishment of representative municipal institutions in the larger towns. There were practically no free elections of members of the House of Commons till the famous Waterford election of 1826, and even after that year an election was almost always a struggle between temporal intimidation by landlords and spiritual intimidation by priests. The Ballot Act of 1872 is the true beginning of Parliamentary life in the Irish counties, and seems to mark a turning-point in Irish history.

That Irish political leaders have usually wanted a sense of responsibility, have been often violent in their language, agitators and rhetoricians rather than statesmen, is undeniable, and must be borne in mind when England is blamed for refusing to follow their advice. But vehemence and recklessness are natural to men who had no responsibility, whom no one dreamt of placing in administrative posts, who found their counsels steadily ignored. They, like the people from whom they sprung, had no training in self-government, no enlightened class to correct by its opinion their extravagances. Agitation was the only resource of

¹ King Edward VII. paid Ireland a visit in 1893.—[Ed.]

those who shrank from conspiracy or despaired of insurrection; and the habit of agitation produced a type of character, as Cervantes says that every man is the son of his own works. Leadership had, with some honorable exceptions, become divorced from education and property, because the class which gave leaders to the nation in the thirty years before the Union had now been thoroughly denationalized.

The reflection may occur that if these unhappy features in the character of English rule and the temper of the Irish people during the last two centuries were the result of causes acting steadily during a long period of time, a correspondingly long period of better relations will be needed to efface them. History, however, if she does not absolutely forbid, certainly does not countenance such a prediction. It has sometimes happened that when malignant conditions have vanished, and men's feelings undergone a thorough change, a single generation has been sufficient to wipe out ancient animosities, and capacities for industrial or intellectual or political development have been disclosed which no one ventured to expect. Necessity and responsibility are the best teachers. Even the dreary annals of Ireland show some progress from century to century. In a time like ours, changes of every kind move faster than they did in the days of darkness and isolation; and, though there are moments when clouds seem to settle down over Ireland or over Europe as a whole, yet if we compare the condition of the world now with that of a century ago, we find ample grounds for a faith in the increasing strength of the forces which make for righteousness and peace.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY has made a great success in a novel of remarkable vigor entitled 'Croppies Lie Down'—and his shorter stories, of which we give an example, are read with much appreciation both here and on the other side of the Atlantic.

INNISCARRA.

From 'The Gael' (by permission).

He regretted that he had not gone over the crest of Curragh Beg instead of following the slanting road by its flank, when he saw who stood in the way, her form white against the pines of Garrovagh across the Lee. The sinking sun, too, found her white gown and the cloudy tresses of living gold that framed her lovely face, their burnished plaits crowning the spirited head with a crown that queens might envy. She was carrying the milk pail and supervising the erratic progress of Drimmin, the little cow from the Kingdom of Kerry. Had Drimmin been human, she would have described her most obvious characteristic as firmness, from which it may be gathered that Maureen Ni Carroll's task was not a sinecure. A tuft of sweet clover just inside a neighboring fence having attracted her attention, she promptly entangled her horns amid the wiring; this made the girl call out, shading her eyes, then she saw Hugh and put down the pail.

Hugh was not a particularly intelligent young man, but the light of fancy had not been dulled in his unworn eyes, and the sudden expression on Maureen's face brought a thought so perturbing that he was glad to occupy himself with Drimmin's predicament, the girl standing by, save for the brief Gaelic greeting, wordless. Drimmin being extricated, he came to her with the original statement that it was a fine evening.

"Come here," replied Maureen, "is it true that you are goin' to list below there at Ballincollig?"

Hugh threw a restless glance at the silvery Lee. "There isn't much else for a man to do these times," he said. "I was biddin' 'em good-bye at Castle Inch."

"An' you're not goin' back to Cloghroe any more? Then it's true?"

"'T is, begor; the mother's dead, an' two cows. There's a gale due."

"Is it the way you can't farm?"

"I'm able to do that right enough, but the life is slavery—not a bit of diversion. So, what would I do it for?"

She looked at him. "Groomin' horses an' carryin' pails isn't much, either," she retorted, "an' that's what most of 'em are doin' down there."

He bent his brows and switched his leg with the *kipeen*¹ he was already learning to carry like a riding-whip. "It's a fine life all the same—a soldier's," he said, dreamily, thinking of the review he had seen at Cork Park.

"War isn't like that," she replied with Irish intuition, "an' if it was, there's the shame of goin' out to kill people that never did you harm, for people who made your country what it is."

"It's a fine life all the same," he reiterated, "an' there's promotion—"

"For you!" she retorted. "Is it the way you are goin' to turn *souper*?"

He winced. "No fear of that!" he said.

"An' it's nice, decent comrades you'll have—sure, you must have heard what some of 'em did over at Inniscarra once? Robbin' the dead!"

"There's good and bad everywhere."

"An' what will they give you for goin' among 'em?"

He repeated the recruiting sergeant's patter; she tore it to shreds in the light of some exceedingly straight statements made by a cousin who had the honor of giving twenty years of a now worthless life in exchange for a shilling a day—and stoppages. He hardly heard, he was thundering away in a phantom pageant lit by Fantasy's glow, with all the horses at the charge and all the swords aslant. Through the vision a few trumpet notes flaunted up the valley, a voice that called, and he turned away.

She understood, her beautiful brows running straight a moment. "Sure I wouldn't mind," she said, "it would be grand if it were for Ireland!" Then her cheek burned, and she took up the pitcher.

¹ *Kipeen*, a short stick.

"Good-bye, Maureen," he said. He feared his tongue might play him false.

"*Slan leat*,"¹ she answered over one curved shoulder, "*Beannact De le t' anam!*"²

When he had gone a short distance he looked back. She was following the mountain path, her gown diaphanous at the sides, the hair a golden mist about the graceful head. In a moment, sky, water, wood, and brooding hill seemed instinct with sudden significance; dimly he knew the picture would remain until he died.

He went on with laggard step, for his angel was pleading to the spirit within, and the evening scene was pleading also in the tongue we learn too late. The sunlight passed ere he reached the bridge spanning the Bride, and here he paused before descending the dip. The little valley, with its scattered pines and shadowy mist and steep banks under St. Cera's Athnowen stretched away to the right; he traced it mentally up to ancient Kilcrea and Farran height throned upon the Clara slopes above the sunny plains and rolling hills of Muskerry. He looked across to Inniscarra's pebbly strand, and followed the invisible road winding beneath the sloping flank of Garravagh on to the sweet Dripsey stream. It was a pleasant country, good to live in, better to die for, best to fight for, as strangers found, though God knows, dull enough, because its people, having lost their spirit with their tongue, had become boorish imitators parroting stupid or bestial things. But, before him swelled the broad Lee, arched by the time-worn bridge so many quiet feet had crossed, bearing generations of men to their sins or their sorrows or their joys, and it seemed to cut his life in twain, for beyond lay the walled barrack where the braided jackets, and gleaming swords, and prancing chargers waited.

He resumed his way, harassed by wearying thoughts. So oppressed, he ascended the narrow road, fringed on one side by young beech, and oak, and drooping ash. At the other, beside the Lee, the "Island of the Dead" rose lovely and lonely, its elms reflected below, and the bell tower of an alien faith that to its years is but as the life of a weed against the brow of old Garrovagh. An aged priest whose

¹ *Slan leat*, Good-bye. ² *Beannact De le t' anam!* God rest your soul.

Masses he had often served told him that the great Hugh O'Neil once halted here, what time he marched south, and the Saxon churls hid behind the walls of Barry's fortress, and Ormond hovered afar. Of course he knew nothing more; being born in that land, he was ignorant of its story as the heron his tread had disturbed or the wood pigeons cooing overhead. All he comprehended was that O'Neil had been a great soldier who beat the English long ago, and that he would be a soldier too. The glamour of the camp lured his ignorance, he thought proudly of the ordered lines, the gallant dress, the tossing manes, the flashing steel, the splendor of the charge. Nor was he to be blamed; the grace of color is not the less because it clothes a clod, the bright blade will flash its thrilling message though held by unworthy hands, the gallant steed go thundering on in beauty and in strength, though bestridden by a coward's bones.

He went more rapidly, glancing at the meadow land opposite, ghostly now beneath white river mists, and then paused, peaked shapes taking form and substance there. "Tents!" he whispered; "I wonder I didn't see 'em before!" The air appeared to strike suddenly cold. He shivered. "It must be a new regiment under canvas," he muttered; "maybe the sergeant is there."

He pushed on rapidly, a confused murmur meeting his ear, and soon gained the turn of the old bridge, whence a road winds up to the coach road running on to Macroom. Down this a detail of horsemen trotted; they carried lances, but were not lancers. They were soldiers wearing lightly corselet and helmet that glimmered sharply in the gathering dusk. One was singing; to him the tongue was almost unknown, but the melody woke memories. He caught a word here and there as the rest took it up, strangely familiar, strangely remote—it was the Colleen Dhas.

Instinctively he felt among friends and was seized with a sudden desire to know more about those men, those real soldiers, who carried themselves so gallantly and did not growl at their curvetting steeds.

"Good night, men," he said as they passed, but the troopers gave no sign, and went on across the bridge, whose parapet had grown lower, he thought, turning then off to

the right and disappearing into the field beyond. A flood of strange, mad fancies passed through his mind, making his heart beat and his ears throb as if with the rattle of innumerable drums. He followed, and saw that the wide expanse was dotted by dark brown tents stretching in lines to the bank of the Lee, where a road wound its white length. He had not been in the place for some time past. "I wonder why they made that?" he muttered; "I didn't notice it a while ago."

It was not new, to-day it lies beneath grass and hedge, unthought of by one in the hundreds who tread the path running under Garrovagh. Habit carried him forward and he went, his chin on his shoulder, watching the tents and the road curving up to a little eminence near a house with latticed windows he knew well, but could not see, because the place was filled by mounted men, above them a banner unrolled—a banner he had never seen before.

At the end of the long, straight way he followed was another group. They too, wore glistening armor, spears glinting cold above the helmet feathers. They all wore swords, handsomer than those he had admired hitherto. None carried carbines he noted, but did not like them the worse for that, having an instinctive preference for the "beautiful white weapon" and that other the old-time man-of-arms called the Queen of Weapons. Some were gathered curiously about the mile stone let in the wall of the Cyclist's Rest, the mile stone that has told "6" to so many centuries of weary or careless eyes, but he did not observe the house itself, wondering whether the soldiers would stop him. One, standing in mid road, seemed inclined to do so, as he towered there, one foot advanced, a hand on his belt, the other grasping the tall spear that gleamed above his six feet of steel and manhood—a very type and symbol of glorious war.

As he passed he uttered a faltering "Beannact leat!" The man looked down upon him calmly, a white face under the plumed headpiece, impassive as Garrovagh itself, and he went his way, vaguely ashamed, heading for the strange flag fluttering afar.

As he approached he saw that it was posted near a spot where a cluster of houses linger at the debouching of a small valley threaded by a forgotten road leading north—

a backwater on the shrunken stream of Irish life. It was of the camp on his right and the flag above it he thought now, the flag whereon he could dimly discern a red hand and a motto in Gaelic. All round were men in chased armor, mounted on spirited steeds, and he climbed the hill to see better.

"Glory be to God!" he whispered, "there's a power of 'em down as far as Goat Island an' the Kennels! I wonder why they talk Irish—where's the barrack wall at all?"

The English wall had disappeared, but the waste of Goat Island was alive with stirring multitudes and shadowy with the smoke of smoldering camp fires. Hoarse commands rang out, he saw the tents were being struck and piled on carts with a method he thought exclusively British. The same was being done in the meadows below, rank after rank of men falling into place rapidly, the baggage train splashing through the shallows or winding by the river road, all converging toward the banner greeted by rolling cheers. Just in the way, glittering above the rest, was a man on a splendid charger. Had the watcher not lived in a country striving to kill its soul he would have known that man from printed book and painted canvas; as it was, he could not but see that he was "strong of body," that he had a high look and a noble air, a certain erectness which was part of those surrounding him.

There were fresh orders, a halt, a pause, a steady dressing of lines, and in a moment he was on the outskirts of a mighty crowd, a forest of lances. The man on the horse raised his hand and spoke, the tongue was the tongue of the men who sang by the bridge, the men who controlled and ordered the marching, the tongue that kept the last memory of Maureen Ni Carroll's tones, the tongue he had striven to forget, through shame, because it was Irish. The speech was short, but it breathed a sentiment he knew was seditious, so that he was almost afraid to hear; but the fear died as the spirit of the words challenged his own. It spoke of unshaken faith in Ireland, unswerving hatred of her unswerving foe, firm resolve to do or die for the glory of God and the honor of Eire.

A thundering storm of sound replied, the wide valley echoed, old Garrovagh gave back the magic name "O'Neil."

The marching recommenced to the music of war-pipes, a song rising from the steady ranks, sprightly and fierce, as they went quickly in review by the Man of the Yellow Ford. It drew the listener's soul through his ears, and, heedless of all, he rushed down the mountain path to seek and follow, if it were to death!

When he reached the cross all was still, the summer eve was balmy once again, across the Lee the barrack wall showed gray, only the rabbits were stirring on Goat Island, the old bridge curved over the stream, Curragh Beg looked down on all. But the river spoke at the weir, and now he understood; a trumpet blast sang from the barrack—a voice had called in vain. The face of Maureen Ni Carroll rose before him, he set his teeth and turned abruptly to the north, following the old road, the road that led home, the road O'Neil had taken.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

(1816—1843.)

KEVIN T. BUGGY is chiefly known by the popular poem printed here, 'The Saxon Shilling,' which appeared in January, 1843. He was a son of Michael Buggy of Kilkenny, where he was born in 1816. He was called to the bar in London in 1841, and later succeeded Sir C. G. Duffy as editor of *The Belfast Vindicator*. He wrote some stories and poems for Irish newspapers, which were never collected or republished. He died in Belfast, Aug. 18, 1843, and a monument was erected over his grave by means of a public subscription.

He is described as a "rough, unkempt, slovenly, hearty kind of man and of great ability."

THE SAXON SHILLING.¹

Hark! a martial sound is heard—
The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming;
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—
For bold recruits the brave are coming,
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—
The sounds and sights are surely thrilling.
Dazzled village youths to-day
Will crowd to take the *Saxon Shilling*.

Ye whose spirits will not bow
In peace to parish tyrants longer—
Ye, who wear the villain brow,
And ye who pine in hopeless hunger—
Fools, without the brave man's faith—
All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell themselves to shame and death—
Accept the fatal *Saxon Shilling*.

Ere you from your mountains go
To feel the scourge of foreign fever,
Swear to serve the faithless foe

¹ Refers to the English custom when recruiting for the army. The acceptance of a shilling (twenty-five cents) from the recruiting sergeant constitutes the act of enlisting, and in the old days many a poor fellow has been so plied with drink that he has awakened from his sleep to find a shilling in his hand and the Queen's colors (ribbons of red, white, and blue) pinned to his hat or on his breast; sure signs that he had "listed for a soger," even though he had forgotten about it.—[Ed.]

That lures you from your land forever!
Swear henceforth its tools to be—
To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
Honor, home, and liberty,
Abandoned for a *Saxon Shilling*.

Go—to find, mid crime and toil,
The doom to which such guilt is hurried;
Go—to leave on Indian soil
Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied!
Go—to crush the just and brave,
Whose wrongs with wrath the world is filling;
Go—to slay each brother slave
Or spurn the blood-stained *Saxon Shilling*!

Irish hearts! why should you bleed
To swell the tide of British glory—
Aiding despots in their need,
Who've changed our *green* so oft to *gory*!
None, save those who wish to see
The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
And true hearts severed from the free,
Will take again the *Saxon Shilling*!

Irish youths! reserve your strength
Until an hour of glorious duty,
When Freedom's smile shall cheer at length
The land of bravery and beauty.
Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—
Let nought but Justice make you willing
To leave your own dear Island shore,
For those who send the *Saxon Shilling*.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

(1865 —)

SHAN F. BULLOCK, the novelist of North of Ireland life and character, was born at Crom, County Fermanagh, May 17, 1865. He was educated at Farra School, County Westmeath, and King's College, London.

Although closely occupied in the Government service, he has found time to work, with a single purpose, at literature, as well as to indulge in his favorite recreations of walking, cycling, and swimming. His 'Thrasna River' recalls to one a long sunny day spent amid the bleaching cornfields of Ulster, with the reek of the turf in the air and the mountain forever in sight. His 'Ring o' Rushes,' 'The Charmer,' and 'The Awkward Squads' have in no less measure this quality of truth and realization. The close of 1899 saw the publication of a new book by Mr. Bullock, 'The Barrys'; and in 1901 he published 'Irish Pastorals,' which is full of manifest truth and beauty.

THE RIVAL SWAINS.

From 'The English Illustrated Magazine.'

We left the Bunn Road, turned down hill towards Curleck, passed a great, stone-walled farmhouse set nakedly on the hillside, whirled through a little oak plantation and across a single-arched bridge; then suddenly came to a stretch of level sandy road with broad grass margins on either hand and willow hedges, and, beyond these, low-lying tracts of pasture and meadow land that ran on one side along Thrasna River, and extended on the other back to the shores of Clackan Lough.

A beautiful country it is just there, half-way from the Stonegate to Curleck woods, well-wooded and watered, green and smiling, with white farmhouses scattered plentifully over its face, and dark patches of crop-land here and there between the hedges, and round all, dim and blue, the mighty ring of giant mountains. But, like a true son of the soil and owner of a high-stepping horse, my friend James Hicks had more eye for the road and its ruts than for the hills and their beauties, nor would he allow many words of mine in praise of the natural beauties of the land to sift through his rustic mind unrebuked. No! to blazes

with beauty and color and the rest! What cared he for such foolery? It was the soil he valued, the hard, practical soil, sir, not the frippery that spoilt the face of it.

"Fine, ye call it!" he said, and pointed disdainfully with his whip at the big rushy fields beyond the hedge. "I wish to glory ye saw me stick a spade half a foot into the skin of it. Water an' clay, that's what ye'd find, an' grass growin' on it that'd cut ye like razors. Ay! I know it. An' sure there's good reason for it bein' so. Ye see Thrasna River over there?" said he, and pointed to the right with his whip. "An' ye see Clackan Lough over there?" and he wagged his head to the left. "An' ye remarked that little stream back there, wi' the bridge over it? Well, if ye look hard at them they'll tell their own story. Suppose the sky opened there above your head and spouted rain for six whole days at a time, what'd happen? Eh? I'll tell ye. The mountains there beyond'd send the water roarin' down upon us; the lakes above in Cavan'd swell an' come slap at us; the hills there'd do their duty; an' then up rises the river, an' the lake, over comes the water wi' a jump, an' when you'd be eatin' your supper there's a lake spread between the hills, an' a canal three feet deep runnin' here over the road between the hedges. Yes, aw I know it! *That's* the time to see how beautiful the country looks! *That's* the time to make the farmers kick their heels wi' joy wi' their hay in wisps, an' their turf in mud, and their potatoes maybe swamped! How comfortable ye'd feel, now, if ye wanted to get to Curleck, an' ye had no friend to drive ye, an' the water was as deep as your chin on the road, an'— Aw dear, oh dear!" James cried suddenly, and slapped his knee; then, in true Irish fashion, changed his tune quickly from dolor to laughter. "Aw dear, oh dear! to think of that story comin' into me head all at once! Sure it's wonderful the quare tricks one's brain-box plays one. The quarest thing it was happened along this very road, sir, one winter's night when the floods were up. But maybe ye know the story o' George Lunny's stilts, an' what came o' them?"

I shook my head. So James leant his elbow on the cushion of the car-well, crossed his legs, and having worked his horse into a steady trot, went on with his story.

"T was a good many years ago that the thing happened,

an' 't was in the same winter that the big wind blew the roof off the hay-shed at Emo. Powerful the flood was at that time an' four feet deep it lay on this very road; so that if ye wanted to get to Curleck an' hadn't a boat, an' hadn't time to get around the lake there, ye had to take your life in your fist, tuck up your coat-tails, an' wi' the tops o' the hedges to guide ye, just wade for it. Faith! 't was a funny sight o' market-days to see the ould women comin' along here on their asses' carts wi' their skirts over their ears, an' the water squirtin' out below the tail-board, an' the unfortunate baste of an ass trudgin' unconcernedly through it all wi' its head an' ears showin' above the water; an' a funnier sight 't was at times to see George Lunny an' the rest comin' through it on their stilts. Like ghosts they 'd seem o' times, when dusk was comin'; if a wind was blowin', ye 'd think they were drunk, that wobbly they's be; an' at the deep parts, be the Kings! but it's miracles ye 'd think they 'd be at an' walkin' on the water. Anyway, it's about George I must tell ye.

"He used to work below in the gardens at Lord Louth's—a middle-sized, good-natured kind o' fellow, harmless enough, an' powerful good to the widow mother at home. An' o' course, he has a wee girl to go courtin'; an' o' course there's another man that's sweet on her too; an' o' course she lived *that* side o' the flood—ye'll see the house shortly when we get to the woods—an' they lived *this*. So ye'll see that what wi' crossin' the flood o' nights to see her, an' the trifle o' jealousy between themselves, they had enough to keep them alive through the winter.

"Well, one night when George had had his supper, an' a wash an' shave, he takes his stilts across his shoulder, and sets out to see the wee girl, Bessie Bredin by name. 'T was a fine, frosty night, wi' a three-quarter moon shinin', an' when George gets to the edge o' the flood there behind the bridge, who should he see but th' other fellow sittin' on the copin' stones.

"'Aw! good evenin', David,' (that being the rival's name) says George, restin' his stilts against the bridge wall an' pullin' out his pipe. 'It's a fine night now.'

"'It is so, George,' answers David, not speaking too friendly-like, still without any ill-will, for so far it was a fair race between the two. 'It is so.'

“‘It’s a cowl seat ye’ve got there this frosty night, David,’ said George, strikin’ a match.

“‘Aw, it is,’ answers David. ‘I just daundered down to look at the wild ducks on the wing, an’ smoke me pipe.’

“‘Ye hadn’t a notion to cross the flood now, David?’ asks George in his sly way.

“‘Aw, no,’ says David. ‘Aw! not at all.’

“‘Ay?’ says George, catchin’ hold o’ his stilts. ‘Well, I’m goin’ that direction for an hour or so. Anythin’ I can do for ye?’

“‘Ah, no, George,’ says David. ‘Ah, no, ’cept I’m sorry I couldn’t—well, to tell the truth, I *was* thinkin’ o’ goin’ down Curleck way the night. Only Jan Farmer, bad luck take him! has gone off wi’ the cot after the ducks, and I can’t cross.’

“‘Aw,’ says George, that sleek and pitiful, ‘that’s bad—that’s bad. An’ ye’ve no stilts or anythin’? Och, och, man alive! what were ye thinkin’ of? An’ sure ’t would be an ojus pity to wet them new Sunday trousers o’ yours. But tell ye what, David, I’ve a broad back on me, an’ a stout pair o’ legs, an’ the stilts there’d carry a ton weight—get on me back, an’ I’ll carry ye over.’

“Well, at that David hummed an’ ha’d a while, an’ objected this an’ that: he didn’t care whether he went or not; he was bigger an’ weightier than George (which was true, but not over weighty for a big lump o’ a man like George), an’ might strain his back; they might trip over a rut or a stone. An’ George just listened quietly to it all an’ threw in an odd remark in a careless kind o’ way, knowin’ well enough that David was dyin’ to go, an’ that ’t was only fear of his skin that hindered him. At last up George gets on his stilts, an’ says he—

“‘Well, David, me son, good-bye; I’m sorry I can’t stay longer wi’ ye, but I’m expectin’ to see some one about eight o’clock. Good-night, David, an’ take care o’ yourself.’ An’ at the word up gets David from the wall an’ takes a grip o’ George’s trousers.

“‘Aisy,’ says he; ‘aisy, I’ll go.’

“So George gets alongside the bridge-wall, an’ David mounts it an’ scrambles on to George’s back; an’ off the caravan sets through the flood.

“Well, sir, there begins the game; for George was a

masterpiece on the stilts, an' held the whip hand, and David, as the water got closer and closer to his feet, only shivered more an' more, an' gripped George the tighter. First George'd wobble to this side, an' David'd shout *Murther!* Then George'd wobble that side, and David'd roar *Meila murther!* Then George'd splash a drop o' frosty water round David's ankles an' set him shiverin'; then he'd turn his face round an' say, 'Aw, David, David, me strength's goin',' an' lek a shaved monkey David'd shiver on his back an' chatter wi' his teeth. At last, about half-way through, George, whether from pure divilment or spite, I know not—for afterwards he'd never say—gives a quick lurch on the stilts, jerks his shoulders an' off David goes into the water—slap in he goes, wi' a roar like a bull, flounders awhile, then rises splutterin', rubs his eyes, an' sets off like a grampus helter-skelter after George. Whi-roo! there's where the scene was, an' the *Whillaloo*, an' the splashin' an' swearin'; but at last George gets to dry land, drops the stilts an' as hard as he could pelt makes for the girl's house. An' after him like a retriever goes David, as wet as a fish an' as mad as twenty hatters. 'Aw! may the divil send that I get me hands on ye,' he'd shout, 'till I pull the wizen out o' ye!' An' away in front George'd laugh an' shout back, 'Aw, David, David, spare me, spare me! 'T was all an accident.' So like that they went on along this very road up the Round Hill there, down through the woods below, an' up the lane to the girl's house.

"I happened that night to be makin' a *kaley* in Bredin's kitchen—in troth, I may say at once that if Bessie, the daughter, had looked kindly on meself instead o' George or David, I'd have jumped in me boots—an' was sittin' in the corner holdin' discourse wi' Bredin himself, when the door clatters open an' in comes George pantin' an' blowin'.

"'Aw, aw!' says he, droppin' into a chair an' tryin' to laugh, 'I'll be kilt—I'll be kilt! Big Davy's after me roarin' vengeance. I—I—' then, as well as he could, told us what had happened. 'Here he comes,' says George, risin' to his feet; an' wi' that the door flings open an' in comes Big David—the wofulest object ye iver clapped eyes on, wi' his hair in his eyes, an' his clothes dreepin', an' his face blue as a blue bag. He dunder into the kitchen,

looks at George, then wi' a shout makes for him. 'Aw, ye whelp ye!' shouts he, 'I've got y-; ' but at that Bredin runs, an' the wife runs, an' I run, an' between us all keep the two asunder. An' all the time Davy keeps roarin' an' strugglin', and George standin' by the fire keeps sayin': 'Aw, Davy, Davy, 't was only an accident!'

"Well, sir, after a while we got David calmed down a bit, an' made him promise to be quiet; then away upstairs he goes an' soon comes down decked out in Bredin's Sunday clothes, and sits him down by the fire, wi' Bredin and myself between him an' George. Faith! 't was a curious sight to see the pair o' them: David glowerin' across the hearthstone wi' his hands spread out to the blaze, an' George wi' his eyes fixed on the kettle, hardly knowin' whether to laugh or grin. Aw! but soon the laugh was th' other side o' his face; for what d'ye think but Bessie, though every one knew she was fondest o' George an' was nearly promised to him, gave him the back o' her hand that night, an' was like honey itself to David! Troth, 't was wonderful! But, sure, women are the curious mortals, any way. Ay! any one that has a wife knows it well. All the fuss she made o' him! 'T was 'David, are ye this?' an' 'David, are ye that?' an' 'David, wid ye like a hot cup o' tea?' till ye'd think a'most 't was a child o' six she was sootherin'. Down she brings the big arm-chair from the parlor an' sits him in it; nothin' 'll do her but he must ha' a glass o' hot punch at his elbow; here she was always turnin' an' twistin' his wet clothes before the fire, an' not a glance would she give poor George at all, sittin' mum wi' his toes in the aches. Och! not one. An' David, seein' how things were, could hardly keep from shoutin', he was that proud; an' every now an' again he'd look slyly at George, as much as to say: 'Ye've done for yourself, me son, this time, an' dang your eyes! but it serves ye right.' An' George'd squirm on his stool an' bite at the shank o' his pipe; at last, up he rises, throws a dark look at Bessie, gives us a surly good-night, an' bangs the door behind him. 'Aw, good-night, George!' shouts David after him, 'an' don't forget your stilts, me son, next time ye come courtin'—at which Bredin laughs, an' the wife, an' Bessie herself; but for me, I shut me lips, for never did I like that David, an' 't was a wonder to me what was possessin' Bessie that night.

“ But the next day ’t was much the same, an’ the next; an’ by the followin’ Sunday ’t was round the country that David was the boy for Bessie Bredin, as sure as gun was iron. An’ faith, it seemed so; for if ye met David on the road he had his head as high as Napoleon, an’ if ye met George he looked like a plucked goose; an’ if ye saw one pass the other, ’t was a black sneer David had on his face, an’ George ’d look same as if he was walkin’ to the gallows. Bitter enemies they were now—bitter enemies for all that George said little an’ David gave out he didn’t care a tinker’s curse, an’ niver did, for all the Georges in Ireland—not if he was George the Fifth himself.

“ Well, things went on like that for a while; an’ at last, one fair day at Bunn, our two boys were brought together by some friends, myself among them, an’ over a quiet glass in the Diamond Hotel we strove to make them forget an’ forgive. Let the girl choose for herself, said we, an’ let the best man win. But sorrow a bit would they shake hands—no, sir. David stood there in his high an’ mightiness, an’ George hung back glowerin’; an’ at last, over a hot word that fell, George struck David. *Whew-w!* ’t was a fair shaloo in two seconds; ye ’d think the house was comin’ down; but we all got between them, an’ at last got them quiet on the understandin’ that they were to fight it out fair an’ square on Cluny Island the followin’ Saturday evenin’. ‘All right!’ shouts David, an’ whacks the table, ‘all right, me sons—an’ bring your coffin,’ he says to George as our party left the room! ‘bring your coffin!’

“ Well, sir, Saturday evenin’ came, an’ over we all went to Cluny Island, George an’ his party in one cot, an’ David and his in another. All roarin’ David was wi’ joy, an’ I’m thinkin’ that maybe there was a drop o’ drink somewhere near him; but George was quiet enough, an’ never said a word all the way over, an’ up through the woods till we came to the ould cockpit on top o’ the hill. An’ there me two heroes strip an’ face each other.

“ ’T was a good fight, sir, as good as ever happened in these parts; an’ a pluckier battle than George fought I never seen. No! nor never will. He was a light man in those days, an’ not over tall, an’ David was like the side o’ a house, sturdy an’ strong as an ox; but George faced his man as if he was only five fut nothin’. An’, by jing! if

we didn't think at first he was goin' to win, that nimble he was an' quick, that watchful an' cute, an' hard in the blow, too, sometimes. Yes, he hammered David for long enough. But never tell me, sir, that your race-horse'll beat your fourteen-stone hunter over a ten-miles' course. Aw! not at all. Ye may practice your nimbleness on a stone wall as long as ye like, but isn't it the wall has the laugh in the end? Aw! of course. An' so it was wi' George. After a while he gets a bit tired; then loose in his guard; then hard in his breath—*then*, sir, David lets fly right an' left like a flail on a barn floor, an' in ten minutes, sir, he had George standin' before him as limp as a rag an' as broken a man as ye ever seen. 'Are ye done?' shouts David at that. 'Are ye ready for your coffin?' 'No!' answers George, an' tries to rally; 'not till ye kill me!' 'Then here goes, and be danged to ye!' roars David; wi' that he rushes in like a tornado, hits out, an' down goes George like an empty sack.

"'Now,' says David again, foldin' his arms an' throwin' back his shoulders, 'now, coffin or no coffin, you're done, me devil! Eh?' says he, turnin' to his party wi' a laugh. 'Eh, boys? there's hope for Ireland yet!' Back comes the skirl; an' just as we were goin' to give them defiance I hears the swish o' skirts, an' there, stoopin' over George, is Bessie Bredin.

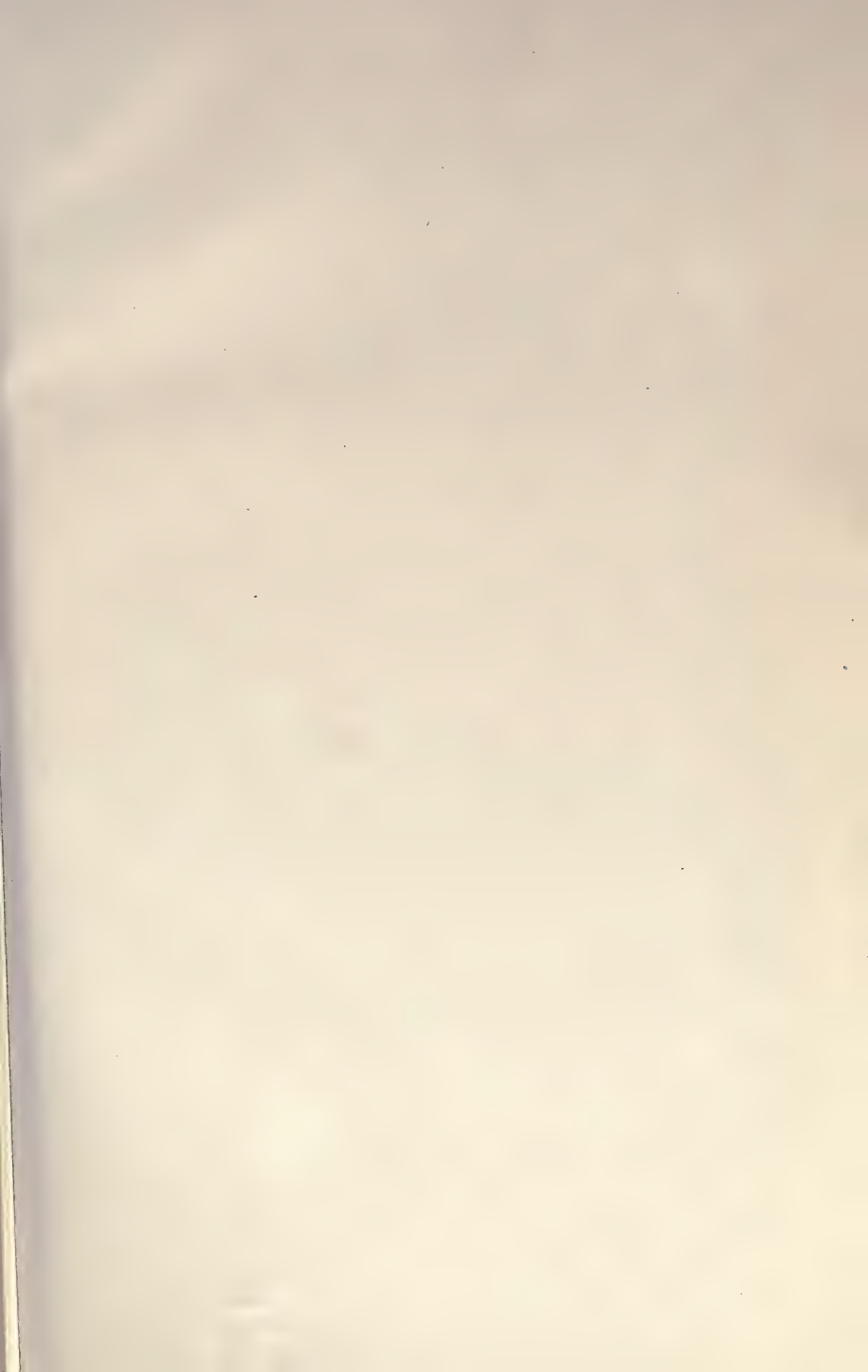
As pale as death she was; an' at sight of her David, like the rest of us, stands back. Down she goes on her knees, lifts George's head, tells one o' us to get water; then bathes his face and neck wi' it, an' like that she stays till he comes to an' is able to stand up. Then she helps him into his coat and waistcoat, puts his cap on, an' turns to where David was standin' back glowerin' from under his eyebrows.

"'Ah,' says she, 'ye big cowardly bully! Ye daren't fight your match. No! Ye'd rather lay your dirty hands where ye know they'd hurt. It's a wonder't wasn't myself ye challenged. D'ye know what he did, boys?' says she, turnin' to us all. 'He creeps up the lane to see me last night, an' comes rubbin' his big hands into the kitchen, an' he whispers in my ear: "If ye want to see me fit a corpse to a coffin," he says, "be in Cluny Island the morrow evenin' about dusk." Yes, that's what ye said, an' ye made sure

I'd be here too late—ye big, black, cowardly liar, ye! Go home,' she says, pointin' at him wi' her finger, an' speakin' as one would to a tinker. 'Go home an' marry a beggar woman!' says she; 'maybe she'll teach ye manners an' soften the heart in ye.'

"Then she turned to George.

"'Come away, George,' says she, an' takes his arm; 'Come away, me son; an' God forgive me for bringin' ye to this!'"





EDMUND BURKE

EDMUND BURKE.

(1730—1797.)

EDMUND BURKE—of whom Dr. Johnson said his “mind was a perennial stream,” who was pronounced by Sir Archibald Alison to be “the greatest political philosopher and most far-seeing statesman of modern times,” and who was illustrious alike as orator and author—was born in Arran Quay, Dublin, Jan. 1, 1730. His father was a Protestant, in which religion Edmund was brought up, and his mother Catholic. It is not unlikely that the difference in religion between the parents, which has so often been the cause of evil, had in his case a beneficial effect, allaying bigotry and opening his mind to broader views when considering opposing opinions.

Burke was of a sickly constitution, and, being unable to take exercise like other children, he read a great deal, and so got far in advance of those of his own age. At fourteen, when he entered Trinity College, he was unusually well read, especially in classic literature, for a boy of that age. In his college career Burke did not distinguish himself beyond ordinary students. He was discursive in his reading, and given to sudden and impulsive changes in his studies; at one time he would be devoted to history, at another to mathematics, now to metaphysics, and again to poetry. This desultory habit, though it may have interfered with the success of his academic career, doubtless made him all the better suited for the wide stage on which he was later to play so great a part.

In 1747 he and some others formed a club which was the germ of the celebrated Historical Society, and here he put forth his opinions on historic characters, paintings, and the wide range of subjects of which he was master, without fear of the judgment or criticism of his audience, and thus gained that very boldness which afterward rendered him so unmanageable in debate. In 1748 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and soon after left the university. In 1750 he proceeded to London, his name having already been entered as a student at the Middle Temple. But, instead of studying for the law, he paid visits to the House of Commons, as if drawn there by some powerful instinct, made speeches at the Robin Hood Society, and contributed to the periodicals so as to eke out the small allowance granted him by his father.

At this last occupation he worked so hard that his health, never very good, began to suffer. His physician, Dr. Nugent, advised rest and quiet, and invited him to his own house. There he received the kindest treatment; and an attachment sprang up between him and the physician's daughter, resulting in a marriage which proved exceptionally happy. Mrs. Burke's character, we are told, was “soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging.” She was also noted for managing her husband's affairs with prudence and discretion. No wonder Burke declared that, in all the most anxious moments of

his public life, every care vanished the moment he entered his own home.

The first of his essays, so far as is known, that attained to any great distinction was his 'Vindication of Natural Society,' which appeared anonymously in the spring of 1756. His intention in it was to prove that the same arguments which were employed by Lord Bolingbroke for the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government.

Before the end of the same year Burke published his celebrated work, 'A Physiological Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful,' which advanced him to a first place among writers on taste and criticism. Johnson praised it highly, and Blair, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other prominent men sought the friendship of the author. His father, who had been indignant at his son's desertion of the law, was so pleased with the work that he sent him a present of £100 (\$500) as a mark of his admiration and approval. In 1758, still devotedly attached to the study of history, he proposed to Dodsley the publication of *The Annual Register*, and an arrangement was made by which Burke wrote the historical part of the work for many years.

His political career properly commenced in 1761. He went to Ireland as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton (of "single-speech" memory), who was at the time Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. For his services he was awarded a pension of £300 (\$1,500), but after a time he threw it up as inconsistent with his personal independence. In 1765 he returned to London, and was introduced to the Marquis of Rockingham, who, on becoming Prime Minister, appointed him private secretary. In 1766 he became member for the borough of Wendover, and took his seat in that House which he was afterward so greatly to influence and adorn. His first speech was on American affairs, and was praised by Pitt. In it he advised the Rockingham administration to repeal the Stamp Act, which so irritated this country, but at the same time to pass an act declaratory of the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies. The compromise which he advised was carried out; but the Ministry soon after resigned to give place to Mr. Pitt.

Upon this Burke wrote his 'Short Account of a Late Short Administration!' In this year (1768) Mr. Burke thus writes to a friend: "I have purchased a house (Beaconsfield) with an estate of about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You who are classical will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farmhouse within a hundred yards of me." During the Wilkes excitement he opposed the violent measures adopted against that firebrand, and in 1770 he published his 'Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents,' which contains a copious statement of his ideas on the English Constitution. He also took a prominent part in the debates on the liberty of the press, strongly supporting those who wished to curtail the power

of the Crown. In 1774 he was chosen member for Bristol, and on April 19 he made a powerful speech on the repeal of the tea duty in America. This speech "was one of the greatest to which any assembly had ever listened, replete with philosophy and adorned with the most gorgeous diction," and it raised Burke at once into the position of first orator in Parliament.

The greatest achievement in this period of the history of Burke was the long struggle against the principle of government by the King and his Ministers chosen and dismissed by himself, which assumed a particularly odious character in connection with American affairs and was no less offensive to liberty-loving Englishmen at home. In March, 1775, he introduced his famous 'Thirteen Propositions for Quieting the Troubles in America,' and delivered another great speech, in which he pointed out how, on the grounds of expediency alone, concession to the colonists' demands was the wiser course. In 1777 he again appeared in advocacy of the cause of the colonies; but the hour for conciliation was past, and his speeches on the subject were only able reasoning and eloquence wasted. In 1783 Lord Rockingham again came into power, and Burke was appointed to the well-paid post of Paymaster-General, together with a seat at the Council board. On the death of Rockingham he resigned his post and joined the coalition with Fox and North. This coalition defeated Shelburne, who had taken Rockingham's place, and on the 2d of April entered office, Burke becoming once more Paymaster-General. But the Ministry was short-lived, being defeated on the India bill in December of the same year, and Mr. Pitt succeeded to the helm of state.

No sooner were the American questions out of the way than Burke threw himself with arduous energy into a subject of scarcely less importance to the empire of Great Britain. He had for a long time viewed the career of Warren Hastings in India with indignation, and in 1784 he began his famous attack upon that individual. No sooner had Hastings returned to England than Burke took steps toward his impeachment. He had studied Indian affairs with assiduous care, and was thus enabled to make the great speeches with which he began his attack not only eloquent but full of information such as no other member of the House could impart. However, for a time he made little way against the large majority opposed to him, and it was the 13th of February, 1788, before the great trial commenced. As every one knows, it lasted for six years, and was the cause of some of the most eloquent speeches by Burke and others ever uttered in Westminster Hall. The trial brought Burke increase of fame as an orator, but rather lessened him in the popular opinion, and the final result was the acquittal of the "haughty criminal." But his work was not in vain. Public attention was aroused, and the power of the East India Company was considerably modified thereafter.

The French Revolution was the next subject to occupy his mind; and he vigorously opposed the extreme views of the men who in France were apparently dragging the whole fabric of society to ruin, and he published his famous pamphlet, 'Reflections on the

French Revolution.' He fiercely attacked its leaders and its principles, and practically took the position of defending all establishments, however tyrannical, and censuring every popular struggle for liberty, whatever the oppression. Within a year 19,000 copies were sold in England, and about as many more in Europe in French. Its richness of diction and felicity of illustration caused it to be read by thousands who would have cared nothing for a dry philosophical treatise. But while it had many admirers it had several critics, and brought forth in reply Sir James Mackintosh's '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*' and Thomas Paine's famous '*Rights of Man*.' Burke followed it up by a '*Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*,' in 1791, '*An Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*,' and '*Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*.' The publication of his views on the proceedings of the French revolutionists brought about a complete estrangement between Burke and his former political friends, Fox and Sheridan, and led to the celebrated scene between him and Fox in the House of Commons, which resulted in a breach that was never repaired.

In 1792 he published a '*Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe on the Propriety of Admitting Roman Catholics to the Elective Franchise*,' and in 1794 withdrew from Parliament, being succeeded in the representation of Malton by his only son, a youth of great promise, who died soon after; the shock was so great that Burke never fully recovered from it. At the express wish of the King, who with his court had assumed a very friendly attitude toward Burke, because of his views on the French revolution, a pension of £3,700 (\$18,500) per annum was settled upon him in 1795. For the acceptance of this he was fiercely attacked in the House of Lords. His '*Letter to a Noble Lord*,' full of biting sarcasm, and at the same time lofty resentment, was an answer to this attack.

The remaining two years of his life were spent in retirement, but educational and philanthropic measures were noted and commented upon, and his latest publication was on the affairs of his native land, at that time fast approaching a crisis. Early in 1797 his health began to decline and he died July 8 of the same year. His remains were buried at Beaconsfield by his own desire, as he said, "near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son, in all humility praying that, as we lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

Macaulay pronounces Burke, "in aptitude of comprehension, and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern." "With the exception of his writings upon the French revolution," says Lord Brougham, "an exception itself to be qualified and restricted, it would be difficult to find any statesman of any age whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the result of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those toward which

the general complexion of his political principles tended, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction."

The great statesman Fox says: "If I were to put all the political information that I have ever gained from books, and all that I have learned from science, or that the knowledge of the world and its affairs have taught me, into one scale, and the improvement I have derived from the conversation and teachings of Edmund Burke into the other, the latter would preponderate."

Within the massive railings in front of Trinity College, Dublin, stand on either side the magnificent statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, both executed by the eminent sculptor, J. H. Foley, R.A.

ON AMERICAN TAXATION.

From the Speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1774.

Sir—It is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the State looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble counsels, so paltry a sum as Three-pence in the eye of a financier, so insignificant an article as Tea in the eyes of the philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that signifi-

cant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger; which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation—such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent which no other part of the world can furnish but America, where tea is next to a necessary of life and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India Committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance—a *preambulary tax*. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your

colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated; and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the *principle* of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your Act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your Act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the Act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you,—it is very material: that the preamble of this Act which we wish to repeal is not *declaratory of a right*, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the *expediency* of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common-sense; show it to be the means

of attaining some useful end: and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from perseverance in absurdity is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well—indeed, in most of his *general* observations I agree with him—he says that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay.

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

From the Speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1775.

To restore order and repose to an empire so great and so distracted as ours, is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding. Struggling a good while with these thoughts, by degrees I felt myself more firm. I derived at length some confidence from what in other circumstances usually produces timidity. I grew less anxious, even from the idea of my own insignificance. For, judging of what you are by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it of power to awe, dazzle, or delude you. You will see it just as it is; and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; nor Peace to depend on the juridi-

cal determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple Peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies, in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon. It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace at every instant to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the proposition and registry of that noble lord's project. The idea of conciliation is admissible. First, the House, in accepting the resolution moved by the noble lord, has admitted—notwithstanding the menacing front of our address, notwithstanding our heavy bills of pains and penalties—that we do not think ourselves precluded from all ideas of free grace and bounty.

The House has gone farther: it has declared conciliation admissible, *previous* to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right, thus exerted, is allowed to have something reprehensible in it—something unwise, or something grievous: since in the midst of our heat and resentment we of ourselves have proposed a capital alteration, and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is indeed wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The *principle* of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think indeed are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But for the present I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two: First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained (as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you) some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider dis-

tinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arrant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them.

EXTRACTS FROM 'LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.'

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray,—everything of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the Royal favor?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine on the favor-

able construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honor of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I thought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why truly it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, in strength or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country.

It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say, that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed Pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal, his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionous about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said 't is his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history? He would naturally have said on his side, 't is this man's fortune—he is as good now, as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions,—that's all?

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the Crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's College, which the philosophy of the *sans culottes* (prouder by far than all the Garters and Norroys and Clarencieux and Rouge Dragons that ever pranced in a procession of what his friends call aristocrates and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other description of historians, who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the in-

scription on a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first an hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every General-officer with them is a Marlborough; every statesman a Burleigh; every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who alive were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure, as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmonson, or Collins.

To these recorders, so full of good nature to the great and prosperous, I would willingly leave the first Baron Russell and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not suffer us to acquiesce in the judgment of the Prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to those who earn them. Well then, since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the Sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favorite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favorites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favorite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quality, but in its kind so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent

person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was *great and noble*. Mine has been, in endeavoring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in bad times of confiscating Princes, confiscating chief Governors, or confiscating Demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions, was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a Prince, who plundered a part of his national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to contempt of *all* prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favorite and chief adviser to a Prince, who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavor was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it—mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British Crown.

EXTRACTS FROM THE IMPEACHMENT OF
WARREN HASTINGS.

Hastings, the lieutenant of a British monarch, claiming absolute dominion! From whom, in the name of all that was strange, could he derive, or how had he the audacity to claim, such authority? He could not have derived it from the East India Company, for they had it not to confer. He could not have received it from his sovereign, for the sovereign had it not to bestow. It could not have been given by either house of Parliament—for it was unknown to the British Constitution! Yet Mr. Hastings, acting under the assumption of his power, had avowed his rejection of British acts of Parliament, had gloried in the success which he pretended to derive from their violation, and had on every occasion attempted to justify the exercise of arbitrary power in its greatest extent. Having thus avowedly acted in opposition to the laws of Great Britain, he sought a shield in vain in other laws and other usages. Would he appeal to the Mahomedan law for his justification? In the whole Koran there was not a single text which could justify the power he had assumed. Would he appeal to the Gentoo code? Vain there the effort also; a system of stricter justice, or more pure morality, did not exist. It was, therefore, equal whether he fled for shelter to a British court of justice or a Gentoo pagoda; he in either instance stood convicted as a daring violator of the laws. And what, my lords, is opposed to all this practice of tyrants and usurpers, which Mr. Hastings takes for his rule and guidance? He endeavors to find deviations from legal government, and then instructs his counsel to say that I have asserted there is no such thing as arbitrary power in the East.

But, my lords, we all know that there has been arbitrary power in India; that tyrants have usurped it; and that in some instances princes, otherwise meritorious, have violated the liberties of the people, and have been lawfully deposed for such violation. I do not deny that there are robberies on Hounslow Heath; that there are such things as forgeries, burglaries, and murders; but I say that these acts are against law, and whoever commits them commits illegal acts. When a man is to de-

fend himself against a charge of crime, it is not instances of similar violation of law that are to be the standard of his defense. A man may as well say, "I robbed upon Hounslow Heath, but hundreds robbed there before me"; to which I answer, "The law has forbidden you to rob there, and I will hang you for having violated the law, notwithstanding the long list of similar violations which you have produced as precedents." No doubt princes have violated the laws of this country; they have suffered for it. Nobles have violated the law; their privileges have not protected them from punishment. Common people have violated the law; they have hanged for it. I know no human being exempt from the law. The law is a security of the people of England; it is the security of the people of India; it is the security of every person that is governed, and of every person that governs.

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations. So far as any laws fortify this primeval law, and give it more precision, more energy, more effect by their declarations, such laws enter into the sanctuary, and participate in the sacredness of its character. But the man who quotes as precedents the abuses of tyrants and robbers, pollutes the very fountain of justice, destroys the foundation of all law, and thereby removes the only safeguard against evil men, whether governing or governed—the guard which prevents governors from becoming tyrants, and the governed from becoming rebels.

Debi Sing and his instruments suspected, and in a few cases they suspected justly, that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts, some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here,

my lords, began such a scene of cruelties and tortures, as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world; such as I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words: "That the punishment inflicted upon the ryots both of Rungpore and Dinagepore for non-payment were in many instances of such a nature that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail. But that, however disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity, and the honor of government that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces and for ever crippled those poor honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal, with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labor for our benefit the return of the British government has been cords and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down, when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavor to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may

pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail. I am next to open to your lordships what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together; and their tormentors, throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of the feet with ratans, until the nails fell from their toes; and then, attacking them at their heads, as they hung downward, as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same, who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of rattan and bamboo, whips made of the branches of the bale-tree—a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *bechettea*, every wound of which festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of winter—which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable—they were led out before break of day, and, stiff and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely

more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then, delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being taken as a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to the same inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days of menace, insult, and extortion—nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation—succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering; there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind, strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and father were bound close together, face to face, and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lashed together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty that every stroke which did not excruciate the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

On the same principle, and for the same ends, virgins who had never seen the sun were dragged from the inmost sanctuaries of their houses. . . . Wives were torn from the arms of their husbands, and suffered the same flagitious wrongs, which were indeed hid in the bottom of the dungeons, in which their honor and their liberty were buried together.

The women thus treated lost their caste. My lords, we are not here to commend or blame the institutions and prejudices of a whole race of people, radicated in them by a long succession of ages, on which no reason or argument, on which no vicissitudes of things, no mixture of men, or foreign conquests have been able to make the smallest impression. The aboriginal Gentoo inhabitants are all dispersed into tribes or castes, each caste, born to have an invariable rank, rights, and descriptions of employment; so that one caste cannot by any means pass into another. With the Gentoos certain impurities or disgraces, though without any guilt of the party, infer loss of caste; and when the highest caste (that of the Brahmin, which is not only noble but sacred) is lost, the person who loses it does not slide down into one lower but reputable—he is wholly driven from all honest society. All the relations of life are at once dissolved. His parents are no longer his parents; his wife is no longer his wife; his children, no longer his, are no longer to regard him as their father. It is something far worse than complete outlawry, complete attainder, and universal excommunication. It is a pollution even to touch him, and if he touches any of his old caste they are justified in putting him to death. Contagion, leprosy, plague, are not so much shunned. No honest occupation can be followed. He becomes an *Halichore*, if (which is rare) he survives that miserable degradation.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and, making a line of circumvallation, drove back those wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back; and, seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race rose up in an universal insurrection, and (what will

always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred.

The insurrection began in Rungpore, and soon spread its fire to the neighboring provinces, which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The English chief in that province had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice, of all these horrors. He called in first irregular, and then regular troops, who by dreadful and universal military execution got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like

this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent to the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here—those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law—from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice—to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. . . . You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity—a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, He did not appear in a form of greatness and maj-

esty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the Person who was the Master of nature chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them against all oppression, knowing that He who is called first among them and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself the servant of all.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, rest, upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

CHATHAM AND TOWNSHEND.

From 'The Speech on American Taxation,' delivered April, 1774.

I have done with the third period of your policy, that of your repeal, and the return of your ancient system and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period

was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

“ Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.”

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he filled in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offense. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself, and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled, he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons.—I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to

each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment his whole system was on a wide sea without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who with the names of various departments of ministry were admitted to seem as if they acted a part under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and powerful of the set, they easily prevailed so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.

This light too is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme; whom I can-

not even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment.

If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skillfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

THE DUTIES OF A REPRESENTATIVE.

From the Bristol Speech, November 3, 1774.

It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion, high respect; their business, unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to

any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the Constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

To deliver an opinion, is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions; *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience, these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our Constitution.

Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form an hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far, as any other, from any endeavor to give it effect. I beg pardon for saying so much on this subject. I have been un-

willingly drawn into it; but I shall ever use a respectful frankness of communication with you. Your faithful friend, your devoted servant, I shall be to the end of my life; a flatterer you do not wish for. On this point of instructions, however, I think it scarcely possible we can ever have any sort of difference. Perhaps I may give you too much, rather than too little, trouble.

From the first hour I was encouraged to court your favor, to this happy day of obtaining it, I have never promised you anything but humble and persevering endeavors to do my duty. The weight of that duty, I confess, makes me tremble; and whoever well considers what it is, of all things in the world, will fly from what has the least likeness to a positive and precipitate engagement. To be a good member of Parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is a strong disposition to run into perilous extremes of servile compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigor, is absolutely necessary; but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial *city*; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial *nation*, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which however is itself but a part of a great *empire*, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and of the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled, if possible. We are members of a *free* country; and surely we all know that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing; but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable.

SOME WISE AND WITTY SAYINGS OF BURKE.

The following are among the more or less familiar repartees and *bon mots* of the famous orator, selected from the vast number attributed to him.—[Ed.]

Of Lord Thurlow Burke happily said—"He was a sturdy *oak* when at Westminster, and a *willow* at St. James's."



BURKE'S STATUE IN THE COURTYARD OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

When some one spoke of Fox's attachment to France, Burke answered—"Yes, his attachment has been great and long; for, like a cat, he has continued faithful to the house after the family has left it."

Burke gave a vehement denial to Boswell's contention that Croft's 'Life of Young' was a successful imitation of Johnson's style: "No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength;"—then, after a pause,—“it has all the contortions of the Sibyl—without the inspiration.”

Burke, when proceeding with his historic impeachment of Warren Hastings, was interrupted by Major Scott, a small man. "Am I," the orator thundered indignantly, "to be teased by the barking of this *jackal* while I am attacking the royal *tiger* of Bengal?"

THOMAS N. BURKE.

(1830—1883.)

THE Rev. Thomas N. Burke—"Father Tom Burke"—was born in the picturesque old town of Galway in 1830. At an early age he determined to devote himself to the priesthood, and when he was seventeen years old he went to Italy to pass through the necessary years of study and novitiate. After five years spent in this preparation he was sent to England, and there ordained a priest of the Dominican order of friars. After four years of missionary work in Gloucestershire, he was sent to his native land to found a house at Tallaght, County Dublin, in connection with his order. He remained for about seven years in Ireland, and then again he was ordered to Italy, becoming superior of the monastery of Irish Dominicans at San Clemente, Rome.

The death of Cardinal Wiseman in 1865 drew Dr. Manning from Italy, and Father Burke was selected to succeed him as the English preacher during the Lenten services in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo in Rome. Those services used to be attended by large and critical audiences, the congregation consisting often in great part of Protestant tourists whom the holy season attracted to the Eternal City, and the office of preacher was accordingly bestowed only on those who were regarded as the ablest exponents of the Roman Catholic creed. Having held this distinguished position for five years in succession, Father Burke once more returned to Ireland. In the next few years, and indeed for many years before, he was the most popular and the most frequent preacher in Ireland, and the competition for his services was consequently keen. Whenever a church was to be opened, or an orphanage to be built, or a school to be rescued from debt, Father Burke was asked to speak; and those incessant though flattering demands upon him resulted more than once in breaking down a not very robust physical system.

Dispatched on a religious mission to the United States in 1872, he arrived at the moment when Mr. Froude was engaged in his famous anti-Irish crusade. Father Burke delivered a series of lectures in reply to the attacks of the English historian. Those lectures, as well as many of his sermons, have been republished in volume form. He died in 1883.

A NATION'S HISTORY.

From a lecture on the 'History of Ireland as Told in her Ruins.'

In the libraries of the more ancient nations, we find the earliest histories of the primeval races of mankind written upon the durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or sometimes deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters, on the granite stone or pictured rock, showing the

desire of the people to preserve their history, which is to preserve the memory of them, just as the old man dying said, "Lord, keep my memory green!"

But besides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song; much more, it is written in the public buildings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins, tell most eloquently their tale. To-day "the stone may be crumbled, the wall decayed"; the clustering ivy may, perhaps, uphold the tottering ruin to which it clung in the days of its strength; but

"The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

They are the voices of the past; they are the voices of ages long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness, of the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong. This is the volume which we are about to open; this is the voice which we are about to call forth from their gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland; we are about to go back up the highways of history, and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland.

What have we here? It is a stately church—rivaling—perhaps surpassing—in its glory the grandeur of bygone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding, high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the cross. We see in the stone windows the massive tracery, so solid, so strong, and so delicate.

What does this tell us? Here is this church, so grand, yet so fresh and new and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us? It tells us of a race that has never decayed; it tells us of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest purpose, to-day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone for ever.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

From a lecture on 'The National Music of Ireland.'

Wherever we find a nation with a clear, distinct, sweet, and emphatic tradition of national music, coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries—there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition—there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But wherever, on the other hand, you find a people light and frivolous—not capable of deep emotions in religion—not deeply interested in their native land, and painfully affected by her fortunes—a people easily losing their nationality, or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers, and amalgamating with them—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody that would deserve to be classed amongst the songs of the nations.

Now, amongst these nations, Ireland—that most ancient and holy island in the western sea—claims, and deservedly, upon the record of history, the first and grandest pre-eminence among all peoples. I do not deny to other nations high musical excellence. I will not even say that, in this our day, we are not surpassed by the music of Germany, by the music of Italy, or the music of England. Germany for purity of style, for depth of expression, for the argument of song, surpasses all the nations to-day. Italy is acknowledged to be the queen of that lighter, more pleasing, more sparkling, and, to me, more pleasant style of music. In her own style of music England is supposed to be superior to Italy, and, perhaps, equal to Germany.

But, great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples, there is not one of these nations, or any other nation, that can point back to such national melody, to such a body of national music, as the Irish. Remember that I am not speaking now of the labored composition of some great master; I am not speaking now of a wonderful mass, written by one man; or a great oratorio, written by another—works that appeal to the ear refined and attuned by education; works that delight the critic. I am speaking of the song that lives in the hearts and voices of all the

people; I am speaking of the national songs you will hear from the husbandman, in the field, following the plough; from the old woman, singing to the infant on her knee; from the milk-maid, coming from the milking; from the shoemaker at his work, or the blacksmith at the forge, while he is shoeing the horse.

This is the true song of the nation; this is the true national melody, that is handed down, in a kind of traditional way, from the remotest ages; until, in the more civilized and cultivated time, it is interpreted into written music; and then the world discovers, for the first time, a most beautiful melody in the music that has been murmured in the glens and mountain valleys of the country for hundreds and thousands of years.

Italy has no such song. Great as the Italians are as masters, they have no popularly received tradition of music. The Italian peasant—(I have lived amongst them for years)—the Italian peasant, while working in the vineyard, has no music except two or three high notes of a most melancholy character, commencing upon a high dominant and ending in a semitone. The peasants of Tuscany and of Campagna, when, after their day's work, they meet in the summer's evenings to have a dance, have no music; only a girl takes a tambourine and beats upon it, marking time, and they dance to that, but they have no music. So with other countries. But go to Ireland; listen to the old woman as she rocks herself in her chair, and pulls down the hank of flax for the spinning; listen to the girl coming home from the field with the can of milk on her head; and what do you hear?—the most magnificent melody of music. Go to the country merry-makings and you will be sure to find the old fiddler, or old white-headed piper, an infinite source of the brightest and most sparkling music.

How are we to account for this? We must seek the cause of it in the remotest history. It is a historical fact that the maritime or sea-coast people of the north and west of Europe were from time immemorial addicted to song. We know, for instance, that in the remotest ages the kings of our sea-girt island, when they went forth upon their warlike forays, were always accompanied by their harper, or minstrel, who animated them to deeds of heroic bravery. Even when the Danes came sweeping down in their galleys

upon the Irish coast, high on the prow of every warboat sat the scald, or poet—white-haired, heroic, wrinkled with time—the historian of all their national wisdom and their national prowess. And when they approached their enemy, sweeping with their long oars through the waves, he rose in the hour of battle, and poured forth his soul in song, and fired every warrior to the highest and most heroic deeds. Thus it was in Ireland, when Nial of the Nine Hostages swept down upon the coast of France, and took St. Patrick (then a youth) prisoner; the first sounds that greeted the captive's ear were the strains of our old Irish harper celebrating in a language he knew not the glories and victories of heroes long departed.

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

(1821—1890.)

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, the famous Orientalist and explorer, was born in Tuam, County Galway, in 1821, and was the son of Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton. He was educated mainly on the Continent and at Oxford. In 1842 he entered the Indian army, and continued in that service, principally on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, till 1861. He applied himself to the study of Eastern languages and customs; and, having persisted in this labor of love during his entire life, became master of twenty-nine languages, European and Oriental.

In 1852 while on leave of absence, Captain Burton performed one of the striking feats which have helped to make him famous: a feat which furnishes a proof of his wonderful knowledge of Eastern ways as well as of his bold and enterprising spirit. He went to Mecca and Medina in the disguise of a pilgrim, and so was able to see sacred spots which had never before been beheld by the eye of the infidel. Later he went on two exploring expeditions to Central Africa, his companion in both cases being the lamented Captain Speke. He was employed by the Government during the Crimean war on military service; in 1861 he was appointed to a consulship at Fernando Po, and he occupied his time in exploring the interior of Africa, paying a visit to, among other persons, the redoubtable and sanguinary King of Dahomey. He held office in succession at Sao Paulo (Brazil), Damascus, and Trieste; and in each place he found time to devote himself to his favorite occupation of surveying many men and various cities. He traveled through North and South America, Syria, and Iceland; lived in almost every part of India; and in his later years made several visits to the famous land of Midian.

In the lengthy list of Captain Burton's books we may notice: 'Pilgrimage to El Medinah,' 'Highlands of Brazil,' 'The Gold Coast,' 'The City of the Saints,' 'Unexplored Palestine,' 'Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry' (1869), 'Two Trips to Gorilla Land' (1875), 'Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland' (1875), 'The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities' (1878). He was a past master in his knowledge of falconry and all matters connected with the pursuit of arms. Perhaps his greatest literary work is his translation of the Arabian Nights in ten volumes, and a supplement of six, a monument to his rare scholarship. Of this book his wife, Lady Isabel Burton, writes: "This grand Arabian work I consider my husband's *Magnum Opus*. . . . We were our own printers and our own publishers, and we made, between September, 1885, and November, 1888, sixteen thousand guineas (about \$84,000)—six thousand of which went for publishing and ten thousand into our own pockets, and it came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom that gilded the five last years of his life. When he died there were four florins left (about \$1.50), which

I put into the poor-box." This passage indicates strikingly the recklessness that characterized both husband and wife—a recklessness which on his part, led to plain speaking and criticism of his superior officers, preventing him, all his life, from obtaining the advancement which his work and merit undoubtedly deserved. He also translated 'The Lusiads' of Camoens and wrote his Life. His death took place at Trieste in 1890. He left behind him a collection of Oriental stories entitled 'The Scented Garden,' which was never published, for his widow burned the manuscript.

THE PRETERNATURAL IN FICTION.

From the Essay on 'The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night.'

"As the active world is inferior to the rational soul," says Bacon, with his normal sound sense, "so Fiction gives to Mankind what History denies, and in some measure satisfies the Mind with Shadows when it cannot enjoy the Substance. And as real History gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue, Fiction corrects it and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded and punished according to merit." But I would say still more. History paints or attempts to paint life as it is, a mighty maze with or without a plan; Fiction shows or would show us life as it should be, wisely ordered and laid down on fixed lines.

Thus Fiction is not the mere handmaid of History: she has a household of her own, and she claims to be the triumph of Art, which as Goethe remarked, is "Art because it is not Nature." Fancy, *la folle du logis*, is "that kind and gentle portress who holds the gate of Hope wide open, in opposition to Reason, the surly and scrupulous guard." As Palmerin of England says, and says well:—"For that the report of noble deeds doth urge the courageous mind to equal those who bear most commendation of their approved valiancy; this is the fair fruit of Imagination and of ancient histories." And last, but not least, the faculty of Fancy takes count of the cravings of man's nature for the marvelous, the impossible, and of his higher aspirations for the Ideal, the Perfect; she realizes the wild dreams and visions of his generous youth, and portrays for him a portion of that "other and better world," with whose expectation he would console his age.

The imaginative varnish of 'The Nights' serves admirably as a foil to the absolute realism of the picture in general. We enjoy being carried away from trivial and commonplace characters, scenes, and incidents; from the matter-of-fact surroundings of a workaday world, a life of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, fighting and loving; into a society and a *mise-en-scène* which we suspect can exist and which we know do not. Every man, at some turn or term of his life, has longed for supernatural powers and a glimpse of Wonderland. Here he is in the midst of it. Here he sees mighty spirits summoned to work the human mite's will, however whimsical; who can transport him in an eye-twinkling whithersoever he wishes; who can ruin cities and build palaces of gold and silver, gems and jacinths; who can serve up delicate viands and delicious drinks in priceless charges and impossible cups, and bring the choicest fruits from farthest Orient: here he find magas and magicians who can make kings of his friends, slay armies of his foes, and bring any number of beloveds to his arms.

And from this outraging probability and outstripping possibility arises not a little of that strange fascination exercised for nearly two centuries upon the life and literature of Europe by 'The Nights,' even in their mutilated and garbled form. The reader surrenders himself to the spell, feeling almost inclined to inquire, "And why may it not be true?" His brain is dazed and dazzled by the splendors which flash before it; by the sudden procession of Jinns and Jinniyahs, demons and fairies, some hideous, others preternaturally beautiful; by good wizards and evil sorcerers, whose powers are unlimited for weal and for woe; by mermen and mermaids, flying horses, talking animals, and reasoning elephants; by magic rings and their slaves, and by talismanic couches which rival the carpet of Solomon. Hence, as one remarks, these Fairy Tales have pleased and still continue to please almost all ages, all ranks, and all different capacities.

Dr. Hawkesworth observes that these Fairy Tales find favor "because even their machinery, wild and wonderful as it is, has its laws; and the magicians and enchanters perform nothing but what was naturally to be expected from such beings, after we had once granted them ex-

istence." Mr. Heron "rather supposes the very contrary is the truth of the fact. It is surely the strangeness, the unknown nature, the anomalous character of the supernatural agents here employed, that makes them to operate so powerfully on our hopes, fears, curiosities, sympathies, and, in short, on all the feelings of our hearts. We see men and women who possess qualities to recommend them to our favor, subjected to the influence of beings whose good or ill will, power or weakness, attention or neglect, are regulated by motives and circumstances which we cannot comprehend: and hence we naturally tremble for their fate with the same anxious concern as we should for a friend wandering in a dark night amidst torrents and precipices; or preparing to land on a strange island, while he knew not whether he should be received on the shore by cannibals waiting to tear him piecemeal and devour him, or by gentle beings disposed to cherish him with fond hospitality."

Both writers have expressed themselves well; but me-seems each has secured, as often happens, a fragment of the truth and holds it to be the whole Truth. Granted that such spiritual creatures as Jinns walk the earth, we are pleased to find them so very human, as wise and as foolish in word and deed as ourselves; similarly we admire in a landscape natural forms like those of Staffa or the Palisades, which favor the works of architecture. Again, supposing such preternaturalisms to be around and amongst us, the wilder and more capricious they prove, the more our attention is excited and our forecasts are baffled, to be set right in the end. But this is not all. The grand source of pleasure in fairy tales is the natural desire to learn more of the Wonderland which is known to many as a word and nothing more, like Central Africa before the last half-century; thus the interest is that of the "personal narrative" of a grand exploration, to one who delights in travels. The pleasure must be greatest where faith is strongest; for instance, amongst imaginative races like the Kelts, and especially Orientals, who imbibe supernaturalism with their mother's milk. "I am persuaded," writes Mr. Bayle St. John, "that the great scheme of preternatural energy, so fully developed in 'The Thousand and One Nights,' is believed in by the majority

of the inhabitants of all the religious professions both in Syria and Egypt." He might have added, "by every reasoning being from prince to peasant, from Mullah to Badawi, between Marocco and Outer Ind."

Dr. Johnson thus sums up his notice of 'The Tempest':—"Whatever might have been the intention of their author, these tales are made instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. Here are exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits and of earthy goblins, the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures on a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of those for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."

We can fairly say this much and far more for our Tales. Viewed as a *tout ensemble* in full and complete form, they are a drama of Eastern life, and a Dance of Death made sublime by faith and the highest emotions, by the certainty of expiation and the fullness of atoning equity, where virtue is victorious, vice is vanquished, and the ways of Allah are justified to man. They are a panorama which remains ken-speckle upon the mental retina. They form a phantasmagoria in which archangels and angels, devils and goblins, men of air, of fire, of water, naturally mingle with men of earth; where flying horses and talking fishes are utterly realistic; where King and Prince meet fisherman and pauper, lamia and cannibal; where citizen jostles Badawi, eunuch meets knight; the Kazi hob-nobs with the thief; the pure and pious sit down to the same tray with the pander and the procuress; where the professional religionist, the learned Koranist, and the strictest moralist consort with the wicked magician, the scoffer, and the debauchee-poet like Abu Nowas; where the courtier jests with the boor, and where the sweep is bedded with the noble lady.

And the characters are "finished and quickened by a few touches swift and sure as the glance of sunbeams." The whole is a kaleidoscope where everything falls into picture; gorgeous palaces and pavilions; grisly underground

caves and deadly wolds; gardens fairer than those of the Hesperid; seas dashing with clashing billows upon enchanted mountains; valleys of the Shadow of Death; air-voyages and promenades in the abysses of ocean; the duello, the battle, and the siege; the wooing of maidens and the marriage-rite. All the splendor and squalor, the beauty and baseness, the glamour and grotesqueness, the magic and the mournfulness, the bravery and baseness of Oriental life are here; its pictures of the three great Arab passions—love, war, and fancy—entitles it to be called ‘Blood, Musk, and Hashish.’ And still more, the genius of the story-teller quickens the dry bones of history, and by adding Fiction to Fact revives the dead past; the Caliphs and the Caliphate return to Baghdad and Cairo, whilst Asmodeus kindly removes the terrace-roof of every tenement and allows our curious glances to take in the whole interior. This is perhaps the best proof of their power.

Finally the picture-gallery opens with a series of weird and striking adventures, and shows as a tail-piece an idyllic scene of love and wedlock, in halls before reeking with lust and blood.

A JOURNEY IN DISGUISE.

From ‘The Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca.’

The thoroughbred wanderer’s idiosyncrasy I presume to be a composition of what phrenologists call “inhabitiveness” and “locality,” equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For a while he smokes the “pipe of permanence” with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal a long sleep at night; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner hour, and wonders at the demoralization of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of *ennui* coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all

night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so or he shall die.

After about a month most pleasantly spent at Alexandria, I perceived the approach of the enemy, and, as nothing hampered my incomings and outgoings, I surrendered. The world was "all before me," and there was pleasant excitement in plunging single-handed into its chilling depths. My Alexandrian Shaykh, whose heart fell victim to a new "jubbeh" which I had given in exchange for his tattered zaabut, offered me in consideration of a certain monthly stipend the affections of a brother and religious refreshment, proposing to send his wife back to her papa, and to accompany me in the capacity of private chaplain to the other side of Kaf. I politely accepted the "brüderschaft," but many reasons induced me to decline his society and services. In the first place, he spoke the detestable Egyptian jargon. Secondly, it was but prudent to loose the "spoor" between Alexandria and Suez. And thirdly, my "brother" had shifting eyes (symptoms of fickleness), close together (indices of cunning); a flat-crowned head and large ill-fitting lips, signs which led me to think lightly of his honesty, firmness, and courage. Phrenology and physiognomy, be it observed, disappoint you often among civilized people, the proper action of whose brains and features is impeded by the external pressure of education, accident, example, habit, necessity, and what not. But they are tolerably safe guides when groping your way through the mind of man in his natural state, a being of impulse in that chrysalis stage of mental development which is rather instinct than reason. But before my departure there was much to be done.

The land of the Pharaohs is becoming civilized, and unpleasantly so; nothing can be more uncomfortable than its present middle state between barbarism and the reverse. The prohibition against carrying arms is rigid as in Italy; all "violence" is violently denounced; and beheading being deemed cruel, the most atrocious crimes, as well as those small political offenses which in the days of the Mamelukes would have led to a beyship or a bowstring, receive four-fold punishment by deportation to Faizoghli, the local Cayenne. If you order your peasant to be

flogged, his friends gather in threatening hundreds at your gates; when you curse your boatman, he complains to your consul; the dragomans afflict you with strange wild notions about honesty; a government order prevents you from using vituperative language to the "natives" in general; and the very donkey-boys are becoming cognizant of the right of man to remain unbastinadoed. Still the old leaven remains behind; here, as elsewhere in "morning-land," you cannot hold your own without employing your fists. The passport system, now dying out of Europe, has sprung up, or rather revived, in Egypt with peculiar vigor. Its good effects claim for it our respect; still we cannot but lament its inconveniences. We, I mean real Easterns. As strangers—even those whose beards have whitened in the land—know absolutely nothing of what unfortunate natives must endure, I am tempted to subjoin a short sketch of my adventures in search of a Tezkireh at Alexandria.

Through ignorance which might have cost me dear but for my friend Larking's weight with the local authorities, I had neglected to provide myself with a passport in England; and it was not without difficulty, involving much unclean dressing and an unlimited expenditure of broken English, that I obtained from the consul at Alexandria a certificate declaring me to be an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, by profession a doctor, aged thirty, and not distinguished—at least so the frequent blanks seemed to denote—by any remarkable conformation of eyes, nose, or cheek. For this I disbursed a dollar. And here let me record the indignation with which I did it. That mighty Britain—the mistress of the seas—the ruler of one-sixth of mankind—should charge five shillings to pay for the shadow of her protecting wing! That I cannot speak my modernized "*civis sum Romanus*" without putting my hand into my pocket, in order that these officers of the Great Queen may not take too ruinously from a revenue of fifty-six millions! Oh the meanness of our magnificence! the littleness of our greatness!

My new passport would not carry me without the Zabıt or Police Magistrate's counter-signature, said the consul. Next day I went to the Zabıt, who referred me to the Muhafız (Governor) of Alexandria, at whose gate

I had the honor of squatting at least three hours, till a more compassionate clerk vouchsafed the information that the proper place to apply to was the Diwan Kharijiyeh (the Foreign Office). Thus a second day was utterly lost. On the morning of the third I started as directed for the place, which crowns the Headland of Figs. It is a huge and couthless shell of building in parallelogrammic form, containing all kinds of public offices in glorious confusion, looking with their glaring whitewashed faces upon a central court, where a few leafless wind-wrung trees seem struggling for the breath of life in an eternal atmosphere of clay, dust, and sun-blaze.

The first person I addressed was a Kawwas or police officer, who, coiled comfortably up in a bit of shade fitting his person like a robe, was in full enjoyment of the Asiatic "Kaif." Having presented the consular certificate and briefly stated the nature of my business, I ventured to inquire what was the right course to pursue for a *visá*.

They have little respect for Dervishes, it appears, at Alexandria! "M'adri" (Don't know), growled the man of authority, without moving anything but the quantity of tongue necessary for articulation.

Now there are three ways of treating Asiatic officials,—by bribe, by bullying, or by bothering them with a dogged perseverance into attending to you and your concerns. The latter is the peculiar province of the poor; moreover, this time I resolved for other reasons to be patient. I repeated my question in almost the same words. "Ruh!" (Be off) was what I obtained for all reply. By this time the questioned went so far as to open his eyes. Still I stood twirling the paper in my hands, and looking very humble and very persevering, till a loud "Ruh ya Kalb!" (Go, O dog!) converted into a responsive curse the little speech I was preparing about the brotherhood of El-Islam and the mutual duties obligatory on true believers. I then turned away slowly and fiercely, for the next thing might have been a cut with the Kurbaj (bastinado), and by the hammer of Thor! British flesh and blood could never have stood that.

After which satisfactory scene,—for satisfactory it was in one sense, proving the complete fitness of the Dervish's dress,—I tried a dozen other promiscuous sources of in-

formation,—policemen, grooms, scribes, donkey-boys, and idlers in general. At length, wearied of patience, I offered a soldier some pinches of tobacco and promised him an Oriental sixpence if he would manage the business for me. The man was interested by the tobacco and the pence; he took my hand, and inquiring the while he went along, led me from place to place till, mounting a grand staircase, I stood in the presence of Abbas Effendi, the governor's Naib or deputy.

It was a little whey-faced black-bearded Turk coiled up in the usual conglomerate posture upon a calico-covered divan, at the end of a long bare large-windowed room. Without deigning even to nod the head which hung over his shoulder, with transcendent listlessness and affectation of pride, in answer to my salams and benedictions, he eyed me with wicked eyes and faintly ejaculated "Minent?" Then hearing that I was a Dervish and doctor,—he must be an Osmanli Voltairian, that little Turk,—the official snorted a contemptuous snort. He condescendingly added, however, that the proper source to seek was "Taht," which, meaning simply "below," conveyed rather imperfect information in a topographical point of view to a stranger. At length however my soldier guide found out that a room in the custom-house bore the honorable appellation of "Foreign Office." Accordingly I went there, and after sitting at least a couple of hours at the bolted door in the noonday sun, was told, with a fury which made me think I had sinned, that the officer in whose charge the department was had been presented with an olive-branch in the morning, and consequently that business was not to be done that day. The angry-faced official communicated the intelligence to a large group of Anadolian, Caramanian, Bosniac, and Roumelian Turks,—sturdy, undersized, broad-shouldered, bare-legged, splay-footed, horny-fisted, dark-brown, honest-looking mountaineers, who were lounging about with long pistols and yataghans stuck in their broad sashes, head-gear composed of immense tarbooshes with proportionate turbans coiled round them, and two or three suits of substantial clothes—even at this season of the year—upon their shoulders.

Like myself they had waited some hours, but they were not patient under disappointment: they bluntly told the

angry official that he and his master were a pair of idlers, and the curses that rumbled and gurgled in their hairy throats as they strode towards the door sounded like the growling of wild beasts.

Thus was another day truly *Orientially* lost. On the morrow however I obtained permission, in the character of Dr. Abdullah, to visit any part of Egypt I pleased, and to retain possession of my dagger and pistols.

And now I must explain what induced me take so much trouble about a passport. The home reader naturally inquires, Why not travel under your English name?

For this reason. In the generality of barbarous countries you must either proceed, like Bruce, preserving the "dignity of manhood" and carrying matters with a high hand, or you must worm your way by timidity and subservience; in fact, by becoming an animal too contemptible for man to let or injure. But to pass through the Holy Land you must either be a born believer, or have become one; in the former case you may demean yourself as you please, in the latter a path is ready prepared for you. My spirit could not bend to own myself a *Burma*, a renegade to be pointed at and shunned and catechized, an object of suspicion to the many and of contempt to all. Moreover, it would have obstructed the aim of my wanderings. The convert is always watched with Argus eyes, and men do not willingly give information to a "new Moslem," especially a Frank: they suspect his conversion to be a feigned or a forced one, look upon him as a spy, and let him see as little of life as possible. Firmly as was my heart set upon traveling in Arabia, by Heaven! I would have given up the dear project rather than purchase a doubtful and partial success at such a price. Consequently I had no choice but to appear as a born believer, and part of my birthright in that respectable character was toil and trouble in obtaining a *tezkirah*.

Then I had to provide myself with certain necessities for the way. These were not numerous. The silver-mounted dressing-case is here supplied by a rag containing a *miswak*, a bit of soap, and a comb—wooden, for bone and tortoise-shell are not, religiously speaking, correct. Equally simple was my wardrobe: a change or two of clothing. The only article of canteen description was a *zem-*

zemiyah, a goatskin water-bag, which communicates to its contents, especially when new, a ferruginous aspect and a wholesome though hardly an attractive flavor of tannogelatine. This was a necessary; to drink out of a tumbler, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation. For bedding and furniture I had a coarse Persian rug—which, besides being couch, acts as chair, table, and oratory,—a cotton-stuffed chintz-covered pillow, a blanket in case of cold, and a sheet which does duty for tent and mosquito curtains in nights of heat. As shade is a convenience not always procurable, another necessary was a huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold. I had also a substantial housewife, the gift of a kind friend: it was a roll of canvas, carefully soiled, and garnished with needles and thread, cobblers' wax, buttons, and other such articles. These things were most useful in lands where tailors abound not; besides which, the sight of a man darning his coat or patching his slippers teems with pleasing ideas of humility. A dagger, a brass inkstand and penholder stuck in the belt, and a mighty rosary, which on occasion might have been converted into a weapon of offense, completed my equipment. I must not omit to mention the proper method of carrying money, which in these lands should never be intrusted to box or bag. A common cotton purse secured in a breast pocket (for Egypt now abounds in that civilized animal the pick-pocket) contained silver pieces and small change. My gold, of which I carried twenty-five sovereigns, and papers, were committed to a substantial leathern belt of Maghrabi manufacture, made to be strapped around the waist under the dress.

IRISH LITERATURE





TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

From a photograph

Founded by Queen Elizabeth. Its annual income is about \$350,000, and the average number of students is about 1,400. With the University of Dublin it is represented in Parliament by two members. Here are some of the most precious of the ancient illuminated Irish MSS. of which we give some examples in IRISH LITERATURE.

EARLY IRISH LITERATURE.

THE editors of 'IRISH LITERATURE' have very wisely decided to represent in their volumes, so far as literal translations will allow them, the real autochthonous literature of Ireland as it existed both before any of the modern languages of Europe had made their appearance as literary vehicles, and since that time. The great and revivifying movement which is at present pulsing through Ireland, and creating, wherever it is felt, new hopes and a new spirit, has indeed rendered it impossible to produce a work upon Irish literature in which, as has happened too often before, the real Irish element was calmly ignored, and the scope of Irish literature narrowed to the productions of English-Irish writers, who after all were, for the most part, too often only imitations of Englishmen.

For the literature of Ireland does not begin with Ware or with Swift, with Molyneux or with Sheridan.

Hundreds of years before the English language had risen out of a conglomeration of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, hundreds of years before the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc* struggled for mastery upon the plains of France, hundreds of years before the language of the Nibelungen Lied had risen upon the ruins of Gothic, Ireland swarmed with bards, scholars, poets, saga-tellers, and saga-writers; while "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of the men of Erin" (as Angus the Culdee had called them more than two centuries before the birth of William the Conqueror) filled the island from shore to shore; and Erin, at that time civilizer and Christianizer of the western world, was universally known as the "Island of Saints and Scholars."

There are two points about the native literature of Ireland which entirely differentiate it from the rest of the vernacular literatures of Europe, Greek excepted. The first of these is the extraordinarily early period at which it took its rise, and the enormous length of time during which it flourished. The other is the absolute originality of this literature, which was self-evolved, which was utterly unaffected by classic models, and in the syntax of which

scarcely a trace is to be found of those Latinisms upon which are really founded and built up so many other modern languages. It is only right, accordingly, that a word of warning should at the outset be addressed to the reader of these volumes, and that he be reminded, when reading, of how necessary it is to place the occasional pieces culled from this antique literature in their proper perspective. In other words, he should be invited to approach them with a certain historic sense of the early date at which they were written, and of the strange and self-developed people that produced them, so different from the rest of Europe in their manners, thoughts, feelings, civilization, and, beyond all, in their mode of expression. Ireland's wonderfully copious and extraordinarily early literature is, without doubt, her greatest glory; but its very wildness of flavor and strange extravagance of manners are likely sometimes to render it of only moderate interest to the ordinary reader of English—more to him I imagine than to readers of other languages—although it can never fail to be piquant and delightful to the literary connoisseur, who is sure to be captivated by its unique originality. There are a sufficient number of pieces included in these volumes for the reader to sample their flavor for himself, but to do so to the full he must, as I have said, remember that many of them were composed and written before the English language, through the medium of which he now reads them, had been heard of. He must also remember that it is universally acknowledged that the extracts from Ireland's heroic past portray pictures of a far older and more primitive civilization than any that either the Slavs, the Teutons, or the Latin-speaking races have preserved, pictures of an age more primitive in point of social development—though it is later in point of time—than even those depicted in the lays of Homer.

There has seldom been a literature pursued with greater malignity and a prey to greater misfortune than that of Ireland. The Norsemen, who first made their appearance toward the close of the eighth century, made it a point to "drown" the Irish books, since fire was a less certain agent than water in the destruction of the parchment volumes. When the worst storms of the Norse invasions, which had lasted for over two hundred years, had come to an end, on

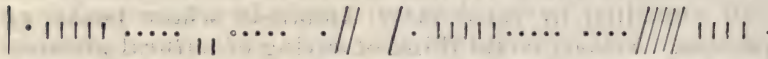
the 23d of April, 1014, by the crushing defeat of Clontarf, "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of the men of Erin" had almost disappeared, and the literati of Ireland, under the great Brian, began laboriously to gather together their fragments and to rewrite them. It is from this period that the most important still existing Irish MSS. date, and these contain largely a re-editing in the language of the twelfth century of things originally composed in old Irish, many of which were first written centuries and centuries before.

But it may well be asked, how is it possible or how can it be proved that the Irish had a written literature centuries before the rest of western Europe, and preserved an accurate history of their own past when the contemporary history of so much of the western world is sunk in the blackest oblivion? A conclusive answer to this question is furnished by the Irish Annals, which have been proved by the discoveries of modern science to be exceedingly reliable. There is only one class of entries by which the credibility of the Irish Annals can be absolutely tested, and that is by their accounts of natural phenomena. If, for instance, we find, on calculating backward, as modern science has luckily enabled us to do, that such events as, for instance, occurrence of eclipses, are recorded to the day and hour by the Annalists, we can then know with something like certainty that these phenomena *were recorded at the time of their appearance by writers who observed them*; whose writings must have been actually seen and consulted by those later Annalists whose books we possess. Nobody could think of saying of natural phenomena thus accurately recorded, as they might of mere historical narratives, that they were handed down by tradition only, and reduced to writing for the first time many centuries later. Now the Annals of Ulster, to mention one alone of many, treat of Irish history from about the year 444 onward; and in the Annals we find between the year 496 and the year 884 as many as eighteen records of eclipses and comets which agree exactly, even to the day and hour, with the calculation of modern astronomers. How impossible it is to keep such records accurately, unless written memoranda are made of them by eye-witnesses, is shown by the fact that the great Bede, the glory of the

Anglo-Saxon church, in recording the striking solar eclipse which took place only eleven years before his own birth, is yet two days astray in his date. On the other hand, Cathal Maguire, the compiler of the Annals of Ulster, gives not only the exact day but the exact hour, thus showing that he had access to the original account of an eye-witness, or to a copy of it.

Indeed, it is almost certain that the Irish had written books before the coming of Saint Patrick. Keating expressly mentions one such volume, the 'Book of Dromsneachta,' which is often quoted as a source of information in our oldest manuscripts; and O'Curry seems to have proved that this book was compiled by a Pagan, son of a man who died in the year 379.

Then, too, the Irish Celts invented for themselves—at what period is doubtful—a very ingenious alphabet, and one unknown to the rest of Europe. Inscriptions in this alphabet are found, chiefly upon stone monuments, only in Ireland and in those parts of Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales where the Irish Celts had made settlements. This curious script is known as Ogham. It consists of a number of lines, some short, some long, some straight, and some slanting, drawn either below, above, or through one long stem line. This stem line, in the stone monuments, is usually the sharp angle or corner between two sides of the upright rectangular stone. Dots or nicks represent the vowels. Thus:



 MA Q I L I AG MA Q I E R C A

The above is a simple inscription—MAQI LIAG MAQI ERICA, *i.e.* "of Mac Liag the son of Erc."

Over two hundred monuments have been found inscribed in Ogham, and the language appears to be that of the old Gaulish inscriptions, infinitely older in its forms than the very oldest language preserved in the oldest manuscripts. So much for the age of the most ancient Irish records. Now let us glance at their extent.

The exact amount of Irish literature still remaining has never been accurately determined. M. d'Arbois de Jubain-

ville has noted 133 existing MSS., all of them over three hundred years old, and some over 1,000 years, and the whole number which he found existing in public libraries on the Continent and in the British Isles was 1,009. But hundreds upon hundreds of other MSS. exist in private collections scattered throughout the country, and hundreds upon hundreds more have been destroyed since the so-called "National" Schools were established by the English Government in Ireland, to train up the children of Irishmen as though they were the children of people in Birmingham or Liverpool. Jubainville quotes a German as estimating that the literature produced by the Irish before the seventeenth century, and still existing, would fill a thousand octavo volumes. O'Curry, O'Longan, and O'Berne Crowe catalogued something more than half the manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, and the catalogue of the contents filled thirteen volumes containing 3,448 pages. From a rough examination of these I should calculate the number of different pieces catalogued at about eight or ten thousand, and varying from single ranns or quatrains to long epic poems and sagas. And the Academy is only one of many libraries where Irish MSS. are deposited.

The contents of these volumes are not all pure literature. Law, medicine, science, annals, and genealogies fill many of them. But the Sagas, the Lives, and the Poems are what chiefly interest us from a literary point of view.

There are three well-marked classes of sagas, dealing with different periods and different materials, and outside of these are many isolated ones dealing with minor incidents. The three chief cycles of saga-telling are the mythological, the Red Branch, and the Fenian cycles. The first of these is really concerned with the most ancient tales of the early Irish pantheon, in which what are obviously supernatural beings and races are more or less "euhemerized," or presented as real men and heroes. Lugh the long-handed, the Dagda, and Balor of the Evil Eye, who figure in these stories, are evidently ancient gods of Good and Evil, while the various colonizations of Ireland by Partholan, the Nemedians, and the Tuatha De Danann, may well be the Irish equivalent of the Greek legend of the three successive ages of gold, silver, and brass. The next great cycle of story-telling, the Heroic, Ultonian, or Red Branch

cycle, as it is variously called, is that in which Cuchulain and Conor mac Nessa king of Ulster are the dominating figures, and the third great cycle deals with Finn mac Cumhail, his son Oisín, or Ossian, the poet, his grandson Oscar, and the High Kings of Ireland, who were their contemporaries. In addition to these there are a number of short groups of tales or minor cycles, and many completely independent sagas, most of them dealing, as these greater cycles do, only with pre-Christian times, though a few belong to the very early medieval period.

All these Irish romances are compositions upon which more or less care was evidently bestowed in ancient times, as is evident by their being shot through and through with verses. These verses often amount to a considerable portion of the whole saga, and Irish versification is usually very elaborate and not the work of any mere inventor or story-teller, but of a highly trained technical poet. Very few sagas, and these chiefly of the more modern ones, are written in pure prose.

In the Book of Leinster, a manuscript made nearly eight hundred years ago, we find a list in which the names of 187 of these sagas are given. An ollamh, as the holder of the highest bardic degree was called, was obliged to know by heart two hundred and fifty prime sagas, and one hundred secondary ones. The prime stories—combinations of epic and novel, of prose and poetry—are divided in the Book of Leinster and other manuscripts unto the following catalogue: Destructions of fortified places, Cow-spoils (*i.e.* Cattle-raiding expeditions), Courtships or Wooings, Battles, Cave stories, Navigations, Tragical deaths, Feasts, Sieges, Adventures, Elopements, Slaughters, Water-eruptions, Expeditions, Progresses (migrations), and Visions. "He is no poet," says the Book of Leinster, "who does not synchronize and harmonize all the stories." Besides the 187 stories whose names are given in the Book of Leinster, we have a second list giving the names of a great number of other sagas. This list is contained in the tenth or eleventh century tale of Mac Coise. Now what is most noticeable in these lists is that, while the known sagas contained in them deal with subjects of Irish history from the sixth century before Christ onward, not one of them treats of matters later than the seventh century after Christ. The

very essence of the national life of Ireland was embodied in these compositions, but unfortunately few specimens of this enormous mass of literature have survived to our day, and many of these are mutilated or are mere digests. Some, however, exist at full length, quite sufficient to show us what our romances were like, and to cause us to regret the irreparable loss inflicted upon the Irish race by the ravages of Danes, Normans, and English. Even as it is, O'Curry computes that the contents of the strictly historical tales known to him would be sufficient to fill 4,000 quarto pages. He computed that the stories about Finn, Ossian, and the Fenians would fill another 3,000 pages, and the miscellaneous imaginative stories that are neither historical nor Fenian would fill 5,000 pages more. So much for the extent of the saga literature; now let us glance at its style.

The romantic, as opposed to the realistic, dominates Irish utterance from first to last. Allied to this we find an exuberance of minute description and a love of adjectival thunder, which last, by the way, is a trait that has not wholly departed even to this day from among Irishmen—even those who have lost their language. Its love of rhetoric, its peculiar mode of hyperbole, and its copiousness of synonyms lend to early Irish literature a charm and a flavor that are wanting to early German, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman-French. On the other hand, Irish writers, despite their weakness for a multitude of alliterative adjectives, go fairly straight to the point. Their sentences are not obscure or involved, and there is very little of mysticism or cloudiness about them. “*Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français,*” say the French, and the same with much truth may be said about the Irish. They begin their sentences with the verb instead of ending with it, as do the Germans. Some witty linguist once remarked that had the Irish through some philological catastrophe been forced to speak in German half the race would have died through heart disease within a couple of generations. This is perhaps poking an undue fun at the rapidity and vigor of the outpourings of an Irishman's mouth, but it is not without an element of truth in it, all the same. The ancient Gael did not avoid similes, but he did not make an excessive use of them. In this respect the Welsh books are more demonstrative and less chastened than the Irish. Both offer

a curious contrast to the Anglo-Saxon. In the whole seven thousand lines of *Beowulf* we meet with scarcely one simile. Yet in spite of their exuberant number of epithets and other peculiarities, the early Irish were masters of story-telling, and pursue their sagas to the end, without over-redundancy or chasing of side issues, so that each presents a fairly perfect unity of its own. In this way their best poetry often reminds us of the marvelous drawings in their illuminated manuscripts, which, despite the thousand-fold involutions and twistings of their lines and knots and other ornaments, never fail, when looked at from a distance, to present a perfect unity of figure. The naïveté of Irish similes is also striking, and they are usually introduced in a natural manner of their own, completely different from the severe and self-possessed similes of the Latin and Greek epics. There is more of quaintness, more of originality, and, if I may say so, more of humanity about them. Thus in describing the appearance of Cuchulain, the romancist exclaims in admiration of his white teeth, "it seemed as though it were a shower of pearls that were flung into his head." When his steeds have the reins flung loose upon their necks their career is "like a hawk's swooping from a cliff on a day of hard wind." The watchman who beholds Froech and his suite flashing past him in crimson and gold relates it to the listeners, and adds, "from the perfumed breeze that floated over them it is the same with me as if my head were over a vat of wine." When Lughaidh (Lewy) is pursued by Conall Cearnach, his servant looking behind him sees the pursuing chariot and tells his master that a warrior is on his track: "you would believe," said the servant, "that all the crows of Ireland were flying above him, and flakes of snow are whitening the plain before him." "Those birds you see," said Lewy, "are the earthclods thrown up by the hooves of the Dewy-Red, Conall's steed, and those flakes of snow are the foam from his nostrils."¹

We also find in early Irish literature a disinclination to indulge in anything like generalization or metaphysical abstractions, even of the simplest kind, a disinclination which perhaps accounts for the particularity of description

¹ See the story of 'The Death of Cuchulain,' from 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne,' by Lady Gregory, in Volume IV.

which is such a marked feature in the sagas. Everything there is described in detail, with a minute individual analysis. Thus the board on which Queen Medb (Mève) plays chess is "a beauteous chess table—a chess board of fine metal on it, four ears and elbows on it," "a candle of precious stone illuminating it for them"; "of gold and silver are the chessman on that table." This faculty for close description is nearly allied to the love of expletives by which nearly all Irish writers, not the unknown writers of the sagas alone, but biographers, historians, and theologians, are more or less affected. Thus in the almost contemporary account of the Danish wars, the blow which Murrough deals the Earl of Orkney is "a fierce powerful crushing blow," the right hand that deals it is "valiant, death-dealing, active," the helmet on which it alights is "the hateful foreign helmet," and so on.

Another trait which distinguishes even the earliest Irish literature from that of the rest of Europe is the marvelous way in which it is interpenetrated by the love of nature in all its aspects. The songs of summer and winter, and the dialogue of the King and the Hermit contained in these volumes are instances of what I mean. When the Fenian poet describes the delights and pastimes of the famous Finn mac Cumhail, the commander of the Fenian bands in the third century, he expresses himself thus:

"The desire of my hero who feared no foe,
Was to listen all day to Drumderrig's sound,
To sleep by the roar of the Assaroe,
And to follow the dun deer round and round.

"The warbling of blackbirds in Letter Lee,
The Strand where the billows of Ruree fall,
The bellowing ox upon wild Moy-mee,
The lowing of calves upon Glen-da-vaul,

"The blast of the horns around Slieve Grot,
The bleat of the fawns upon Cua's plain,
The sea-bird's scream in a lonesome spot,
The croak of the raven above the slain,

"The wash of the waves on his bark afar,
The yelp of the pack as they turn Drimliss,
The baying of Bran upon Knock-in-ar,
The murmur of fountains below Slieve-mis,

“ The call of Oscar upon the chase,
 The tongue of the hounds on the Fenians' plain,
 Then a seat with the men of the bardic race,
 Of these delights was my hero fain.”

And the poet Oisín or Ossian is supposed to describe to Saint Patrick the exquisite singing of the Blackbird of Derrycarn, and the delight which his father Finn had taken in listening to it. My friend Dr. Sigerson has thus translated these verses:

“ The tuneful tumult of that bird,
 The belling deer on ferny steep,
 This welcome in the dawn he heard,
 This soothed at eve his sleep.

“ Dear to him the wind-loved heath,
 The whirr of wings, the rustling brake,
 Dear the murmuring glens beneath,
 And sob of Droma's lake.

“ The cry of hounds at early morn,
 The pattering deer, the pebbly creek,
 The cuckoo's call, the sounding horn,
 The swooping eagle's shriek.”

In fact the glowing rendering of nature-scenes, which appear to have perfectly intoxicated the early Irish, frequently transcends mere descriptive and borders upon the interpretative. This is no doubt what prompted Matthew Arnold to write as follows: “ The Celt's quick feeling for that which is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation give it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there: they are nature's own children and utter her secret in a way which makes them quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance with the Celts; magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the in-

timate life of nature, her weird power and fairy dream." Even the animals in the Irish sagas have often an interest attached to them for their own sake, which may have had its origin in the Druids once teaching a doctrine of metempsychosis. Bran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhail, was no mere dog, and Oisín himself was descended from a mother who had once been a deer. Cúchulain's great war-horse, the "Grey of Macha," knows when its master is going to his fate, and unwillingly allows itself to be yoked to his chariot. The magnificent white bull of Mève, Queen of Connacht, had been once a man, reborn a bull, who, "thinking it dishonorable" to remain under a woman's control, passed over to the herds of Mève's husband, thus giving rise to the greatest of all Irish epics, the Cattle-Spoil of Cuailgne. The very trees and plants have a life of their own. The mountain ash in which Diarmuid conceals himself while the Fenians play at chess below sprung from an enchanted berry; the branch which the little boy shakes before King Cormac has power to dispel sorrow and sickness. The hard rock is gifted with a voice and can both answer and prophesy. Even the billows of Ocean are inspired with a spirit, and when a catastrophe is impending the Wave of Clíodhna rolls in upon the shore in thunder. The very air is tenanted by supernatural beings. When "the battle-fighting battle-winning hero Cúchulain" springs into his chariot, there shout around him "spirits and goblins and spirits of the air and demons of the glens." Venomous witches ride upon the wind, and the direction from which the breeze blows at the time of birth influences the rest of a man's existence. Even among the early Christians this sympathy with the animal creation remained. Saint Columcille when in exile at Iona is made aware that a heron from Ireland with long-drawn weary strokes of its wounded wings has alit half frozen upon the furthest point of his island, and he sends one of the brothers to care for the bird and chafe its wings and feed it, because it had come from Erin, from the land he should not see with his eyes again forever. And when Columcille himself is about to die, although seemingly in health, the old white horse, the faithful servant of the monks of Iona, is mysteriously aware of what the monks themselves did not know, and approaching the saint thrusts its head into

his bosom and weeps copious tears. And the story runs that one of the early Irish saints, finding that while immersed in prayer and meditation a blackbird had made a nest upon his hand, which was extended through the window, refused to chase the bird away or to withdraw his hand until she had hatched her eggs!

This excessive love of nature among the early Irish is all the more remarkable when we remember that it has always been believed that the Aryan races owe their appreciation of the beauties of nature to the introduction among them of Christianity. Religion for the first time taught them that the same God that created them created also all their surroundings, and thereby made these surroundings an object of increased interest. Any esthetic sensibility, where nature was concerned, seems to have been practically unknown among the Pagans of Greece and Rome. According to Humboldt, we discern the first faint traces of it in Cicero and the younger Pliny. But the Irish Pagan seems to have been penetrated with it to his profoundest depths, for there can be little doubt that such descriptions as I have quoted do not take their color from Christianity, but are a real legacy from pre-Christian times.

No account of Irish literature, however brief, can be given without mentioning the elaborate system of bards, poets, and meters, which seems to have assumed shape in very early days. There was probably never any race of people who so revered, admired, and, better still, rewarded their poets, as did the Irish. The complexity of the bardic system almost takes one's breath away. There were two classes of poets, the *filès* (fillas) and the bards, the latter being quite inferior in rank to the former. The bards were divided into Free and Un-Free, or Patrician and Plebeian. There are eight grades of Patrician and eight of Plebeian bards, each with his own restrictions and laws. These shared between them, with the more powerful *filès*, the three hundred or more meters which had been invented in pre-Danish times. The names, and specimens of the greater part of these meters, have come down to us in the surviving fragments of the poets' books and they are of intense interest.

It is a tremendous claim to make for the Celt that

he taught Europe to rhyme, yet this claim has been made for him over and over again, not by himself, but by some of the greatest European linguists. The illustrious Zeuss, the founder of Celtic studies, is emphatic upon this point. "The form of Celtic poetry," he writes, "to judge both from the older and more recent examples, appears to be more ornate than the form of any other nation, and even more ornate in the older forms than in the modern ones; from the fact of which greater ornateness it undoubtedly came to pass that at the very time when the Roman empire was hastening to its ruin, the Celtic forms—at first entire, afterward in part—passed over not only into the songs of the Latins but also into those of other nations and remained in them." He unhesitatingly ascribes the advance toward rhyme, made by the Anglo-Saxons in their Latin hymns, to Irish influence. "We must believe," he said, "that this form of composition was introduced amongst them by the Irish, as were the arts of writing and of painting and of ornamenting manuscripts, since they themselves in common with the other Germanic nations made use in their poetry of nothing but alliteration." "Final assonance or rhyme can have been derived only from the laws of Celtic phonology," says Constantine Nigra. One thing at least is certain, that already in the seventh century the Irish not only rhymed but used intricate and beautiful meters of their own, while for many centuries after this period the Germanic nations could only rudely alliterate. After the seventh century the Irish brought their rhyming system to a pitch of perfection undreamed of by any other nation, even to this day. The elaborateness of the system they evolved, the prodigious complexity of the rules, the subtlety, delicacy, and intricacy of their poetical code, are astounding, and wholly unparalleled by anything that the rest of the western world has produced.

After the coming of the Normans, Irish art and Irish literature began to decline, and the next four centuries produced little except the rather stereotyped poems of the bardic houses, whose imaginative faculties were too much overridden by the artificial difficulties of their art—difficulties which they seem to have almost taken a delight in creating for themselves. In the seventeenth century the

great Gaelic houses, overthrown by incessant wars with English invaders, began to succumb to fire and sword and banishment, and the fortunes of the hereditary bards fell with the fortunes of their patrons. Then a new school arose from among the people themselves, untrammelled by technicalities, and produced an exquisite new growth of poetry throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The motto of the new school might have been couched in the words which Uhland addressed to the poets of Germany:

“Formel hält uns nicht gebunden,
Unsere Kunst heisst Poesie !”

Scores and scores of new and brilliant meters, based upon an accentual instead of the old syllabic system, made their appearance, and the Irish deprived by law of their trade, their education, their lands, and all the rights and possibilities of free men, could do nothing else but sing, which they did in almost every county in Ireland, with all the sweetness of the dying swan.

Irish literature never quite ceased to be written, but the nineteenth century produced little worth remembering. It is only within the last few years that a new and able school of Irish writers has sprung up, with a sympathetic public to encourage it, and bids fair to do something once again that may be worthy of the history of our island—once one of the spots most desirous of learning and of literature to be found in the whole world. The tenth volume of ‘IRISH LITERATURE’ contains some specimens of this new school with translations.

Misc
An Gaoil
(*Douglas Hyde*)

A PORTION OF THE GENEALOGY OF JESUS CHRIST

From the book of Kells

An Irish illuminated manuscript of the seventh century, now in Trinity College, Dublin, which contains so many great treasures of this kind.

Dr. Douglas Hyde calls the book of Kells "the unapproachable glory of Irish illumination."

great Gaelic houses, overthrown by incessant wars with English invaders, began to succumb to fire and sword and banishment, and the fortunes of the hereditary bards fell with the fortunes of their patrons. Then a new school arose from among the people themselves, untrammelled by technicalities, and produced an exquisite new growth of poetry throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The motto of the new school might have been couched in the words which Uhland addressed to the poets of Germany:

"Forsach Ielli den weltlichen Stand,
Umsonst Künste lernet, Preussel!"

Scores and scores of new and brilliant writers, based upon an accentual instead of the old syllabic system, made their appearance, and the Irish deprived by law of their trade, their education, their lands, and all the rights and possibilities which they did in almost every part of Ireland, with all the sweetness of the Irish language.

but the Irish literature of the seventeenth century is now in Trinity College Dublin, which contains the best of the Irish literature of the seventeenth century. It is only within the last few years that the public school of Irish writers has sprung up, and the public mind has been once again that may be said to be the most desirable of learning and of literature to be found in the whole world. The tenth volume of 'IRISH LITERATURE' contains some specimens of this new school with translations.

Mike
The Gaelic
(Douglas Hyde)



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SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER.

(1838 —)

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B., the well-known soldier-author, was born in 1838. He was educated in a Jesuit college and trained for his profession at Sandhurst. At twenty years of age he was appointed to an ensigncy in the 69th Regiment, and rose rapidly, becoming captain in 1872; major, 1874; and deputy adjutant quarter-master-general, headquarters staff, 1876.

He served with distinction on the Red River expedition, and acted as special commissioner to the Saskatchewan Territories in 1870 and 1871. While in command of the West Akim native forces during the Ashantee war, he was honorably mentioned in several dispatches of Sir Garnet Wolseley. In 1874 he received the order of Companion of the Bath. In 1877 he married Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the famous painter of 'The Roll Call,' etc. He also served in the Zulu war, and the Egyptian campaigns of 1882, 1884-85.

He prepared the first portion of the Nile flotilla in 1884; he was in the Soudanese war in 1886; in Egypt from 1890 to 1893; was appointed to the Cape command in '98-99 and was made Lieutenant-General in 1900. Throughout his military career he has, with the one exception recorded in his 'History of a Failure, an account of the English attack on Coomassie,' been conspicuously successful. He has received frequent commendations from superiors and many other marks of distinction.

While in North America he collected materials for his two well-known works, 'The Great Lone Land' and 'The Wild North Land.' He has written also 'Akim-foo, the History of a Failure,' 'Far and Out,' 'Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux,' 'The Campaign of the Cataracts,' 'Charles George Gordon,' 'Sir Charles Napier,' and 'Sir George Pomeroy Colley.' He is a born *littérateur*, and in his hands the history of a military campaign becomes a romance.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

From 'The Great Lone Land.'

It was near sunset when we rode by the lonely shores of the Gull Lake, whose frozen surface stretched beyond the horizon to the north. Before us, at a distance of some ten miles, lay the abrupt line of the Three Medicine Hills, from whose gorges the first view of the great range of the Rocky Mountains was destined to burst upon my sight. But not on this day was I to behold that long-looked-for vision. Night came quickly down upon the silent wilderness; and it was long after dark when we made our

camps by the bank of the Pas-co-pee, or Blindman's River, and turned adrift the weary horses to graze in a well-grassed meadow lying in one of the curves of the river. We had ridden more than sixty miles that day.

About midnight a heavy storm of snow burst upon us, and daybreak revealed the whole camp buried deep in snow. As I threw back the blankets from my head (one always lies covered up completely), the wet, cold mass struck chillily upon my face. The snow was wet and sticky, and therefore things were much more wretched than if the temperature had been lower; but the hot tea made matters seem brighter, and about breakfast-time the snow ceased to fall, and the clouds began to clear away. Packing our wet blankets together, we set out for the Three Medicine Hills, through whose defiles our course lay; the snow was deep in the narrow valleys, making traveling slower and more laborious than before. It was mid-day when, having rounded the highest of the three hills, we entered a narrow gorge fringed with a fire-ravaged forest. This gorge wound through the hills, preventing a far-reaching view ahead; but at length its western termination was reached, and there lay before me a sight to be long remembered.

The great chain of the Rocky Mountains rose their snow-clad sierras in endless succession. Climbing one of the eminences, I gained a vantage-point on the summit from which some bygone fire had swept the trees. Then, looking west, I beheld the great range in unclouded glory. The snow had cleared the atmosphere, the sky was coldly bright. An immense plain stretched from my feet to the mountain—a plain so vast that every object of hill and wood and lake lay dwarfed into one continuous level, and at the back of this level, beyond the pines and the lakes and the river-courses, rose the giant range, solid, impassable, silent—a mighty barrier rising midst an immense land, standing sentinel over the plains and prairies of America, over the measureless solitudes of this Great Lone Land. Here at last lay the Rocky Mountains.

Leaving behind the Medicine Hills, we descended into the plain and held our way until sunset towards the west. It was a calm and beautiful evening; far-away objects stood out sharp and distinct in the pure atmosphere of these elevated regions. For some hours we had lost sight

of the mountains, but shortly before sunset the summit of a long ridge was gained, and they burst suddenly into view in greater magnificence than at mid-day. Telling my men to go on and make the camp at the Medicine River, I rode through some fire-wasted forest to a lofty grass-covered height which the declining sun was bathing in floods of glory.

I cannot hope to put into the compass of words the scene which lay rolled beneath from this sunset-lighted eminence; for as I looked over the immense plain and watched the slow descent of the evening sun upon the frosted crest of these lone mountains, it seemed as if the varied scenes of my long journey had woven themselves into the landscape, filling with the music of memory the earth, the sky, and the mighty panorama of mountains. Here at length lay the barrier to my onward wanderings, here lay the boundary to that 4,000 miles of unceasing travel which had carried me by so many varied scenes so far into the lone lands; and other thoughts were not wanting. The peaks on which I gazed were no pigmies; they stood the culminating monarchs of the mighty range of the Rocky Mountains. From the estuary of the Mackenzie to the Lake of Mexico no point of the American continent reaches higher to the skies. That eternal crust of snow seeks in summer widely severed oceans.

The Mackenzie, the Columbia, and the Saskatchewan spring from the peaks whose teeth-like summits lie grouped from this spot into the compass of a single glance. The clouds that cast their moisture upon this long line of up-heaven rocks seek again the ocean which gave them birth in its far-separated divisions of Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic. The sun sank slowly behind the range, and darkness began to fall on the immense plain, but aloft on the top-most edge the pure white of the jagged crest-line glowed for an instant in many colored silver, and then the lonely peaks grew dark and dim.

As thus I watched from the silent hill-top this great mountain-chain, whose summits slept in the glory of the sunset, it seemed no stretch of fancy which made the red man place his paradise beyond their golden peaks. The "Mountains of the Setting Sun," the "Bridge of the World," thus he has named them, and beyond them

the soul first catches a glimpse of that mystical land where the tents are pitched midst everlasting verdure and countless herds and the music of ceaseless streams.

AN AFRICAN QUEEN.

From 'Akim-Foo.'

On the day following my arrival, Queen Amaquon came to visit me. She brought with her a large bevy of the ugliest women I had ever seen. The dress of the queen and the court at Swaidroo was peculiar. Queen Amaquon wore a necklace of beads, a stick and a scant silk cloth; her ladies were attired in a costume which for simplicity and economy, I can safely recommend to the talented authoress of that charming book, "How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year," since it might almost be achieved on as many pence. Nearly all the ladies had babies on their backs; there were no men. Here and there in the crowd one occasionally saw a woman with the peculiar eye and eyelash of the better-looking Akims—an eye which I have nowhere else noted on the coast or in the interior.

I was introduced in turn to the queen's daughters, to her "fetish woman," a large wild-eyed lassie, and to several other ladies of rank and quality. As the ceremony was gone through, the lady presented stepped out into the hut, and shook hands with me as I lay on my couch; and it not unfrequently happened that the baby on the bustle at her back, looking out under her elbow and beholding a white man in such close proximity, would howl in terror at the sight.

At first but a limited number of women came into the inner yard of my hut, and the queen alone entered the hut itself; but as the interview went on the outsiders grew bolder, and at last the yard and opposite hut were filled to overflowing.

But the event of the day was the statement of the queen's illness. I had tried to turn her mind to war. I had spoken of the warlike deeds of a former queen of Akim—of how, sword in hand, she had led her soldiers

against the Ashantis at Dodowa, saying, "Osay has driven me from my kingdom because he thinks I am weak; but though I am a woman he shall see I have the heart of a man"; but the effort was useless.

"That was all true," she said; but the point which grieved her most was this illness under which she suffered, and on which she wanted my opinion.

Now I was sufficiently ill myself to make the diagnosis of an old lady's ailment by no means an attractive pastime. I doubt if at any time I should have entered into such a question with the slightest interest. Nevertheless, the situation was not without novelty, and African fever was not so totally depressing as to shut out the ridiculous aspect of finding myself Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty Queen Amaquon of Akim. Seated on a low stool, she began the statement of her case. There is no necessity to enter now into the symptoms. They consisted of the usual number of pains, in the usual number of places, at the usual number of hours; but their cause and cure?—ah, that was the question.

"Did I consider," asked the queen, "these symptoms could have had their origin in poison? She had visited Cape Coast Castle four years before this time, and ever since her return had suffered from this ailment. Perhaps she had been poisoned by the people of the Coast?"

I inquired "if she had consumed much rum during that visit to the coast? Rum was a subtle poison." The soft impeachment of having tippled freely was as freely admitted; but it was a mistake to suppose that rum could harm anybody. "Surely, among the medicines which I carried, I must have some drug which would restore her to health."

Now my stock of drugs was not a large one. The specifics in use against fever were precious, they could not be spared.

Had I any more? Yes—a bottle of spirit of sal volatile. Her majesty bent her nose to the bottle, and the tent shook with her oft-repeated sneezes.

The whole court was in a commotion. The fetish woman demanded a smell; the royal daughters grew bolder; the ladies pressed in from without, and the queen declared when sneezing left her at liberty to articulate, that she

felt immensely relieved. It was some time before order could be fully restored.

The heat meantime became stifling, and the press of women seemed to threaten suffocation. "Tell Queen Amaquon," I said to the interpreter, "that to-morrow I will see her again. Meanwhile I have to cure myself." With difficulty I got rid of the lot.

ISAAC BUTT.

(1813—1879.)

THE reader will look in vain through the speeches of Isaac Butt for passages of sustained beauty. Butt's great merit was that he was emphatically a man of ideas, not of words ; filled with his subject, he forgot mere form ; many of his sentences were unfinished, all of them rugged ; and yet since O'Connell there was perhaps no Irish political orator who could so thoroughly convince and so deeply thrill Irish audiences.

Isaac Butt was born in Stranorlar, County Donegal, in 1813. He entered Trinity College in 1832, and his course, both in his studies and in the College Historical Society, was brilliant. He held the chair of political economy. In 1838 he was called to the bar, and six years after he was made a Q. C. ; for many years subsequently he was engaged in every important trial, political or otherwise, which took place in Ireland.

He had the honor of meeting the redoubtable O'Connell himself in a pitched battle on the question of Repeal of the Union, in the Dublin Corporation, and the great agitator paid a high compliment to the talents and the good feeling of his youthful opponent. In 1852 he was elected in the Conservative interest for Harwich. Then he sat for Youghal until 1865, when he was rejected by his old constituents, owing to his changed political views. The nature of the change may be gathered from the fact that he took a prominent part in defending Fenian prisoners, and thus rose to high popularity in the National party. Having now adopted Home Rule as a national platform, he devoted to it all his energies of pen and tongue and organization. He was returned without opposition for the city of Limerick in September, 1871, and for several sessions he was the undisputed leader of the Home Rule party. As time went on, younger and more ardent spirits proposed a policy more active than Mr. Butt was willing to sanction, and his last days were probably embittered by the sense of waning power. He died after a lingering illness in 1879. His death evoked a feeling of universal and deep sorrow, for the splendor of his talents, the genuineness of his nature, and, above all, his simplicity and modesty, made him one of the most loveable of men.

Mr. Butt was a very prolific writer. He was among the founders of and earliest contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*. His stories in that journal were republished under the title 'Chapters of College Romance.' His other most ambitious work is a 'History of Italy from the Abdication of Napoleon I.' A book of his on 'The Irish People and the Irish Land' is a marvel of analytic power.

ON LAND TENURE.

From a Speech in the House of Commons, 1876.

I have now brought down to 1866 the testimonies as to the state of feeling which exists between the landed proprietors and the occupants of the soil. However much we may regret that feeling, and desire to remove it, the legislature must deal with circumstances and with feelings as they exist. No such feeling exists in England, and therefore English gentlemen have difficulty in forming a correct opinion upon it; but I do not hesitate to say that there is a general desire on the part of the landed proprietors of Ireland to keep their tenants in a state of subjection to themselves. Remember this desire is not confined to those landlords who may be described as being cruel and hard, it is shared in by the landlords who would treat their tenants kindly and even aid them in distress. How was the object of the landlords accomplished? Simply by the power of notice to quit. I am speaking, of course, before the time the Land Bill became law.

In a trial in which I was engaged I examined a gentleman who was believed to have a large number of notices to quit, but he denied it. I then asked him—"Did you not serve some last year?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I do that every year—it is part of the management of my estate. I never intend to act upon a notice, but I want to be able to take any field or holding in case I should wish to do so, and, therefore, I give notice to quit each year."

Yet this was a landlord of a humane and kindly character, who would not treat a tenant harshly. It is his desire to keep his tenants under his own power that so easily reconciles to his conscience the practice I have just alluded to. The Irish landlords think they can do much better for the tenant than he can for himself. I believe that a country in which you allow the mass of the population to be reduced to a state of serfdom never can be prosperous, never can be contented, and never can be peaceful. Bad landlords will abuse the power which a good landlord will only use for a beneficial purpose. The landlords who could serve notices to quit have two powers in their hands. They

have the power of capricious eviction, and the power of arbitrarily raising the rents. While there are landlords in Ireland who would scorn to do either of these things, there were others who did them with a reckless cruelty which had not a parallel in history.

I do not wish to dwell on the fearful scenes enacted between 1847 and 1852, but in a book of high authority, Mr. Ray's '*Social Condition of Europe*,' I find it stated that in one year, 1849, no fewer than 500,000 civil bill ejectments were served in Ireland; and I may add that I myself have seen whole districts desolated. Sir Matthew Barrington relates that immediately Parliament passed the Poor Law, the landlords of Ireland began to clear their estates by notices to quit and by tumbling down houses. On many occasions the military were brought in to throw down houses, and hundreds of people were, to use an expressive phrase, thrown on the road, simply because the landlord wished to get rid of the superabundant population.

Many measures, passed by statesmen with a most honest intention of doing good to Ireland, have produced results directly the reverse. This was because they were framed by men who had not the knowledge which can only be acquired by residence among the people, and by a long and intimate acquaintance with the circumstances. The case of the Poor Law was an instance of this, for it ought to have been foreseen that the giving of relief to the poor would lead to the very evil which followed. I will give one instance of what occurred. The matter came into a court of justice because the landlord, fortunately for justice, made some slight mistake in his proceedings.

It was the case of an estate in the county of Meath, and there were on it twenty-seven families. It was admitted that their labor made the property rich and profitable, and that they never had been in arrear one half-year's rent during the thirty years that the landlord had been in possession of the estate. The landlord got embarrassed, and he sold the estate to a gentleman, who purchased it on condition that all the tenants should be evicted. The landlord concealed this circumstance from the tenants, and when he served them with notice to quit told them he did not intend to act upon it. Well, a jury of landlords gave to one of the evicted tenants the full value of the fee-simple of the land.

Such things, it should be remembered, could not be done in England, for Henry VIII. got his Parliament to pass an act that every landlord who pulled down a house should build it up again in six months, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth another act was passed that gave a legal right of relief to every one who was born on the soil. If there had been a law of settlement in Ireland, many of the landlords who were now living on their estates would be in the work-house to which they consigned their tenants.

But there was a still more grievous wrong—namely, the power of the landlord to confiscate the improvements of his tenants in Ireland. All the improvements of the soil—certainly all the improvements made up to a very recent period—were effected by the tenants. Yet there was nothing to prevent an unscrupulous landlord from confiscating these improvements, and, in point of fact, it was done over and over again. Lord Clarendon, I think it was, who spoke of it in the other House as a legalized robbery. It was to that state of things that the Land Act was applied. I believe that any friend to the Irish tenant would act very wrongly indeed if he spoke of the author of that act in other terms than those of profound respect, knowing, as I do, the difficulties he had to contend with and the prejudices he had to meet. I give him every credit for that act.

At the same time, I regret to say, it has failed, from a reason which I foresaw,—as you leave to the landlords the power of eviction. In the circumstances of Ireland no device that the legislature can make can prevent them from converting that tremendous power into an instrument to render themselves absolute despots over their tenants. Still the act established a principle. It first legalized the Ulster tenant right. Now, what is the meaning of that? As property which was only protected by custom, and to which the tenant had no legal claim whatever, except in justice and in honor, was converted into a legal property, that is a very great principle as applied to Irish land. . . .

I will now detain the House a few minutes by referring to some incidents which, I confess, have had effect on my own mind in reference to the value of giving security to tenants. One of the incidents is an old one, as old as the days of Arthur Young, who certainly described in a striking way what was the benefit of giving security to tenants.

He says that a man with a wife and six children met Sir William Osborne in the county of Tipperary. The man could get no land, and Sir William Osborne gave him twelve acres of heathy land, and £4 to stock it with.

Twelve years afterwards, when Young revisited Ireland, he went to see the man, and found him with twelve acres under full cultivation. Three other persons he found settled in the same way, and he says their industry had no bounds, nor was the day long enough for their energy. He says if you give tenants security, and let them be certain of enjoying the rewards of their labor, and treat them as Sir William Osborne did, there would be no better or more industrious farmers in the world. I have often thought of that, and have said that if there had been men like Sir William Osborne to give employment to those who have been evicted, and who took part in the Irish insurrection, there would not have been a better set of farmers in the kingdom.

Now let me refer to another case. A Roman Catholic prelate, whom I can respect as much as a prelate of my own church, was examined before a committee of this House, and illustrated the advantages of giving security to the tenants. He describes how he one day saw a man enter into the occupation of some land. There was nothing but a barren heath, and he saw the man carrying on his back manure which he had brought from a road two miles distant. Two years after the prelate again passed that way, and he found corn growing on what had been heath, and a house built there. It had all been done by the man himself, and the simple cause, he had a lease, and was thus secure of his tenancy. The prelate then went to another man who had no lease, and who said:—"If I did the same as my neighbor has done my landlord would not only ask for an increase of rent upon my improvements, but also upon what I now hold."

That is the sort of discouragement there is to industry all over Ireland, and it proceeds from the desire of the landlords not so much to extract money from the tenants—that is but an incident, but from the desire to keep the tenants in their power. Why, on some estates in Ireland they cannot marry, except with the consent of the landlord's agent, and at the risk of being evicted. I assure you that those rules still prevail on many estates in Ireland.

Another rule which used to exist was that the tenant

should not harbor a man at night. There is a story of one poor boy whose mother had been evicted from a farm, and who sought shelter with his uncle; the uncle would have let him in; but his neighbors said he must not, or the agent would evict them all. Therefore the boy was shut out, and the next morning was found lying at the door a lifeless corpse. The men who had refused him admittance were tried for murder, and were convicted of manslaughter, their defense being that they did not dare, by the rules of their farms to give him shelter. Now no rights of property can give a man such dominion as that over his tenants, any more than property can give dominion over the thews and sinews of your servants. Now these evils can only be guarded against by taking away the arbitrary power of eviction, and allowing the tenant to hold his farm at a valued rent. The condition of every Irish estate was originally to give security of tenure. Your landlords have not done it.

Your ancestors were placed there not to be lords over the people, but to settle and plant the country, and you are there still among the people whom you have neither conciliated nor subdued. There is not a landlord in Ireland who holds land except on trust for creating upon it a contented tenantry. I go upon the great principles of jurisprudence, which will allow no right of property to stand in the way of a general good. I go upon the principles established by the Irish Land Act, and I ask you, as you value the peace of Ireland, to carry those principles into full and beneficial effect. I will say nothing more about the peace of Ireland, or I shall be charged with making a stereotyped peroration. I have no official responsibility for the peace of Ireland, but I have the responsibility attaching to every man, who takes ever so humble a part in public affairs, to promote peace and tranquillity. I have the anxiety which any man must feel who looks back on the ruin, desolation, and misery brought to many parts of Ireland by that civil war—for it was a civil war—which has raged between landlord and tenant since the days of the Cromwellian confiscation, and who regards with trembling the indications of a renewal of the war. I rejoice to say that those indications have at present come only from the landlords. I trust they will cease before they come from



CORK HARBOR (QUEENSTOWN)

From a photograph

the tenants; but it is only by giving protection to these tenants that you can have security against a return to that state of things which every man of right feeling deplored.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

From 'The Irish People and the Irish Land.'

Let me say once for all how I came to write. Two years ago I had formed views of the land question, as, I suppose, most persons in my position have. I was satisfied of that which lies on the very surface—that insecurity of tenure is a great evil. I was convinced that compensation for tenants' improvements was just and right; but when I saw the people flying in masses from their homes I felt that really to understand the question we must go deeper than all this—that there must be some mischief deeply rooted in our social system, which in a country blessed with advantages like ours produced results so strangely contrary to everything which the laws which regulate the history of nations or the conduct of classes or individuals might lead us to expect.

An accident turned my thoughts more intensely in this direction. Traveling on the Southern railway, I witnessed one of those scenes too common in our country, but which, I believe, no familiarity can make any person of feeling witness without emotion. The station was crowded with emigrants and their friends who came to see them off. There was nothing unusual in the occurrence—nothing that is not often to be seen. Old men walked slowly, and almost hesitatingly, to the carriages that were to take them away from the country to which they were never to return. Railway porters placed in the train strange boxes and chests of every shape and size, sometimes even small articles of furniture, which told that the owners were taking with them their little all. In the midst of them a brother and a sister bade each other their last farewell—a mother clasped passionately to her breast the son whom she must never see again. Women carried or led to their places in the carriages little children, who looked round as if they

knew not what all this meant, but wept because they saw their mothers weeping. Strong men turned aside to dash from their eye the not unmanly tear. As the train began to move there was the uncontrollable rush, the desperate clinging to the carriages of relatives crowding down to give the last shake-hands. The railway servants pushed them back—we moved on more rapidly—and then rose from the group we left behind a strange mingled cry of wild farewells, and prayers, and blessings, and that melancholy wail of Irish sorrow which no one who has heard will ever forget—and we rushed on with our freight of sorrowing and reluctant exiles across a plain of fertility unsurpassed, perhaps, in any European soil. It was a light matter, but still there was something in that picture—close to us rose the picturesque ruins which seemed to tell us from the past that there were days when an Irish race had lived; and not lived in poverty, upon that very plain.

These are scenes which surely no Irishman should see without emotion. The transient feeling they may excite is but of little use except as it may be suggestive of thought. It was impossible not to ask why were these people thus flying from their homes, deserting that rich soil. I could not but feel that no satisfactory solution of the question had yet been given. I asked myself if it were not a reproach to those among us whom God had raised a little above that people by the advantages of intellect and education if we gave no real earnest thought to such an inquiry; and I formed a purpose—I almost made to myself a vow—that I would employ, as far as I could, whatever little power I had acquired in investigating facts in endeavoring to trace the strange mystery to its origin.

MRS. MANNINGTON CAFFYN ("IOTA").

KATHLEEN GORING was born at Waterloo House, County Tipperary, the daughter of William Hunt and Louisa Goring. She was educated at home by English and German governesses, and lived in the country till she was twenty-one, when she trained for nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital ; after a short nursing career, she married Dr. Mannington Caffyn, an able surgeon, writer, and inventor.

His ill health obliged them to emigrate to Australia, where they lived for several years, Mrs. Caffyn contributing occasionally to the newspapers there. Soon after their return, in 1893, Mrs. Caffyn made an immense success with 'The Yellow Aster.' She has since written 'A Comedy in Spasms,' 'Children of Circumstances,' 'A Quaker Grandmother,' 'Poor Max,' 'Anne Mauleverer,' 'The Minx,' 'The Happiness of Jill,' and has contributed to many magazines.

LITTLE BRITONS.

From 'The Yellow Aster.'¹

Not only the entire county of —shire but even the whole University of Cambridge had been thrown into quite a whirl of emotion by the marriage of Henry Waring and Grace Selwyn, the most unexpected ever concocted in heaven or on earth.

A Senior Wrangler and a Fellow of his college, who at twenty-six eats, drinks, and sleeps mathematics, besides being possessed of other devouring passions for certain minor sciences, does not seem a very fit subject for matrimony with its petty follies and cares.

If one is, besides, the son of a cynic and a bookworm, who loathed and eschewed the sex with bitter reason, and whose own practical knowledge had been gained chiefly through the classics and the bedmakers, the one of which appeals but little to one's sense of propriety, the other still less to one's fleshly sense, the prospect of a domestic and patriarchal career must seem as remote as it is undesirable.

And yet Henry Waring found himself, to his constant and increasing bewilderment, embarked on one almost before he altogether knew where he was.

The year previous to his marriage he had suffered a good

¹ In order to give the proper continuity to this extract, we have taken the liberty of transposing chapters I. and II.—[ED.]

deal from ennui. A favorite theory in geology over which he had peered himself half blind was suddenly exploded without hope of reconstruction. He felt rather lost and *distract*, and cast about for some tangible solid brainwork.

But to pass the time until the fresh inspiration came on, he took to propounding stray problems, and—through the press—launching them broadcast over the land. Strange to say, he got answers, and by the score. A good many more “mute inglorious Solons” infest our villages than we have any notion of.

Mr. Waring groaned in spirit and mourned over the depravity of the race as he read their epistles, and drew farther back than ever into his shell. If the average man and woman without the academical walls resembled these productions, the less one had to do with them the better, he very reasonably reflected.

After this had been going on for the space of three months, he came, one morning, down to breakfast. He felt very sick at heart; his pupils seemed so amazingly full of enthusiasm for minor concerns, and absolutely lacking in it for the one thing needful, that he was cut to the quick and moved to much gentle wrath. And then these letters! They were fast becoming his Nemesis. He ate his breakfast and watched with unwonted pleasure some dust motes dancing in a sunbeam, and, raising his eyes to follow them, they unconsciously strayed farther out into the college quad, where the dew was still sparkling on every grass blade, and shimmering on every flower.

Mr. Waring felt quite cheerful and revived as he pushed away his plate and cup and began to open his letters. Letter after letter was laid down, a spasm of pain passing each time across his face, and more than once an audible groan escaped him.

At last he picked up a letter gingerly, as he handled all this variety of correspondence—the village mathematician being an unclean beast—but this letter seemed somehow different; he turned it over with growing interest, and even took the pains to examine the postmark, then he opened it and found a quite different production from any he had yet received.

First on opening it a curious indefinite scent struck on his nostrils. He sniffed it up perplexedly; some queer old

memories began to stir in him, and he paused a moment to try and classify them, but he could not, so he set himself to examine the contents of the missive.

The answer given to his problem was accurate and the accompanying remarks clear, strong, and to the point, written in a woman's hand and signed with a woman's name, "Grace Selwyn."

That letter was answered before the breakfast things were cleared away, and certain fresh problems inclosed which were not sent in any other direction.

Many letters went and came after that, containing problems and their answers, the answers always full of that strange, vague, delicious scent, which seemed to waft itself through the study and to remain there, caught with the dust motes in the sunbeam.

A longing and a yearning for those little notes began to take possession of Henry Waring and to disturb his mind. Old memories of the time when he wore frocks and toddled began to haunt him, and his work was no longer done by reflex action.

He consulted a doctor, but as he only confided half his symptoms to that scientific person, quite suppressing the letters, the doctor felt rather out of it and prescribed quinine, which had no effect whatsoever.

One morning the yearning for a letter grew suddenly quite overmastering; and none came. This was the climax. By a sudden impulse which he never succeeded in explaining to himself on any satisfactory grounds, Mr. Waring went to his bedroom, knelt down by his big chest of drawers, and proceeded to pack a little valise with every article he did not want, leaving out all those he did. Then he stepped into a cab and made for the station.

Towards the close of the day he presented himself at the door of a queer old red-brick manor house in Kent owned by a Colonel Selwyn and his wife, and asked simply for "Miss Grace Selwyn."

In three months from that day the two came down the path hand in hand and stepped out together on life's journey, and six months later, through the death of a cousin, Waring Park fell to them and made up for the loss of the Fellowship. . . .

The stable-yard of Waring Park seemed to be slightly off its head on a certain fine afternoon in June. Such an afternoon as it was, so sweet and so soft, so full of fragrant sleepy haze, that any sound louder than the sing-song of a cricket must have distracted any ordinary nerve-possessing mortal.

On this particular afternoon, however, the sole occupants of the yard were the stable-boys, the groom's urchin, and the under-gardener's lad, and as none of these had yet reached the level of nerves, whilst the blood of all of them throbbed with the greed for illegal sport in every shape, their state of lazy content was in no way upset by a medley of blood-curdling shrieks, squeals and gobbles that issued from the throats of a little boy and a big turkey which the boy was swinging round and round by the tail, from the vantage ground of a large smooth round stone, with an amount of strength that was preternatural, if one had judged by the mere length of him and had not taken into consideration the enormous development of the imp's legs and arms.

The stable-boys grinned, and smoked like furnaces as the show proceeded, and the other two cheered like Trojans, at the cruelty of the natural boy, and it might have gone badly for the turkey, if there had not swooped down upon him and his tormentor, just in the nick of time, a little lean, wiry woman, armed with an authority which even the imp, after one spasmodic struggle, saw best not to gainsay.

"Master Dacre, whatever do you do it for? Do you think the bird has no feelings? There is no sense in such goings-on."

"There is sense," spluttered the boy at full speed; "I like bein' swung, and I like swingin' the turkey, and I'll learn him to like it too, and if he don't learn that anyway he'll learn something else, which is life's discipline, which father says I'm learnin', when you whip me. If I want it, so does the turkey and wuss. I b'longs to higher orders nor beasts and birds."

Here the grins of the stable-boys broke into hoarse guffaws, and Mary's ire culminated in a sharp rebuke all around.

"Go to your work, you idle fellows. I told your father

long ago, Jim, what 'ud be the latter end of you. As for you, Robert, I could cry when I think of your blessed mother!

"And what business have you in the yard?" she cried, turning on the two younger sinners. "Be off with you this instant. 'Tis easy to see none of the men are about. You two, Jim and Robert, you 'd be surprised yourselves if you could see what soft idiots you look with them stumps of pipes between your jaws.

"Look, Master Dacre, look at the bird's tail. Haven't you any heart at all? The creature might have been through the furze covert—"

"There's not a feather broke," said the boy, after a critical survey, "not one; I believe that tail were made for swingin' as much as my arms was."

For an instant words failed Mary and she employed herself hushing the bird into his pen. When she came back, Dacre had disappeared, and the yard seemed to be quite clear of human life, not to be traced even by the smell of shag tobacco.

Pursuit was useless, as Mary very well knew, so she returned to her nursery, a good deal down at heart, muttering and murmuring as she went.

"O Lord, whatever is to be the end of it all? Learning is the ruin of the whole place, and yet them children is as ignorant as bears, excepting for their queer words and ways. Set them to read a Royal Reader or to tot up a sum, bless you, they couldn't for the life of them. And the tempers of the two," she went on, putting the cross stitches on a darn, "their parents had no hand in them anyway. Where they got 'em from the Lord only knows. Tempers, indeed! And from them two blessed babies as bore 'em." She lifted her head and glanced out of the window.

"Look at 'em," she whispered, "hand in hand up and down the drive, talking mathymatics, I'll be bound," and Mary's eyes returned to her basket a trifle moist. She had nursed Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Waring's children, and she was a good soul with a deal of sentiment about her.

As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. Waring were not discussing mathematics. They were just then deeply and solemnly exercised in their minds as to the exact date of a

skeleton recently unearthed from some red sandstone in the neighborhood. They had dismissed the carriage at the hall gates, and were now hot in argument concerning the bones, each holding diametrically opposed views on the subject, and struggling hard to prove his or her side.

Now and again the husband's voice rose to a pretty high pitch, and his fine mouth was touched with a sneer, and the wife's eyes flashed and flamed and shot out indignant wrath. Her hat had fallen off far down the drive, and her rings of yellow fluffy hair fell wildly over her forehead; one small hand was clenched in eager protest, but the other was clasped tight in her husband's.

They always went like this, these two; they had got into the foolish way very early in their acquaintance and had never been able to get out of it. Suddenly some common hypothesis struck them both at once, and Mrs. Waring cried out with a gasp:

"If we can prove it, I am right."

"Yes, if you can prove it, darling, that's the point, and I hope that you never will. Have you any idea, dear love, what the proving of this will undo, what it must upset?"

"I think I have," she said slowly, her blue eyes gleaming eagerly, "but it seems to me whenever a great hubbub is made about the upsetting of some theory, that it generally ends in being much ado about nothing, and that the new thing that springs from the ashes of the old dead is infinitely more beautiful than ever its predecessor was, for it is one step nearer the truth."

"Dearest, we must end our talk," groaned Mr. Waring, peering with terrified looks through his eye-glasses. "Here is Gwen, most slightly clad and of a bright blue tint, pursued by Mary. I fear very much that story of Boadicea you told her has instigated her to this action. I think, dearest, I will go to the study and work out this question of date."

Mr. Waring turned nervously and made a gentle effort to disengage his hand from his wife's, but she clutched him firmly. "Henry," she cried, "you would not desert me?"

"Oh, my dear," he gasped, "what can I do? The child must be cleansed and, I presume, punished. I can be of no use," and he still showed signs of flight, but the horror-

stricken eyes of his wife, fixed pleadingly on him, made him waver and wait.

By a superhuman effort Mary got up first.

"Oh, ma'am," she shrieked in tones that went through Mrs. Waring's head, "oh, ma'am, look at her! I found her with nothing on but this rag and some leaves, painted blue, and varnished—varnished, sir, eating acorns outside of the orchard fence. It's common indecency, ma'am, and if it's to continue I can't—"

By this time Gwen had arrived, desperately blown, but overflowing with words; rather an advantage under the circumstances, for her parents had not one between them.

"Mother, I were a woaded Briton and blue all over. Mag Dow did me behind and I done the front, and it aren't common naked if queens done it like you said. She did, Mary, say it Thursday when she begun the history course. Dacre was to be a woaded king too, but he were a beast and wouldn't do nothing but swing turkeys for discipline."

"Mary, I think perhaps you should give Miss Gwen a bath, and then we will consider what further course to take."

Mrs. Waring caught her skirts nervously and drew a step nearer to her husband.

"A bath, ma'am! Don't you see she's painted and varnished? No water'll touch that, ma'am; turpentine it must be and cart grease, not to say paraffin,—and, ma'am, the indecency!"

"Please, Mary," implored the tortured woman, "oh, please take her away and put the cart grease on—and—the other things, and we can then talk over the rest."

Here the light of a sudden inspiration leapt into her face, and she turned to her husband. "Henry," she said solemnly, "do you not think that Gwen should go to bed? She seems to me," she continued, taking a critical survey of the blue-daubed figure, "she seems to me a little old for such very peculiar adaptations of history."

"To bed," remarked the husband, infinitely relieved. It seemed quite a happy solution to the whole question, and must fulfill every purpose,—be Gwen's Nemesis, a salve to Mary's hurt morality, and a merciful deliverance to all others concerned. "Yes, a very sensible suggestion of

yours, dearest. I consider that it would be a most salutary measure to send Gwen to bed."

"Indeed, sir," remarked Mary, without a particle of the satisfaction that might have been expected from her, "Miss Gwen will be fit for no other place by the time I've done with her, what with the paraffin and the scrubbing and her skin that tender. Oh come, Miss, come away," she cried grimly, laying hold of Gwen.

"Grace, my darling," said Mr. Waring, passing his free hand wearily over his brow, "such scenes as these are indeed upsetting. I am quite unable to take up the thread of our discourse."

"I feel as you do, Henry," said his wife sadly, "we seem to have so very little time to ourselves."

"Do you think, Grace, we should procure a tutor for those children? Let me see, how old are they?"

"I have their ages down somewhere in my tablets," said Mrs. Waring, rummaging in her pocket and producing a little book of ivory tablets. She consulted it anxiously.

"Just fancy," she exclaimed with astonished eyes, "Dacre will be seven in April—I had no idea he was so old—and I see Gwen is just twelve months younger."

"I think their physical powers are now fairly developed—indeed, I am of the opinion that the boy's development will continue to be mainly physical; he will, I fear, run much to cricket and other brutal sports. But no doubt he has some small amount of brain power that should be made the most of. We must now get some one who will undertake this business for us, dear love."

"Ah," said his wife plaintively, "the feeding and physical care of children seems a terrible responsibility; it weighs upon my life. But the development of their intellectual powers!—I wish the time for it had kept off just a little longer, until we were farther on in our last, our best work. And if," she said wearily, "you think the brain power of Dacre, at least, is so insignificant, the task becomes Herculean."

"We must consult the rector, dear."

"I feel in some way we must have failed in our duty. The grammar that child spoke was appalling, as was also the intonation of her words. I wonder how this has come

to pass? I should have thought her mere heredity would have saved us this."

Mrs. Waring sighed heavily, fate seemed against her, even heredity was playing her false.

"It is shocking, dear, but unaccountable," said her husband soothingly; "you are disturbed, and forget how widely modified heredity becomes by conditions. If I recollect aright Gwen mentioned one—Mag—h'm, Dow. Children are imitative creatures. And now with regard to another matter. I think, dear love, it were wiser if you discontinued that proposed course of history. The imagination of our daughter Gwen must not be fostered until it has a sounder intellectual basis to work up from."

"Very well, dear," and Mrs. Waring sighed a sigh of relief. No one but herself knew the horrible embarrassment of having those two children sitting opposite to her glaring all over her, while she discoursed to them on the customs of the early Britons, and it was only a consuming sense of duty that had seized on her, and forced her to the task.

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.

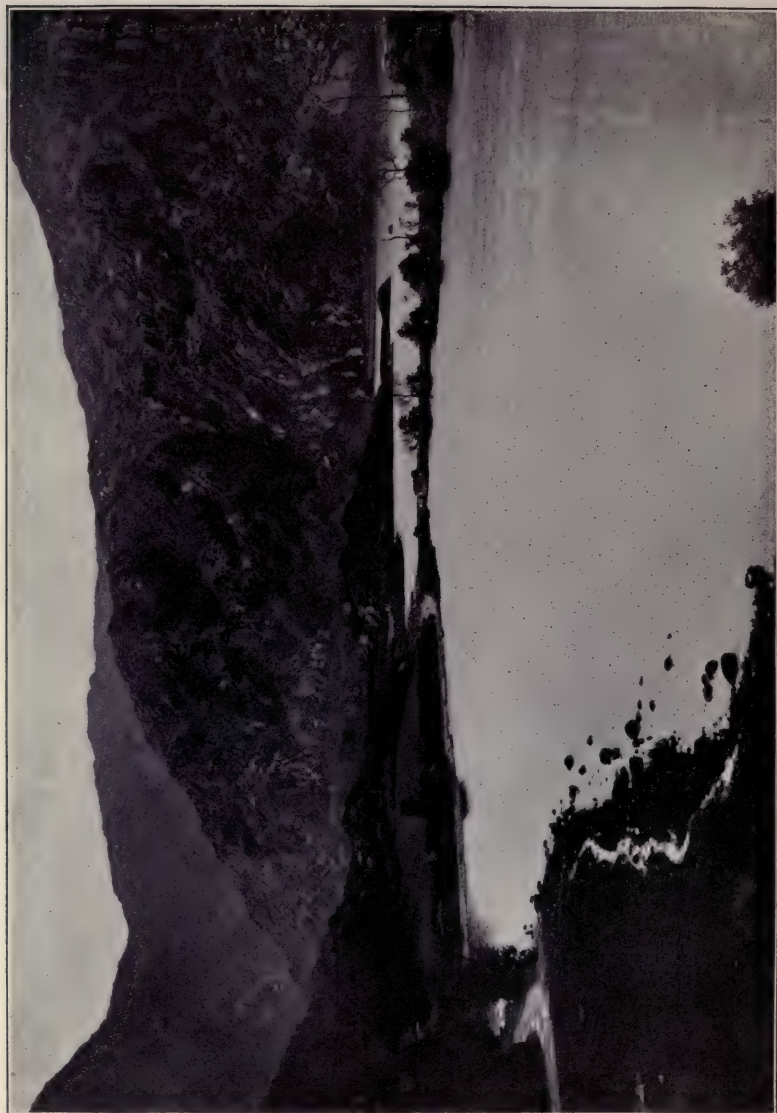
(1795—1829.)

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN, the poet, was born in Cork in 1795. Owing to the fact that Jeremiah resembles slightly in sound the English form into which the Irish peasantry transpose the Gaelic name Diarmiud, he was often called Jeremiah. Very little is known of his boyhood, save that he loved and learned the legends and history of his country. He was intended for the priesthood, but in 1816 he left Maynooth for Dublin, where he was an outpensioner at Trinity College. While there he wrote two poems, one on the 'Restoration of the Spoils of Athens by Alexander the Great,' and the other on the 'Accession of George the Fourth.' For these he was awarded the prizes in the gift of the Vice-Chancellor.

After spending two years in the university he turned his steps toward his birthplace. Here he found his parents dead, his friends and acquaintances scattered, and all his old haunts in the hands of strangers. This so affected him that in utter despair he turned away and enlisted in the 18th Royal Irish; some of his friends, however, bought him off. Then for two years he was tutor in the family of Mr. McCarthy, who resided near Mill Street, County Cork. Here the poet enjoyed the romantic scenery of the Killarney and Muskerry Mountains; but his restless spirit longed for change, and in 1822 we find him in his native city, Cork, leading an aimless life. In 1823 he became a tutor in the school of the celebrated Dr. William Maginn of Cork. The doctor soon found out and encouraged his talent, and introduced him to several literary friends. The result of this was the appearance of six popular songs, translated from the Irish by Callanan, in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

He soon gave up teaching and spent his time in wandering about the country, collecting from the Irish-speaking inhabitants the wild poems and legends in their native tongue, which had been handed down from father to son for generations. These he clothed in all the grace, beauty, and sentiment of the English language, of which he was master. He chose the romantic and lovely island of Inchidony for a temporary residence; and in this retreat, surrounded by the wild nature he loved, he wrote some of his best known and most popular verse, including 'The Recluse of Inchidony,' published in 1830. His poem 'The Virgin Mary's Bank' was inspired by a tradition connected with this island. 'Gougane Barra' is the most popular of his poems in the south of Ireland.

In 1829 he was advised to try a change of climate; and he became tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman residing in Lisbon. Here in a few months he learned enough of the language to read Portuguese poetry; and here also he prepared his scattered writings for publication in a collected form. His health grew rapidly worse; and he longed intensely to return and die in his beloved native land. Although utterly prostrate, he went on board a vessel bound for Cork, but his symptoms became so alarming that he was



GOUGANE BARRA

forced to return on shore, where he died a few days later, Sept. 19, 1829.

"His vigorous, stirring, and thoroughly original poem on 'Gougane Barra,' with its resonant double-rimes, so characteristic of the Gael," has a freedom all its own, says Mr. George Sigerson, who continues: "His pride was to have awakened the ancient harp and mingled with the voice of southern waters the songs that even Echo had forgotten, he says, invoking the 'Least Bard of the Hills.' The claim was justified. Moore unquestionably revived the spirit of Irish melody and first infused into poetry the legends of the land. It is Callanan's distinction—a great one, though ignored till now—that he was the first to give adequate versions of Irish Gaelic poems. Compared with preceding and many subsequent attempts, they are marvelously close and true to their originals. . . . Callanan was among the first (after the popular balladists) to introduce a Gaelic refrain into English poetry."

A third edition of Callanan's poems appeared in 1847, with a biographical introduction and notes by Mr. M. F. M'Carthy. Another volume of his collected poems was published in 1861.

GOUGANE BARRA.¹

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc² the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,³
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

¹ Gougane Barra is a small lake about two miles in circumference, formed by the numerous streams which descend from the mountains that divide the counties of Cork and Kerry.

² A mountain over the lake. ³ Cape Clear.

And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water!

High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory!

Least bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land have bound
me,

Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love is comely, straight, and tall,
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall.
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek;
Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round;
The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall see,—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me,—
Here's a health to the maid I love, whoe'er she be!

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five for my love one hour each day;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green tree;
Then, my dear, may I drink a fond deep health to thee!

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

From the Irish.

Oh many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing of men;
My bed was the ground; my roof the green wood above,
And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my love.

Alas on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near my angel from terror to shield!
She stretched forth her arms, her mantle she flung to the wind,
And she swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover to find.

Oh would that the freezing sleet-winged tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone far off on the deep;
I'd ask not a ship, nor a bark, nor pinnacle to save,
With her arm round my neck I'd fear not the wind nor wave!

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven, resides;
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go asleep by the wild, sweet twist of her song.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.¹

Translated from the Irish.

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,²
 Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
 Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
 At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
 All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
 The cold turf is o'er them;—they hear not my cries,
 And since Louis no aid gives I cannot arise.

O! where art thou, Louis, our eyes are on thee?
 Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
 In freedom's last strife if you linger or quail,
 No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
 Come, proud in his strength, for his country to fight;
 Like leaves on the trees will new people arise,
 And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
 The isles of his father, his rights and his throne,
 My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
 And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
 The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
 My sons all united shall bless the glad day
 When the flint-hearted Saxons they've chased far away.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Translated from the Irish.

King Charles he is King James's son,
 And from a royal line is sprung;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 And we'll raise once more the white cockade.

¹ *Drimin* is the favorite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath—into which the island was divided under the Milesian dynasty.—*Callanan*.

² *Silk of the cows*, an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle.

O! my dear, my fair-haired youth,
 Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;
 On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;
 The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
 Since our rightful prince went far away;
 He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;
 The royal bird far off is flown:
 But up with shout, and out with blade,
 We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
 The woods no more with the staunch hounds ring;
 The song from the glen, so sweet before,
 Is hushed since Charles has left our shore.
 The prince is gone: but he soon will come,
 With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 Huzza for the right and the white cockade!

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.¹

Translated from the Irish.

How dimmed is the glory that circled the Gael
 And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail;²
 The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore;
 And the mighty of nations is mighty no more!

Like a bark on the ocean, long shattered and tost,
 On the land of your fathers at length you are lost;
 The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
 And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains.

O where is the beauty that beamed on thy brow?
 Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!

¹ *Fearflatha O'Gníamh* was family *olamh* or bard to the O'Neil of Clano-boy about the year 1556. The poem of which these lines are the translation commences with "*Ma thrugh mar ataid' Goadhil.*"—*M. F. McCarthy.*

² *Innisfail*, the island of destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of Gollam,¹ how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

O'Neil of the Hostages;² Con,³ whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep;
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night!
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light!
For freedom or valor no more canst thou see
In the home of the brave, in the isle of the free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bowed,
And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the Brehon's⁴ pure justice you strayed
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons, once her glory, are now her disgrace;
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning and riven,
Be the hills where your forests waved brightly in heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears!
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

¹ *Gollam*, a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish O's and Macs.

² *Nial of the Nine Hostages*, the heroic monarch of Ireland in the fourth century, and ancestor of the O'Neil family.

³ *Con Cead Catha*, Con of the Hundred Fights, monarch of the island in the second century. Although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields; his valorous rival Owen, King of Munster, compelled him to a division of the kingdom.

⁴ *Brehons*, the hereditary judges of the Irish septs.





CROMWELL'S BRIDGE

AND MUST WE PART?

And must we part? then fare thee well!
 But he that wails it—he can tell
 How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
 And ever must be, to this heart:
 But now 't is vain—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break
 Than one unholy thought awake;
 I'd sooner slumber into clay
 Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;
 Go, free as air—as angel free,
 And, lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star
 Sent its fair promise from afar,
 I then might hope to call thee mine—
 The minstrel's heart and harp were thine;
 But now 't is past—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour
 When mercy's all-atoning power
 From His high throne of glory hears,
 Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears;
 Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
 Then—then, O lady! think on me.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

From the Irish.

One of the Sullivans of Bearhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He was betrayed by a confidential servant, named Scully, and was shot by his pursuers. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. Such is the story current among the people of Bearhaven. The dirge is supposed to have been the composition of O'Sullivan's aged nurse.—
From the author's note.

The sun on Ivera
 No longer shines brightly,
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly,

No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling
O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one,
You basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him;
He fed thee—he clad thee—
You had all could delight thee:
You left him—you sold him—
May Heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In His red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly
I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'T is therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them:
Scully that sold him,
And soldier that slew him!
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never!
May the hearthstone of hell
Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;

No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These agèd eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol!
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessèd ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter:
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear!

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL is the youngest daughter of Edmond Maghlin Blood, Brickhill, County Clare, Ireland. She was educated in Italy and France. She married Lord Colin Campbell, the youngest son of the eighth Duke of Argyll. She obtained a separation from Lord Colin Campbell for cruelty, and became a widow in 1895. She was the art critic of *The World*; and was also the author of 'A Woman's Walks,' in the same paper.

Her publications are 'Darell Blake,' 'A Book of the Running Brook,' 'A Miracle in Rabbits,' etc.

A MODERN 'ÆGERIA.

From 'Darell Blake.'

He had never loved anything or anybody until he met Lady Alma; hence he had no standard of comparison in his mind whereby he could gauge the extent of his present absorption. His affection for his wife was a pleasant equable feeling; she was a dear, good, unselfish creature; but, if such an expression were permissible, his feeling for her, without his knowing it, had always been more that of a brother than of a husband.

Unfortunately for Victoria, she was not a woman gifted with the particular power to captivate and arrest the interest of a mind so energetic as Darell's. The small domestic trivialities of every-day life, which she would daily weary and irritate him by discussing, seemed to her to be the most natural subjects of interest between them during their conjugal *tête-à-têtes*, when Darell arrived home tired and worn out at the end of his day's work. At the same time the crushing sense of inability to grasp the interests that she dimly felt were ever occupying her husband's mind, acted as a perpetual discouragement to her. Thus it was only too natural that the effect of the contrast between the minds of these two women, the only two that Darell Blake had ever been thrown in contact with—the one prosaic, timid, and sluggish, yet capable of the most exalted unselfishness; the other quick, tortuous, unsparing, and devoid of all guiding principle—should heighten the

illusion which Lady Alma's personality had produced on Darell's inexperience.

The man's sentimental nature had lain dormant all his life. From his earliest youth he had lived through his brain alone; he had been too eager, too restless, too impatient to make his way, ever to think of asking himself whether he had a heart or not. Loving or not loving is far more a habit than most people know or will acknowledge. With Darell it was a habit he had entirely neglected to cultivate, and the result of such neglect was that having at last fallen into the clutches of Love, that enemy of human peace of mind, he found himself struggling with a passion that threatened to shipwreck his whole existence unless he got the upper hand.

Darell was no weak child, and he struggled bravely, but in such acute cases discretion is the better part of valor, and presence of mind should promptly dictate absence of body. The idea of going away, of leaving London, did indeed occur to him for one brief moment, but he swept it aside. It was impossible he should give up his work, his whole career, at the very moment it was trembling in the balance! Besides, in that work, in that career, lay his best hope of salvation; and he threw himself into the political campaign (which had been opened before him even sooner than he had expected, owing to the premature resignation through ill-health of the Member for South Peckham) with an impetuosity which at least had the merit of acting as a relief to his intense mental strain. Only in this way could he let Lady Alma see that the man to whom she had been so graciously kind was worthy of her interest and her approbation. He felt as if he were entering the lists with his liege lady's colors pinned to his helmet, and he resolved in his heart that she should have reason to be proud of the champion she had sent into the fray. Only in this way could he ever prove his adoration, both to her and to himself; and it was, therefore, with the unflagging enthusiasm born of this idea, as well as with the unrest caused by the effort to stifle the passion which strove within him and called aloud for utterance in words, that Darell toiled early and late. Working at the *Tribune* office, speaking at meetings at South Peckham, where his fervent eloquence had stirred up all the elements of political storm, canvassing,

interviewing important people, he gave himself rest neither night nor day, until even Sedley began to look almost grave as he tried to put a drag on his turbulent *protégé*.

"It's all nonsense your working like this, my lad," he said one night in the *Tribune* office, "no constitution can possibly stand it, especially after the work you have done, without a single interruption, ever since you came here more than a year and a half ago. You do ten times, fifty times as much as you need, especially while you have this election business on your shoulders. Why don't you leave more to your sub? He is a clever young fellow enough in his way, and if you only knew all that your predecessor left in his hands, you would be surprised."

"Hardly a recommendation to me to do likewise, when I remember where the *Tribune* had drifted to when you put me at the helm," answered Darell, with a weary smile. He was in that acute state of over-work when one feels as if something *must* snap in one's brain, and that if it did do so, it would be a relief. He had seen Lady Alma for a few moments that day, and the questions that he read, or thought he read, in her eyes were almost more than he could stand. *Not work so hard?* Why, his work was the only thing that kept him from going to pieces, the only means whereby he could compel his thoughts in some measure away from Lady Alma; though no matter how much he strained his attention to other things on the surface, through it all, like the sense of the dominant key in a phrase of music, ran the memory of her beauty, of her charm, which seemed to hold every fiber of his being. "You need not worry about me," he added, "the *Tribune* is not going to lose its editor yet awhile. I'll take a holiday in August, and that will set me up again. And as to this extra work just now, the worst of it will soon be over, you know, for the polling is the day after to-morrow. You will be down there with me, won't you?"

"Till the evening, certainly," answered Sedley, "but I have to dine at the Speaker's that evening, so I must get back to town early, and shall not be able to wait to hear the result. Not that I have much fear about it," he added, with a laugh, "and I have the courage of my opinions, for I have backed you for fifty pounds! I have been around to-day to a number of people and they have all promised you

their carriages. Lady Alma and Mrs. Walpole have done the same, and they mean to bring down a bevy of workers to whip up the recalcitrant voters. You'll see, everything and everybody will go upon wheels—the pun was unintentional, but we will take it as a good omen! So cheer up, my lad, and prepare to accept with becoming dignity the honors that the South Peckhamites are going to shower upon you!"

To say that South Peckham woke up in a state of ferment on the morning of the eventful day is but a poor and inadequate expression. In fact, it can hardly be said to have waked up, insomuch that a considerable number of its inhabitants never went to bed at all, and as these persisted in perambulating the streets singing party songs, and cheering at intervals for the rival candidates, it may fairly be said that but few South Peckhamites slept peacefully that night. Never had there been such excitement over an election in that placid constituency before. Both sides had strained every nerve in the campaign, but as yet neither had any idea with whom would lie the ultimate victory.

The Radical party had felt all along that the fight at South Peckham would be a serious one. It was true that the registration of the Radical electors had been very carefully kept up, but on the other hand Darell Blake was an unknown man to the constituency, while the Conservative party had for once had the intelligence to put forward as candidate a local dry goods dealer, an owner of one of those immense establishments of modern growth which, like Aaron's rod, had swallowed up all the other little retail rods around it. The head of this huge system of local patronage and employment, one Prodgers, was as the straw is to the drowning man to the Conservative Association. There had been distinct heartburnings among the titled members of the Tory organization at the Carlton that such a move as this should have to be resorted to. There had been many *pourparlers* as to the choice between the two evils which had to be faced—*i. e.*, the loss of a London constituency, or the sacrifice on the altar of Baal by admitting the undeniably *parvenu* Prodgers to that home of the country gentleman and Tory purist, the Carlton Club. Darell was better known in Pall Mall than in Peck-

ham, and the announcement that he had been chosen as Radical candidate had filled the breasts of the wirepullers at the Carlton with blank dismay. There was no time to be lost in finding a sufficiently strong local influence wherewith to oppose this firebrand. It was quite clear that at such a juncture, and with such an opponent, it would be absolutely useless to put forward some colorless youth who happened to be the younger son of a Tory peer, so the Prodgers pill was swallowed, though not without many wry faces and murmurings amongst the rank and file of the Conservatives.

"Vote for Prodgers, your local Friend and Neighbor," "Prodgers and the Integrity of the Empire," "Prodgers the Public Benefactor," these and many similar placards, all calculated to appeal to the self-interest of the population to whom the great Prodgers afforded so much employment, adorned the hoardings and blank walls on every side as you approached the scene of the contest. The battle of the billposters had been carried on with ardor, for Darell Blake's supporters had not been behindhand. There was, perhaps, less froth on the surface, but none the less were there determination and energy. The whole of the *Tribune* office had turned out *en bloc* on every occasion that the *employés* could get an hour's leave from the printing presses. Many of the most acute battles of the bills had been carried on by the printer's devils from Fleet Street, to whom the guerrilla warfare of tearing down the opposition posters had been absolutely delightful.

The Radical organization spent, in comparison to their opponents, but little money. They had not the resources of Prodgers behind them. The magnificent *fourgons*, with their sleek teams of splendid horses in richly caparisoned harness, bearing the proud device of "Prodgers, Provider," were not procurable on the Radical side to impress and overawe the electorate. Each little baker, haberdasher, and bootmaker, however, who had become abnormally Radical under the predominating influence of the absorbing Prodgers was up in arms on this occasion to deal one bold blow against the hated rival, salving their consciences meanwhile with the belief that they were actuated by a spirit of the purest patriotism. Needless to state, the orthodox clergy were on the side of the big *fourgons*, the

fat horses, the wealth, and the eminently Conservative respectability of Prodgers. The dissenting element went therefore "solid" for the Radical candidate—Wesleyans, Baptists, Nonconformists, Salvationists, all toiled manfully for the man who promised to bring about the Disestablishment of the Church of England at the earliest possible date, and the prospect of such a distribution of loaves and fishes impelled them to canvass every corner of the district. South Peckham was in a ferment of what it was pleased to consider national emotion. It felt that not only the eyes of all the civilized world were upon this particular election, but that the Ministry itself was trembling in its shoes at what might be the verdict of South Peckham. Had not the *Tribune* placed this issue clearly before the electorate? Thus it came to pass that while the worthy Peckhamites were working themselves up into a perfect *furor* of political passion under the stirring speeches of Darell, which revealed to many of them, no doubt for the first time, undreamt-of political issues, they were also enjoying the delicious sensation of being individuals of public prominence, and at the same time gratifying the petty jealousies and local hatreds that are so peculiarly characteristic of the genus of Little Pedlington.

No wonder, therefore, if South Peckham enjoyed itself when the great and eventful day at last arrived. All day long the streets and thoroughfares were crowded. Ordinary business was practically at a standstill, for every tradesman in the place, with few exceptions, was an ardent partisan, and every one who possessed any vehicle other than a wheelbarrow was both pleased and proud to lend it for the service of the candidate he supported. Outside help, too, was not wanting, and much amusement might have been derived from studying the faces of the smart coachmen from the West-end obliged to drive voters to the poll in what they evidently looked upon with contempt as an uncivilized and unseemly part of London, which no coachman who respected himself could be expected to know. Most active of all, darting hither and thither through the crowd, was a miniature dog-cart, brown in color throughout, and driven by Mrs. Chester, a small but most enthusiastic worker on the Radical Women's Association, to whom Sedley had given the appropriate *sobriquet*

of "Mother Carey's Chicken of Politics," for, like her prototype, she was always the harbinger of storms. The energy of this little lady knew no bounds; and in pursuit of voters she would whip up her little rat of a pony, and reckless of life or limb, or of the safety of the small tiger who occupied a slippery and precarious seat at the back of the tilted-up cart, she would dash through the crowd, and, having secured her prey, land him in triumph at the poll, and then swoop off after another. There was no withstanding her eloquence or her energy; and it may safely be said that Mrs. Chester, in the course of that long day, did greater service to Darell than any other individual who worked to secure his election.

Lady Alma and Mrs. Walpole were also amongst the workers, but while Mrs. Walpole did her best to emulate Mrs. Chester's feats of activity, Lady Alma remained the greater part of the day at one or other of the committee rooms, going over the list of voters, seeing that no one was forgotten, hearing reports, sending out messengers, and generally superintending the progress of the battle. Darell was but little with her, but this she did not seem to mind. Even her steady pulses were quickened under the influence of the fight that was going on. She felt confident of Darell's victory, and at the bottom of her heart she felt equally confident that her victory over Darell would not linger long behind. She had read him with her usual quickness, and the fight he had been waging with himself ever since Sedley's interruption on the terrace—Lady Alma even now could not think of that interruption without a frown—was not altogether unknown to her; and with her habit of analyzing her sensations, she owned to herself that though Darell's elusiveness irritated her, at the same time it had invested him with an attraction which she had never felt in her life before. She had never known a man who struggled against any feeling with which she might have inspired him; and as she watched Darell, and saw not only how he fought with himself, but how that fight was beginning to tell on him, she told herself, with keen delight of anticipation, how exquisite the moment of victory over such a nature would be when it came.

But Lady Alma was one of those rare women who, though they never lose sight of their quarry, understand

the science of stalking; and to mix sentiment with the turmoil of an election would be, she felt, a fatal error. Whenever she and Darell met during that long day, she was charmingly amiable, sympathetic, full of interest in the battle, and of encouragement as to the result; but not in looks, gestures, nor words did she in any way seek to disturb his mind or suggest more personal or tender thoughts. In her cool white embroideries and straw hat, with a bunch of dark blue cornflowers and dark blue ribbon—Darell's colors—at her breast, the sight of her rested him "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." All the sense of struggling seemed to have slipped from him like a cloak from his shoulders, in the closeness of interest which seemed to bind them together that day; he even forgot or only dimly remembered that he had ever struggled at all. He had not time to analyze his feelings, or to ask himself what this new peace which had succeeded the turmoil of the last weeks might mean. There would be time enough to explain and understand later on; for the moment he could think only of the battle which was raging around him, and in which he felt that his whole life was at stake.

Lady Alma had no intention of deserting the battlefield without knowing who had carried off the victory, and had accordingly, with Mrs. Walpole and Mrs. Chester, accepted the invitation of one of the local dames, the wife of a rising rival of the redoubtable Prodgers, to dine and rest at her house while awaiting the result of counting of the ballot boxes. Not that she really needed rest. She was as untiring, when she was interested, as a wolf or a Red Indian; and she had never before been so interested as she had been that day. Far otherwise was it with Mrs. Walpole. That good lady, by the time the evening came on, felt that to spend a whole day away from a looking-glass was a sacrifice on the altar of friendship and popularity which was too severe for her weak nature. It was true she had a powder-puff in her pocket, but what was a miserable puff, after a hot summer's day of work, and talk, and excitement, to a lady so carefully built up and artistically made youthful as Mrs. Walpole? She felt that her *toupée*, though warranted to have been made of "naturally curling" hair, was growing limp and disheveled, and she felt

distinctly put out when she looked across the table at Alma Vereker and saw what "naturally curling" hair really meant. What a fool she had been not to have gone straight home, instead of saying she would wait to hear the result, and drive back with Alma and Darell! Poor Mrs. Walpole's usually good temper had given way under the combined influences of fatigue, heat, and above all of mortified vanity, when she compared her own disheveled, worn-out appearance and flushed, haggard cheeks with the cool serenity of the younger woman opposite. She mentally determined not to court such a comparison any longer than she could help, and when the hour for the declaration of the poll drew nigh, and Lady Alma announced her intention of going to the Town Hall, Mrs. Walpole excused herself on the ground of fatigue, and she said she preferred to wait where she was till Alma returned to fetch her.

The poll closed at eight P. M. and Darell had adjourned to the Town Hall, whither the ballot boxes had been carried. Each side was in the highest state of excitement, and fully believed it had secured the victory. Prodgers was passing the anxious hours in one of the committee rooms downstairs, surrounded by a bevy of his supporters, while his representative was watching over his interests upstairs in the room where the counting of the votes was going on under the eye of the sheriff. Darell, in another room, was, with his usual impetuosity, busily employed with his various agents in the occupation known as "counting his chickens before they were hatched." But the hatching was accomplished now, for, as Lady Alma arrived at the door of the room where Darell and his supporters were waiting, an excited partisan came tumbling down the broad stairs at the imminent risk of his neck, gasping out that Darell Blake had won the day.

The news ran like wildfire, and as the members of both committees accompanied the rival candidates upstairs, their ears were almost deafened by the uproar that burst from the crowd outside as the result of the election was passed from lip to lip. Cheers, groans, huzzas, and hisses were freely mingled, and the huge seething mass of humanity surged hither and thither in a tempest of excitement as the sheriff came out on the great balcony above the entrance to make the official declaration:—

| | |
|---|------|
| Darell Blake (Radical) | 3332 |
| Gustavus Adolphus Prodgers (Conservative) | 3129 |
| Majority for Darell Blake | 203 |

The hush that had fallen upon the crowd when the sheriff appeared was but of brief duration, and was followed by a tumultuous storm of applause from every little costermonger and tradesman who had gathered *en masse* to assist at the dethronement of the almighty Prodgers on this memorable occasion. The Rights of Labor, Free Education, the Disestablishment of the Church, and the most cherished principles of the Liberal creed had vanished from the imaginations of the enthusiastic Peckhamite Radicals in the realization of the personal success which had attended their struggle in this trade feud with the omnivorous Prodgers. The faces of the local magnates, the representatives of prosperous villadom, whose social position in the district had given them the right to be present in the Town Hall on such an occasion, grew longer and longer as they slowly realized that what they believed to be an era of social revolution was at last going to sweep over them. Prodgers, however, with the deep instinct of a tradesman to make the best of a bad bargain, put as smiling a face as he could upon his defeat; and with the same self-complacent, semi-obsequious air with which he would have offered "the last sweet thing in mantles," he came forward and congratulated Darell on his victory. Darell, ready to believe in everything and everybody in the enthusiasm of that moment of triumph, seized the outstretched hand of Prodgers, as though the latter had been a long-lost friend and brother. As this affecting scene took place on the balcony in full view of the crowd, the whole audience howled approval of so admirable and exemplary a termination to the fight. The only exception to this remarkably peaceful electoral picture was the row of vinegar faces of the local magnates standing as a background to the two candidates. As soon as the gush of approving sentiment had somewhat spent itself, another cry went up of "Speech! speech!" and Darell, advancing to the balustrade, looked out over the sea of upturned faces below, all curiously white and distinct in the strong glare of the gaslight. As he realized that these people were his

constituents, that he was their Member, that at this moment he was at last touching the height of his boyish ambition, a knot seemed to rise in his throat, and for an instant almost choked him. But not for long, and, recovering himself, his voice rang out clear and strong—

“In offering to you, my friends, my thanks and congratulations on the result of our great victory, I feel that there is one portion of my task which is beyond my powers, and that is to make a fitting acknowledgment to those who have fought the fight for me, and to whom, far more than to my own poor efforts, is due the glorious result of to-day’s contest. I am indeed both glad and proud that the principles we have fought so hard for should have been crowned with victory; and I am the more glad and the more proud that you should have honored me by selecting me as the champion of our great cause of Liberty and Progress. It is indeed a great and glorious reward, after many years of conflict on behalf of the People, to find that they place confidence not only in my judgment, but in my ability to serve them. The day has now come when Labor can claim its rights. These are the occasions we look for to hear the voice of the People, and so long as they come forward in their thousands, show themselves actuated by an interest in great political questions, and are prepared to express their opinions with the overwhelming power which they alone possess, no political intrigues of an embarrassed Ministry, no wire-pulling by aristocratic organizations, will be able to prevail against them. I have not only to congratulate you, my friends and supporters, on the result of this election, but it behooves me also to offer a tribute of praise to the honorable and straightforward way in which our opponents have conducted their side of the campaign!”

A perfect tempest of applause broke out when Darell ceased speaking, so that it was some time before the estimable Prodgers could obtain a hearing for a few trite remarks of sympathy to his defeated supporters, ending up with the usual promise to reverse the result of the poll on the next occasion.

When Darell retired to the back of the balcony after making his speech, and turned round to enter the room, he found himself face to face with Lady Alma. She seemed

completely absorbed in the scene that was taking place. Coquetry, thirst for admiration, love of homage, all had, for one brief moment, died out of even her nature. For once in her life Alma Vereker had forgotten her own personality in her admiration for that of another; and as she had stood there behind Darell while he was speaking, looking at his square, close-cropped black head and lithe, sinewy form outlined against the gas-lit crowd below and beyond, listening to his clear, mellow voice that rang out with a triumphal defiance in its tones that thrilled her even as it thrilled the surging mass of people, she felt not only proud of Darell, but was conscious of a secret wish that it had been her lot to have had such a man, with his indomitable spirit, energy, and enthusiasm, by her side as her partner in life's battles.

She startled slightly when Darell paused in front of her, and just then her footman appeared in the entrance to the balcony. "If you please, my lady," he said, touching his hat, "I went for Mrs. Walpole, but she had left word for your ladyship that she was so tired that she had gone home with Mrs. Chester, as she did not feel well enough to wait for your ladyship. And Jones has brought the carriage round to the side-door here, so that your ladyship may avoid the crowd."

Lady Alma had listened with a frown while the man was speaking. So Mrs. Walpole had thrown her over? Well, she was not one to change her plans on that account. "Very well, Frederick," she said. "Fetch my cloak out of No. 1 Committee Room downstairs, and take it to the carriage. I shall leave directly. You see, Mr. Blake," she said, turning to him, and raising her eyes to his, when the man departed on his errand, "you will have to be satisfied with my poor companionship on the road home, as Mrs. Walpole has deserted us, and I think, as it is getting late, the sooner we start the better."

Prodgers had just finished speaking, and suddenly there arose another cry for Darell. He stepped forward, bowing his acknowledgments, and Lady Alma, out of a movement of curiosity to see the crowd, moved with him. Instantly some one raised a shout, "Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Blake!" Again and again the cry was taken up, until

the crowd fairly shouted itself hoarse in admiration of the couple before them.

Lady Alma, on hearing the shout, had grown first crimson, then dead white. Darell was thunderstruck, aghast, bewildered; and he was just trying to find some words wherewith to correct the mistake, when he felt the touch of Lady Alma's fingers on his arm. "Don't say anything," she whispered hurriedly, "explanations will only make matters worse! Let us get away as soon as we can," and recalling her presence of mind, she bowed to the crowd and left the balcony. Fortunately the majority of the local magnates had already preceded them into the room beyond, and those who were left had been too much occupied discussing their defeat, to notice anything more than that the crowd were cheering their new member.

For the greater part of the way home Lady Alma lay back silently, with closed eyes, in the corner of the landau. At first Darell was glad of this silence. His brain was on fire with the excitement of the day's fight, the glorious victory, and the last shout of the crowd had fairly put him beside himself. He sat back in his corner of the great open carriage, looking at Lady Alma. Ah! if this woman were really his wife, as the crowd had just acclaimed her to be! His companion in heart and soul, his crowning triumph in joy, his crowning consolation in sorrow! with such a woman to help him with her keen intellect, her resistless charm, her strength of will and power of comprehension, to what triumphs might he not ultimately climb! How good she had been to him, how good! It was to her he owed everything that made life most dear; it was from her hand that he had this day received the crowning ambition of his existence. How she had worked for him! and to think that at the end of it all she should have been offended by the mistake of the crowd! Darell could not bear this idea, and, overcome by the turmoil of his feelings, he bent forward and laid his hand on hers, from which she had withdrawn the glove when she entered the carriage. Lady Alma opened her eyes. She felt as if in a dream, but through the dream came a vague, exquisite consciousness that the hour of her victory had at last arrived.

"Tell me you are not offended with me for what happened," said Darell, in a low husky voice. The sensation

of her cool hand, which Lady Alma did not remove, under his palm, put the finishing touch to his emotion. "You know it was not my fault—that I would lay down my life sooner than that you should have a second's annoyance!"

"No, I am not annoyed," she answered, in slow, lingering tones; "why should I be? It can be no offense to be taken for the wife of such a man as you."

"Would to God that you were!" interrupted Darell in a hoarse whisper, while his hand closed upon and clenched Lady Alma's unconsciously in so tight a grip that she winced. "No! do not withdraw your hand. You know you told me that night on the terrace that I was not to thank you till I had won the victory. It is *you*, and you only who have won it for me, you who have crowned my life with a joy and an intensity of feeling I have never known before. You have created me anew. I am no longer the same man in any respect that I was before I knew you, and I love you for this as surely never was woman loved before! My whole life, my whole future is yours, to do as you will with; and, indeed, it is but a poor return for all the gladness which you have revealed to me. I never thought it possible that any one should feel what I feel for you! I have struggled so hard to put your image aside, but it is beyond my strength. The sound of your voice thrills me; even to hear your name mentioned makes my heart throb! I ask nothing but to live within sight of your beauty, within touch of your hand. I know that you are as far above me as those stars are above our heads, and I only ask to look up at you, to live in the light of your presence, to lay down my heart at your feet!"

Darell's voice died away in a sob as he bent his head over the hand that lay passive in his clasp. Lady Alma shivered slightly. Her strong imagination, notwithstanding the coldness of her nature, could not help catching some of the fire of Darell's headlong torrent of words. The moment of her triumph had come at last, and was even more complete and satisfying than she had expected it to be. She felt that, from this evening, this man she admired for his indomitable strength and energy was in her hands like clay in those of the potter, to be moulded as she chose, and the sense of power was like incense to her nostrils.

"Foolish boy!" she said quietly, "you must not talk

like this; you are excited and unstrung to-night, after all the excitement of the past fight and to-day's victory; and perhaps I am, too, now that it is all over. I am so proud to hear you say that you think I helped you—"

"I did not say that," interposed Darell, raising his head from the hand he was still holding. "I said that it is to you I owe the victory; and that is the truth, for I should never have won it without you, without feeling your encouragement."

"Well, perhaps I did help you in that way," admitted Lady Alma, with a tender smile; "I am glad I did, and if my sympathy and encouragement are really a help, you can count upon them never failing you. A nature such as yours wants sympathy and comprehension, as a flower needs dew; and I do not think," she added in a tone that in its quiet impressiveness and suggestion shook Darell as if he had received an electric shock, "that in all the world you will find any one who will sympathize with you, understand you, or be as proud of your successes as your friend, Alma Vereker."

It may safely be asserted that when Darell found himself alone in the great landau, on his way to Onslow Crescent, after dropping Lady Alma at Grosvenor Square, there was not in the length and breadth of London town a more insanely happy mortal than he. Long years after, that night's drive came back to him as one of those rarest of moments experienced by mortals, when everything has been granted to them, every heart-wish gratified. Darell felt on the very apex of all sensation, and if his head reeled or swam as he drove home through the warm perfumed night it was not to be wondered at. He was mad, drunk with the intoxication of success, and with the realization of all that this woman's personality had become to him; and his ears were closed to the voice of the experience of many ages, saying in solemn tones, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat!*"

JOHN T. CAMPION.

(1814——)

JOHN T. CAMPION, like so many Irishmen, has been made famous by one poem. He wrote the verses on Robert Emmet, beginning “‘He dies to-day,’ said the heartless judge.” The poem first appeared in *The Nation* in 1844, but owing to a misprint it has not until lately been attributed to him. He was born in Kilkenny in 1814, and lived to a great age. He wrote several historical tales for *The Irishman* and *Shamrock*—some of which have been published in book form. He has also contributed a number of poems to Irish periodicals over the signatures of “Carolán,” “The Kilkenny Man,” “J. T. C.,” “Spes,” and “Urbs Marmons.” The date of his death is unknown.

EMMET’S DEATH.

“He dies to-day,” said the heartless judge,
 Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip
 As he uttered a ribald jest;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
 That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
 The demon throbbed within.

“He dies to-day,” said the jailer grim,
 Whilst a tear was in his eye;
“But why should I feel so grieved for *him*?
 Sure, I’ve seen many die!
Last night I went to his stony cell,
 With the scanty prison fare—
He was sitting at a table rude,
 Plaiting a lock of hair!
And he look’d so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 And he spoke in so kind a way,
That my old breast heaved with a smothering feel,
 And I knew not what to say!”

“He dies to-day,” thought a fair, sweet girl —
 She lacked the life to speak,
For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lip and cheek—
Despair had drank up her last wild tear,
 And her brow was damp and chill,
And they often felt at her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

GEORGE CANNING.

(1770—1827.)

THIS famous orator, wit, poet, and statesman—whom Byron calls “a genius—almost a universal one,” was the son of an Irish barrister, himself a man of talent and no mean poet—and was born April 11, 1770. He was educated at Eton, where he was the most brilliant of that brilliant group of boys who conducted *The Microcosm* from November, 1786, to July, 1787; a weekly consisting of papers written in imitation of *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, *The Guardian*, and similar publications of the period. It contains many unique examples of juvenile essay writing and some of them have high literary merit. Canning's essay on *The Books for Children*, published by Newbery, Goldsmith's friend and publisher, is a remarkable piece of clever fooling.

A Liberal in early life, he very soon became a Tory, and with some other members of the same group founded *The Anti-Jacobin*, which lived through thirty weekly numbers in 1796. Its mission was to oppose revolutionary sentiment and to cast ridicule on those who sympathized with it, but there was much non-political writing in it also, and it was here that the famous and oft-cited ‘Needy Knife-Grinder’ appeared. The poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin* was collected and published in 1894, but it is chiefly interesting to the student of that stormy political period when the fear of the spread of those revolutionary principles which were expressed with so much attendant horror in France in 1792 brought forth torrents of abuse and ridicule upon those who sympathized with them.

Canning also was associated with the work of founding *The Quarterly Review*, in which some of his humorous articles appeared, notably that upon the bullion question. He was an Oxford man and studied for the law, but on Sheridan's advice he decided to enter Parliament; this he did in 1794 and here he early distinguished himself as a Parliamentary manager as well as a wit and an orator. One of his contemporaries, Lord Dalling, speaks of “the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice, the classical language,—now pointed with epigram, now elevated into poetry, now burning with passion, now rich with humor,—which curbed into still attention a willing and long-broken audience.”

We have only space to recapitulate briefly the chief events of his Parliamentary career. He became Under-Secretary of State in 1796; was Treasurer of the Navy, 1804–06; Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1807–09; Ambassador to Lisbon, 1814–16; and Premier in 1827, in which year he died.

He assisted the South American Republics to obtain independence, and a letter he addressed to the American representative in England proved to be the initial step which led President Monroe to formulate the famous Monroe doctrine.

ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

From the 'Speech on Parliamentary Reform.'

Other nations, excited by the example of the liberty which this country has long possessed, have attempted to copy our Constitution; and some of them have shot beyond it in the fierceness of their pursuit. I grudge not to other nations that share of liberty which they may acquire: in the name of God, let them enjoy it! But let us warn them that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and shining light to guide their course; not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

Let it not be thought that this is an unfriendly or disheartened counsel to those who are either struggling under the pressure of harsh government, or exulting in the novelty of sudden emancipation. It is addressed much rather to those who, though cradled and educated amidst the sober blessings of the British Constitution, pant for other schemes of liberty than those which that Constitution sanctions—other than are compatible with a just equality of civil rights, or with the necessary restraints of social obligation; of some of whom it may be said, in the language which Dryden puts into the mouth of one of the most extravagant of his heroes, that

“They would be free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in the woods the noble savage ran.”

Noble and swelling sentiments!—but such as cannot be reduced into practice. Grand ideas!—but which must be qualified and adjusted by a compromise between the aspirations of individuals and a due concern for the general tranquillity;—must be subdued and chastened by reason and experience, before they can be directed to any useful end! A search after abstract perfection in government may produce in generous minds an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian and to be celebrated by the poet: but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment;

and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a people. As the inhabitants of those burning climates which lie beneath a tropical sun sigh for the coolness of the mountain and the grove; so (all history instructs us) do nations which have basked for a time in the torrid blaze of an unmitigated liberty, too often call upon the shades of despotism, even of military despotism, to cover them,—

“—O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!”

a protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

Our lot is happily cast in the temperate zone of freedom, the clime best suited to the development of the moral qualities of the human race, to the cultivation of their faculties, and to the security as well as the improvement of their virtues;—a clime not exempt, indeed, from variations of the elements, but variations which purify while they agitate the atmosphere that we breathe. Let us be sensible of the advantages which it is our happiness to enjoy. Let us guard with pious gratitude the flame of genuine liberty, that fire from heaven, of which our Constitution is the holy depository; and let us not, for the chance of rendering it more intense and more radiant, impair its purity or hazard its extinction!

SONG.

From ‘The Rover; or the Double Arrangement.’

Whene’er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I’m rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—
 Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
 At least I thought so at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languished at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood my veins is clotting in!
 My years are many—they were few
 When first I entered at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
 tor, law professor at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

¹Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
 That kings and priests are plotting in:
 Here doomed to starve on water gru—
 el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in 't.
 So have your breeches!

¹ This verse is said to have been added by the younger Pitt.

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
 Road, what hard work 't is crying all day, "Knives and
 Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it some squire? or parson of the parish?
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir:
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
 Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in
 a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
 thropy.]



WILLIAM CARLETON

WILLIAM CARLETON.

(1798-1869.)

“WILLIAM CARLETON was born on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1798, when the pike was trying to answer the pitch-cap. He was the youngest of fourteen children. His father, a farmer of the town land of Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, County Tyrone, was famous among the neighbors for his great knowledge of all the Gaelic charms, ranns, poems, prophecies, miracle-tales, and tales of ghost and fairy. His mother had the sweetest voice within the range of many baronies. When she sang at a wedding or lifted the keene at a wake, the neighbors would crowd in to hear her, as to some famous prima donna. Often, too, when she keened, the other keeners would stand round, silent, to listen. It was her especial care to know all old Gaelic songs, and many a once noted tune has died with her.

“A fit father and mother for a great peasant writer—for one who would be called ‘the prose Burns of Ireland.’

“As the young Carleton grew up his mind filled itself brimful of his father’s stories and his mother’s songs. He has recorded how, many times, when his mother sat by her spinning-wheel, singing ‘The Trougha,’ or ‘Shule Agra,’ or some other mournful air, he would go over to her and whisper : ‘Mother, don’t sing that song ; it makes me sorrowful.’ Fifty years later he could still hum tunes and sing verses dead on all other lips.

“His education, such as it was, was beaten into him by hedge schoolmasters. Like other peasants of his time, he learned to read out of the Chap-books—‘Freny the Robber,’ ‘Rogues and Rap-parees’ ; or else, maybe, from the undesirable pages of ‘Laugh and Be Fat.’ He sat under three schoolmasters in succession—Pat Fryne, called Mat Kavanagh in ‘Traits and Stories’ ; O’Beirne of Findramore ; and another whose name Carleton has not recorded, there being naught but evil to say of him. They were a queer race, bred by Government in its endeavor to put down Catholic education. The thing being forbidden, the peasantry had sent their children to learn reading and writing, and a little Latin even, under the ‘hips and haws’ of the hedges. The sons of plowmen were hard at work construing Virgil and Horace, so great a joy is there in illegality.

“When Carleton was about fourteen he set out as ‘a poor scholar,’ meaning to travel into Munster in search of more perfect education. ‘The poor scholar’ was then common enough in Ireland. Many still living remember him and his little bottle of ink. When a boy had shown great attention to his books he would be singled out to be a priest, and a subscription raised to start him on his way to Maynooth. Every peasant’s house, as he trudged upon his road, would open its door to him, such honor had learning and piety among the poor. Carleton, however, plainly was intended for nothing of the kind. He did not get farther than Granard, where he dreamed that he was chased by a mad bull, and, taking this for an evil omen, went home.

"He felt very happy when he came to his own village again, the uncomfortable priestly ambition well done with. He spent his time now in attending dances, wakes, and weddings, and grew noted as the best dancer and leaper in his district; nor had he many rivals with a spear and shillelah. When he was about nineteen a second pious fit sent him off on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg. This 'Purgatory,' celebrated by Calderon, is an island where the saint once killed a great serpent, turned him into stone, and left his rocky semblance visible forever. Upon his return, his opinions, he states, changed considerably, and began slowly drifting into Protestantism.

"One day he came on a translation of 'Gil Blas,' and was set all agog to see the world and try its chances. Accordingly he again left his native village, this time not to return. For a while he lingered, teaching in Louth, and then, starting away again, reached Dublin with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket."

Thus far the story of his life is told by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in his 'Representative Irish Tales.' Carleton was now in that darkest night which comes before the dawn. One anecdote of many may illustrate this period of his career. A bird-stuffer being in want of an assistant, young Carleton offered himself for the vacant post. He was asked what he proposed to stuff birds with, and his reply was "potatoes and meal." At last he resolved to enlist; previously, however, after the manner of the English poet, Coleridge, addressing a letter in tolerably good Latin to the colonel of the regiment he purposed to join. From that gentleman he received a kind reply and a remittance; and soon after he managed to obtain some tutorships: while thus employed he met the lady who afterward became his wife.

After a hard struggle with poverty he met the Rev. Caesar Otway, then joint-editor of *The Christian Examiner*. Mr. Otway had recently written a work in which there was a description of Lough Derg. Carleton told him of his own pilgrimage to this same historic spot; and as he was detailing his adventures Mr. Otway suggested that he should commit them to paper. Carleton modestly promised to "try." The sketch was written, approved, printed in *The Christian Examiner*, and at the end of two years he had contributed about thirty sketches to the same periodical; they were collected in a volume, and published under the title 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.' This was in 1830; in the course of three years the book had run through several editions. A second series appeared in 1833, and the next year came yet another volume entitled 'Tales of Ireland.' Many of the tales contain glimpses of Carleton's own feelings and personal experience. In 'The Hedge-school' he draws the schools and the teachers of his own boyhood; in 'Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth' he describes himself, when he was still filled with the desire of becoming a priest; and in 'The Poor Scholar' we have a description, partly of the adventures he had, partly of those he might have encountered, when his parents resolved to send him from home to be taught in the educated province. Many of the incidents in the story are conceived in the spirit of the truest pathos; and the happy ending to the sorrows of the

'Poor Scholar,' and of his much-tried parents, can be read by few without their feelings being stirred to their deepest depths. A picture of the domestic and more tranquil feelings is given in 'The Poor Scholar,' but the 'Traits' are, besides, full of pictures of the darkest national passions. 'Donagh, or the Horse-stealers,' presents a thrilling portrait of the effect of superstition on a criminal nature; 'The Party Fight' portrays the fierce animosities which religious and political differences can excite among the ignorant; and in 'The Lianhan-shee' there is a fine description of the struggle of a tortured and fanatic conscience.

Finally, there are stories in those first volumes of Carleton, in which he turns to lighter and more joyous scenes; and some of the tales are as fine specimens of the broadest farce as others are of the deepest pathos. 'The Hedge-school' and 'Denis O'Shaughnessy,' cannot be read without aching sides; and the story of 'Phelim O'Toole's Courtship' is told with exhaustless humor. So far for the 'Traits.' The chief story in the 'Tales' is 'The Dream of a Broken Heart'; which has been well described as "one of the purest and noblest stories in our literature."

'Fardorougha the Miser,' in 1839, met the demand for a regular tale; but this was the least of its merits. It is one of the most powerful and moving books ever written; indeed, its fault is that it harrows the feelings overmuch by its realistic pictures of scenes of tragic sorrow. There are two exquisite female portraits: Honor O'Donovan, the wife of the miser, and Una O'Brien, the betrothed of his son. Of the former character Carleton's own mother was the original. The story was dramatized by Miss Anne Jane Magrath, produced at Calvert's Theater, Abbey Street, Dublin, and ran for some time. Carleton, after this, returned to the shorter stories. In 1841 he published a series of tales, some humorous, some pathetic. The chief of the former was the sketch of 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan,' and of the latter 'The Dead Boxer.' In 1845 he again ventured on an extended work of fiction, 'Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent, or Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property'; there are several fine scenes of tragic interest, but the book has not the intensity or the uniform somberness of 'The Miser.'

In 'Valentine M'Clutchy,' too, unlike its predecessor, the more serious passages frequently alternate with scenes of laughter and moving comedy. In the following year his works received an addition of 'The Pious Aspirations of Solomon M'Slime,' an attorney whose religion is that of Tartuffe. To this period also belongs 'Rody the Rover, or the Ribbonman,' a description of the operations of the secret societies, which up to a recent period were so prominent a feature in the rural life of Ireland. In the year 1845, Duffy, the well-known Dublin publisher, was bringing out a series under the title of 'The Library of Ireland.' The issue for a particular month was announced from the pen of Thomas Davis, and already sixteen pages of the story were in print. But before the tale could be completed the hand of the poet was forever still. There remained but six days to find another author and the story. Carleton came forward, and in less than the appointed time had produced 'Paddy-Go-Easy,' a temperance tale said by Father Mathew to be the best in existence.

The period chosen for the story 'The Black Prophet' is that of the great famine, and the scenes in that appalling national calamity have never been more powerfully told. About this time also appeared 'The Emigrants of Ahadarra' and 'Art Maguire,' the last the story of the gradual degradation by drink of a man of good inclinations and of originally pure nature. In 1849 was published 'The Tithe Proctor.' In 'The Black Baronet,' which first appeared in 1852 under the title 'The Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter,' Carleton made the interest of his story depend more than in any of his previous works on intricacy of plot. The famine is again described, and there is a most touching picture of an evicted tenant, who, leaving the hut in which his wife lies dead and his children are down with the fever, goes out to seek subsistence by a life of crime. In 1852 Carleton published 'The Squanders of Castle Squander,' a not very happy production; and in the same year 'Jane Sinclair,' 'Neal Malone,' and some other of his shorter tales were republished from the periodicals in which they had originally appeared. 'Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn' (1855) is in parts weak and rather sentimental; but there are several bright bits descriptive of Irish domestic life. In 1860 was published 'The Evil Eye, or the Black Specter,' and in 1862 'Redmond Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee.' These were the last works of any considerable length which issued from his pen except his autobiography, which is one of the most remarkable human documents ever penned; it is included in Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue's life of William Carleton, published in 1896. He was not free from the embarrassments which attend the precarious profession of authorship, and on the representation of his numerous friends a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year was secured for him from the Government. His last illness was of some duration, and he passed away Jan. 30, 1869.

From the foregoing brief characterization of his books we can understand why, as Mr. George Barnett Smith very truly says: "Carleton has been regarded as the truest and most powerful, and the tenderest delineator of Irish life. Indignant at the constant misrepresentation of the character of his countrymen, he resolved to give a faithful picture of the Irish people, and although he did not spare their vices, he championed their virtues, which were too often neglected or disputed."

THE BATTLE OF THE FACTIONS.

Composed into Narrative by a Hedge Schoolmaster.

"My grandfather, Connor O'Callaghan, though a tall, erect man, with white flowing hair, like snow, that falls profusely about his broad shoulders, is now in his eighty-third year; an amazing age, considering his former habits. His countenance is still marked with honesty and traces of hard fighting, and his cheeks ruddy and cudgel-worn; his

eyes, though not as black as they used to be, have lost very little of that nate fire which characterizes the eyes of the O'Callaghans, and for which I myself have been—but my modesty won't allow me to allude to that: let it be sufficient for the present to say that there never was remembered so handsome a man in his native parish, and that I am as like him as one Cork-red phatie is to another; indeed, it has been often said that it would be hard to meet an O'Callaghan without a black eye in his head. He has lost his fore-teeth, however, a point in which, unfortunately, I, though his grandson, have a strong resemblance to him. The truth is, they were knocked out of him in rows, before he had reached his thirty-fifth year—a circumstance which the kind reader will be pleased to receive in extenuation for the same defect in myself. That, however, is but a trifle, which never gave either of us much trouble.

“It pleased Providence to bring us through many hair-breadth escapes with our craniums uncracked; and when we consider that he, on taking a retrogradation of his past life, can indulge in the plasing recollection of having broken two skulls in his fighting days, and myself one, I think we have both rason to be thankful. He was a powerful *bulliah batthagh*¹ in his day, and never met a man able to fight him, except big Mucklemurray, who stood before him the greater part of an hour and a half, in the fair of Knockimdowney, on the day that the first great fight took place—twenty years aafter the hard frost—between the O'Callaghans and the O'Hallaghans. The two men fought single hands—for both factions were willing to let them try the engagement out, that they might see what side could boast of having the best man. They began where you enter the north side of Knockimdowney, and fought successfully up to the other end, then back again to the spot where they commenced, and afterwards up to the middle of the town, right opposite to the market-place, where my grandfather, by the same a-token, lost a grinder; but he soon took satisfaction for that, by giving Mucklemurray a tip above the eye with the end of an oak stick, dacently loaded with lead, which made the poor man feel very quare entirely, for the few days that he survived it.

“Faith, if an Irishman happened to be born in Scotland, he would find it mighty inconvanient—aafter losing two or

¹ *Bulliah batthagh*, hard striker.

three grinders in a row—to manage the hard oaten bread that they use there; for which rason, God be good to his sowl that first invented the phaties, anyhow, because a man can masticate them without a tooth at all at all. I'll engage, if larned books were consulted, it would be found out that he was an Irishman. I wonder that neither Pastorini nor Columbkil mentions anything about him in their prophecies consarning the church; for my own part, I'm strongly inclined to believe that it must have been Saint Patrick himself; and I think that his driving all kinds of venomous reptiles out of the kingdom is, according to the Socrastic method of argument, an undeniable proof of it. The subject, to a dead certainty, is not touched upon in the Brehone Code, nor by any of the three Psalters, which is extremely odd, seeing that the earth never produced a root equal to it in the multiplying force of proliferation. It is, indeed, the root of prosperity to a fighting people; and many times my grandfather boasts, to this day, that the first bit of *bread* he ever *ett* was a *phatie*.

“In mentioning my grandfather's fight with Muckle-murray, I happened to name them blackguards, the O'Hallaghans; hard fortune to the same set, for they have no more discretion in their quarrels than so many Egyptian mummies, African buffoons, or any other uncivilized animals. It was one of them, he that's married to my own fourth cousin, Biddy O'Callaghan, that knocked two of my grinders out, for which piece of civility I have just had the satisfaction of breaking a splinter or two in his carcass, being always honestly disposed to pay my debts.

“With respect to the O'Hallaghans, they and our family have been next neighbors since before the flood—and that's as good as two hundred years; for I believe it's one hundred and ninety-eight, anyhow, since my great-grandfather's grand-uncle's ould mare was swept out of the 'Island,' in the dead of the night, about half an hour after the whole country had been *ris* out of their beds by the thunder and lightning. Many a field of oats, and many a life, both of beast and Christian, was lost in it, especially of those that lived on the *holmes* about the edge of the river; and it was true for them that said it came before something; for the *next year* was one of the hottest *summers* ever remembered in Ireland.

“These O’Hallaghans couldn’t be at peace with a saint. Before they and our faction began to quarrel, it’s said that the O’Connells, or Connells, and they had been at it—and a blackguard set the same O’Connells were, at all times—in fair and market, dance, wake, and berrin, setting the country on fire. Whenever they met, it was heads cracked and bones broken; till by degrees the O’Connells fell away, one after another, from fighting, accidents, and hanging; so that at last there was hardly the name of one of them in the neighborhood. The O’Hallaghans, after this, had the country under themselves—were the cocks of the walk entirely—who but they? A man dar’n’t look crooked at them, or he was certain of getting his head in his fist. And when they’d get drunk in a fair, it was nothing but ‘Whoo! for the O’Hallaghans!’ and leaping yards high off the pavement, brandishing their cudgels over their heads, striking their heels against their hams, tossing up their hats; and when all would fail, they’d strip off their coats, and trail them up and down the streets, shouting, ‘Who dare touch the coat of an O’Hallaghan? Where’s the blackguard Connells now?’—and so on, till flesh and blood couldn’t stand it.

“In the course of time, the whole country was turned against them; for no crowd could get together in which they didn’t kick up a row, nor a bit of stray fighting couldn’t be, but they’d pick it up first—and if a man would venture to give them a contrary answer, he was sure to get the crame of a good welting for his pains. The very landlord was timorous of them; for when they’d get behind in their *rint*, hard fortune to the bailiff, or proctor, or steward, he could find, that would have anything to say to them. And the more wise they; for, maybe, a month would hardly pass till all belonging to them in the world would be in a heap of ashes: and who could say who did it? for they were as cunning as foxes.

“If one of them wanted a wife, it was nothing but to find out the purtiest and richest farmer’s daughter in the neighborhood, and next march into her father’s house, at the dead hour of night, tie and gag every mortal in it, and off with her to some friend’s place in another part of the country. Then what could be done? If the girl’s parents didn’t like to give in, their daughter’s name was sure to be

ruined; at all events, no other man would think of marrying her, and the only plan was to make the worst of a bad bargain; and God he knows, it was making a bad bargain for a girl to have any matrimonial concatenation with the same O'Hallaghans; for they always had the bad drop in them, from first to last, from big to little—the blackguards! But wait, it's not over with them yet.

“The bone of contention that got between them and our faction was this circumstance: their lands and ours were divided by a river that ran down from the high mountains of Sliew Boglish, and after a coorse of eight or ten miles, disembogued itself—first into George Duffy's mill-dam, and afterwards into that superb stream, the Blackwater, that might be well and appropriately appellated the Irish Niger. This river, which, though small at first, occasionally inflated itself to such a gigantic altitude that it swept away cows, corn, and cottages, or whatever else happened to be in the way—was the march-ditch, or *merin* between our farms. Perhaps it is worth while remarking, as a solution for natural philosophers, that these inundations were much more frequent in winter than in summer—though, when they did occur in summer, they were truly terrific.

“God be with the days, when I and half a dozen gorsoons used to go out, of a warm Sunday in summer—the bed of the river nothing but a line of white meandering stones, so hot that you could hardly stand upon them, with a small obscure thread of water creeping invisibly among them, hiding itself, as it were, from the scorching sun—except here and there that you might find a small crystal pool where the streams had accumulated. Our plan was to bring a pocketful of rocheline with us, and put it into the pool, when all the fish used to rise on the instant to the surface, gasping with open mouth for fresh air, and we had only to lift them out of the water; a nate plan, which, perhaps, might be adopted successfully on a more extensive scale by the Irish fisheries. Indeed, I almost regret that I did not remain in that station of life, for I was much happier than ever I was since I began to study and practice larning. But this is vagating from the subject.

“Well, then, I have said that them O'Hallaghans lived beside us, and that this stream divided our lands. About half a quarter—i.e., to accommodate myself to the vulgar

phraseology—or, to speak more scientifically, one eighth of a mile from our house, was as purty a hazel glen as you 'd wish to see, near half a mile long—its developments and proportions were truly classical. In the bottom of this glen was a small green island, about twelve yards, diametrically, of Irish admeasurement, that is to say, be the same more or less—at all events, it lay in the way of the river, which, however, ran towards the O'Hallaghan side, and, consequently, the island was our property.

“Now, you 'll observe, that this river had been for ages, the *merin* between the two farms, for they both belonged to separate landlords, and so long as it kept the O'Hallaghan side of the little peninsula in question, there could be no dispute about it, for all was clear. One wet winter, however, it seemed to change its mind upon the subject; for it wrought and wore away a passage for itself on our side of the island, and by that means took part, as it were, with the O'Hallaghans, leaving the territory which had been our property for centhries, in their possession. This was a vexatious change to us, and, indeed, eventually produced very feudal consequences. No sooner had the stream changed sides, than the O'Hallaghans claimed the island as theirs, according to their tenement; and we, having had it for such length of time in our possession, could not break ourselves of the habitude of occupying it. They incarcerated our cattle, and we incarcerated theirs. They summoned us to their landlord, who was a magistrate; and we summoned them to ours, who was another. The verdicts were north and south. Their landlord gave it in favor of them, and ours in favor of us. The one said he had law on his side; the other, that he had proscription and possession, length of time and usage.

“The two Squires then fought a challenge upon the head of it, and what was more singular, upon the disputed spot itself; the one standing on their side—the other on ours; for it was just *twelve paces* every way. Their friend was a small, light man, with legs like drumsticks; the other was a large, able-bodied gentleman, with a red face and a hooked nose. They exchanged two shots, one only of which—the second—took effect. It pastured upon their landlord's spindle leg, on which he held it out, exclaiming, that while he lived he would never fight another challenge with

his antagonist, 'because' said he, looking at his own spindle shank, 'the man who could hit *that* could hit *anything*.'

"We then were advised by an attorney to go to law with them; and they were advised by another attorney to go to law with us; accordingly, we did so, and in the course of eight or nine years it might have been decided; but just as the legal term approximated in which the decision was to be announced, the river divided itself with mathematical exactitude on each side of the island. This altered the state and law of the question *in toto*; but, in the meantime, both we and the O'Hallaghans were nearly fractured by the expenses. Now during the lawsuit we usually houghed and mutilated each other's cattle, according as they trespassed the premises. This brought on the usual concomitants of various battles, fought and won by both sides, and occasioned the lawsuit to be dropped; for we found it a mighty inconvenient matter to fight it out both ways—by the same a-token that I think it a great proof of stultity to go to law at all at all, as long as a person is able to take it into his own management. For the only incongruity in the matter is this: that, in the one case, a set of lawyers have the law in *their* hands, and, in the other, that you have it in *your own*—that's the only difference, and 't is easy knowing where the advantage lies.

"We, however, paid the most of the expenses, and would have *ped* them all with the greatest integrity, were it not that our attorney, when about to issue an execution against our property, happened somehow to be shot, one evening, as he returned home from a dinner which was given by him that was attorney for the O'Hallaghans. Many a boast the O'Hallaghans made, before the quarrelling between us and them commenced, that they'd sweep the streets with the *fighting* O'Callaghans, which was an epithet that was occasionally applied to our family. We differed, however, materially from them; for we were honorable, never starting out in dozens on a single man or two, and beating him into insignificance. A couple or maybe, when irritated, three were the most we ever set at a single enemy; and, if we left him lying in a state of imperception, it was the most we ever did, except in a regular confliction, when a man is justified in saving his own skull by breaking

one of an opposite faction. For the truth of the business is, that he who breaks the skull of him who endeavors to break his own, is safest; and, surely, when a man is driven to such an alternative, the choice is unhesitating.

“O’Hallaghans’ attorney, however, had better luck; they were, it is true, rather in the retrograde with him touching the law charges, and, of coorse, it was only candid in him to look for his own. One morning he found that two of his horses had been executed by some *incendiary* unknown, in the course of the night; and on going to look at them he found a taste of a notice posted on the inside of the stable door, giving him intelligence that if he did not find a *horpus corpus* whereby to transfer his body out of the country, he would experience a fate parallel to that of his brother lawyer or the horses. And, undoubtedly, if honest people never perpetrated worse than banishing such varmin, along with proctors, and drivers of all kinds, out of a civilized country, they would not be so very culpable or atrocious.

“After this the lawyer went to reside in Dublin; and the only bodily injury he received was the death of a land-agent and a bailiff, who lost their lives faithfully in driving for rent. They died, however, successfully; the bailiff having been provided for nearly a year before the agent was sent to give an account of his stewardship—as the authorized version has it.

“The occasion on which the first rencounter between us and the O’Hallaghans took place was a peaceable one. Several of our respective friends undertook to produce a friendly and oblivious potation between us—it was at a berrin belonging to a corpse who was related to us both; and, certainly in the beginning, we were all as thick as whigged milk. But there is no use now in dwelling too long upon that circumstance: let it be sufficient to assert that the accommodation was effectuated by fists and cudgels, on both sides—the first man that struck a blow being one of the friends that wished to bring about the tranquillity. From that out, the play commenced, and God he knows when it may end; for no dacent faction could give in to another faction, without losing their character, and being kicked, and cuffed, and kilt, every week in the year.

“It is the *great battle*, however, which I am after going

to describe; that in which we and the O'Hallaghans had contrived one way or other, to have the parish divided—one half for them, and the other for us; and, upon my credibility, it is no exaggeration to declare that the whole parish, though ten miles by six, assembled itself in the town of Knockimdowney upon this interesting occasion. In thruth, Ireland ought to be a land of mathemathitians; for I'm sure her population is well trained, at all events, in the two sciences of *multiplication* and *division*. Before I adventure, however, upon the narration, I must wax pathetic a little, and then proceed with the main body of the story.

“Poor Rose O'Hallaghan!—or, as she was designated, *Rose Galh*, or *Fair Rose*, and sometimes simply Rose Hallaghan, because the detention of the big O would produce an afflatus in the pronounciation that would be mighty inconvanient to such as did not understand oratory—besides that, the Irish are rather fond of sending the liquids in a guttherral direction—Poor Rose! that faction *fight* was a black *day* to her, the sweet innocent! when it was well known that there wasn't a man, woman, or child, on either side, that wouldn't lay their hands under her feet. However, in order to *insense* the reader better into her character, I will commence a small sub-narration, which will afterwards emerge into the parent stream of the story.

“The chapel of Knockimdowney is a slated house, without any ornament, except a set of wooden cuts, painted red and blue, that are placed *seriatim* around the square of the building in the internal side. Fourteen of these suspend at equal distances on the walls, each set in a painted frame; these constitute a certain species of country devotion. It is usual on Sundays for such of the congregations as are most inclined to piety, to genuflect at the first of these pictures, and commence a certain number of prayers to *it*; after the repetition of which, they travel on their knees along the bare earth to the second, where they repate another prayer peculiar to *that*, and so on, till they finish the grand *tower* of the interior. Such, however, as are not especially dictated to this kind of locomotive prayer, collect together in various knots, through the chapel, and amuse themselves by auditing or narrating anecdotes, discussing policy or detraction; and in case it

be summer, and a day of a fine texture, they scatter themselves into little crowds on the chapel-green, or lie at their length upon the grass in listless groups, giving way to chat and laughter.

"In this mode, laired on the sunny side of the ditches and hedges, or collected in rings round that respectable character, the Academician of the village, or some other well-known *shannahas*, or story-teller, they amuse themselves till the priest's arrival. Perhaps, too, some walking geographer of a pilgrim may happen to be present; and if there be, he is sure to draw a crowd about him, in spite of all the efforts of the learned Academician to the reverse. It is no unusual thing to see such a vagrant, in all the vanity of conscious sanctimony, standing in the middle of the attentive peasants, like the knave and fellows of a cartwheel—if I may be permitted the loan of an apt similitude—repeating some piece of unfathomable and labyrinthine devotion, or perhaps warbling, from stentorian lungs, some *melodia sacra*, in an untranslatable tongue; or, it may be, exhibiting the mysterious power of an amber bade, fastened as a decade to his *paudareens*,¹ lifting a chaff or light bit of straw by the force of its attraction. This is an exploit which causes many an eye to turn from the bades to his own bearded face, with a hope, as it were, of being able to catch a glimpse of the lurking sanctimony by which the knave hoaxes them in the miraculous.

"The amusements of the females are also nearly such as I have drafted out. Nosegays of the darlings might be seen sated on green banks, or sauntering about with a sly intention of coming in contact with their sweethearts, or like bachelor's buttons in smiling rows, criticising the young men as they pass. Others of them might be seen screened behind a hedge, with their backs to the spectators, taking the papers off their curls before a small bit of looking-glass placed against the ditch; or perhaps putting on their shoes and stockings—which phrase can be used only by authority of the figure, *heusteron proteron*—inasmuch as if they put on the shoes first, you persave, it would be a scientific job to get on the stockings after; but it's an idiomatical expression, and therefore justifiable. However,

it's a general custom in the country, which I dare to say has not yet spread into large cities, for the young women to walk barefooted to the chapel, or within a short distance of it, that they may exhibit their bleached thread stockings and well-greased slippers to the best advantage, not pretermittin'g a well-turned ankle and neat leg, which, I may fearlessly assert, my fair countrywomen can show against any other nation living or dead.

"One sunny Sabbath the congregation of Knockim-downey were thus assimilated, amusing themselves in the manner I have just outlined: a series of country girls sat on a little green mount, called the Rabbit Bank, from the circumstance of its having been formerly an open burrow, though of late years it has been closed. It was near twelve o'clock, the hour at which Father Luke O'Shaughran was generally seen topping the rise of the hill at Larry Mulligan's public-house, jogging on his bay hack at something between a walk and a trot—that is to say, his horse moved his fore and hind legs on the off side at one motion, and the fore and hind legs of the near side in another, going at a kind of dog's trot, like the pace of an idiot with sore feet in a shower—a pace, indeed, to which the animal had been set for the last sixteen years, but beyond which, no force, or entreaty, or science, or power either divine or human, of his reverence, could drive him. As yet, however, he had not become apparent; and the girls already mentioned were discussing the pretensions which several of their acquaintances had to dress or beauty.

"'Peggy,' said Katty Carroll to her companion, Peggy Donohue, 'were you *out* last Sunday?'

"'No, in troth, Katty, I was disappointed in getting my shoes from Paddy Malone, though I left him the measure of my foot three weeks ago, and gave him a thousand warnings to make them *duck-nebs*; but instead of that,' said she, holding out a very purty foot, 'he has made them as sharp in the toe as a pick-axe, and a full mile too short for me; but why do ye ax was I *out*, Katty?'

"'Oh, nothing,' responded Katty, 'only that you missed a sight, anyway.'

"'What was it, Katty, *a-hagur*?'¹ asked her companion with mighty great curiosity.

¹ *A-hagur*, my dear friend.

“ ‘Why, nothing less, indeed, nor Rose Cuillenan, decked out in a white muslin gown, and a black sprush bonnet, tied under her chin wid a silk ribbon, no less; but what killed us, out and out, was—you wouldn’t guess?’ ”

“ ‘Arrah, how could I guess, woman alive? A silk handkerchy, maybe; for I wouldn’t doubt the same Rose, but she would be setting herself up for the likes of sich a thing.’ ”

“ ‘It’s herself that had, as red as scarlet, about her neck; but that’s not it.’ ”

“ ‘Arrah, Katty, tell it to us at wanst; out with it, *a-hagur*; sure there’s no treason in it, anyhow.’ ”

“ ‘Why, thin, nothing less nor a crass-bar red and white pocket-handkerchy, to wipe her pretty complexion wid!’ ”

“ To this Peggy replied by a loud laugh, in which it was difficult to say whether there was more of satire than astonishment.

“ ‘A pocket-hankerchy!’ she exclaimed; ‘*musha*, are we alive afther that, at all at all! Why, that bates Molly M’Cullagh, and her red mantle entirely; I’m sure, but it’s well come up for the likes of her, a poor, imperint crathur, that sprung from nothing, to give herself sich airs.’ ”

“ ‘Molly M’Cullagh, indeed,’ said Katty; ‘why, they oughtn’t to be mintioned in the one day, woman; Molly’s come of a dacent ould stock, and kind mother for her to keep herself in genteel ordher at all times; she seen nothing else, and can afford it, not all as one as the other *flipe*, that would go to the world’s end for a bit of dress.’ ”

“ ‘Sure she thinks she’s a beauty too, if you plase,’ said Peggy, tossing her head with an air of disdain; ‘but tell us, Katty, how did the muslin sit upon her at all, the upsetting crathur?’ ”

“ ‘Why, for all the world like a shift on a May-powl, or a stocking on a body’s nose; only nothing killed us outright but the pocket-handkerchy!’ ”

“ ‘But,’ said the other, ‘what could we expect from a proud piece like her, that brings a Manwill¹ to mass every Sunday, purtending she can read in it, and Jem Finigan saw the wrong side of the book *toards* her, the Sunday of the *Purcession*!’ ”

“ At this hit they both formed another risible junction, quite as sarcastic as the former,—in the midst of which

¹ *Manual*, a Catholic prayer-book.

the innocent object of their censure, dressed in all her obnoxious finery, came up and joined them. She was scarcely sated—I blush to the very point of my pen during the manuscript—when the confabulation assumed a character directly antipodial to that which marked the precedent dialogue.

“‘My gracious, Rose, but that’s a purty thing you have got in your gown! where did you buy it?’

“‘Och, thin, not a one of myself likes it over much. I’m sorry I didn’t buy a gingham; I could have got a beautiful patthorn, all out, for two shillings less; but they don’t wash so well as this. I bought it in Paddy Gartland’s, Peggy.’

“‘Troth, it’s nothing else but a great beauty; I didn’t see anything on you this long time becomes you so well, and I’ve remarked that you always look best in white.’

“‘Who made it, Rose,’ inquired Katty, ‘for it sits elegant?’

“‘Indeed,’ replied Rose, ‘for the differ of the price, I thought it better to bring it to Peggy Boyle, and be sartin of not having it spoiled. Nelly Keenan made the last, and although there was a full breadth more in it nor this, bad cess to the one of her but spoiled it on me; it was ever so much too short in the body, and too tight in the sleeves, and then I had no step at all at all.’

“‘The sprush bonnet is exactly the fit for the gown,’ observed Katty; ‘the black and the white’s jist the cut—how many yards had you, Rose?’

“‘Jist ten and a half; but the half-yard was for the tucks.’

“‘Ay, faix! and brave full tucks she left in it; ten would do me, Rose?’

“‘Ten! no nor ten and a half; you’re a size bigger nor me at the laste, Peggy; but you’d be asy fitted, you’re so well made.’

“‘Rose, *darling*,’ said Peggy, ‘that’s a great beauty, and shows off your complexion all to pieces; you have no notion how well you look in it and the sprush.’

“In a few minutes after this, her namesake, Rose Gailh O’Hallaghan, came towards the chapel, in society with her father, mother, and her two sisters. The eldest, Mary, was about twenty-one; Rose, who was the second, about nine-

teen, or scarcely that; and Nancy, the junior of the three, about twice seven.

“‘There ’s the O’Hallaghans,’ says Rose.

“‘Ay,’ replied Katty; ‘you may talk of beauty, now; did you ever lay your two eyes on the likes of Rose for down-right—*musha* if myself knows what to call it—but, anyhow, she ’s the lovely crathur to look at.’

“Kind reader, without a single disrespectful insinuation against any portion of the fair sex, you may judge what Rose O’Hallaghan must have been, when even these three were necessitated to praise her in her absence.

“‘I’ll warrant,’ observed Katty, ‘we’ll soon be after seeing John O’Callaghan’ (he was my own cousin) ‘sthrolling afther them, at his ase.’

“‘Why,’ asked Rose, ‘what makes you say that?’

“‘Bekase,’ replied the other, ‘I have a rason for it.’

“‘Sure, John O’Callaghan wouldn’t be thinking of her,’ observed Rose, ‘and their families would see each other shot; their factions would never have a crass marriage, anyhow.’

“‘Well,’ said Peggy, ‘it’s the thousand pities that the same two couldn’t go together: for, fair and handsome as Rose is, you’ll not deny but John comes up to her: but faix, sure enough it’s they that’s the proud people on both sides, and dangerous to make or meddle with, not saying that ever there was the likes of the same two for dacency and peaceableness among either of the factions.’

“‘Didn’t I tell yeas?’ cried Katty; ‘look at him now, staling afther her, and it’ll be the same thing going home agin; and if Rose is not much belied, it’s not a bit displasing to her, they say.’

“‘Between ourselves,’ observed Peggy, ‘it would be no wondher the darling young crathur would fall in love with him, for you might thravel the counthry afore you’d meet with his fellow for face and figure.’

“‘There ’s Father Ned,’ remarked Katty; ‘we had better get into the chapel before the *scroodgen* comes an, or your bonnet and gown, Rose, won’t be the better for it.’

“They now proceeded to the chapel, and those who had been amusing themselves after the same mode followed their exemplar. In a short time the hedges and ditches adjoining the chapel were quite in solitude, with the ex-

ception of a few persons from the extreme parts of the parish, who might be seen running with all possible velocity 'to overtake mass,' as the phrase on that point expresses itself.

"The chapel of Knockimdowney was situated at the foot of a range of lofty mountains; a by-road went past the very door, which had under subjection a beautiful extent of cultivated country, diversified by hill and dale, or rather by hill and hollow; for as far as my own geographical knowledge went, I have uniformly found them inseparable. It was also ornamented with the waving verdure of rich cornfields and meadows, not pretermittting phatie-fields in full blossom—a part of rural landscape which, to my utter astonishment, has escaped the pen of poet and the brush of painter; although I will risque my reputation as a man of pure and categorical taste, if a finer ingredient in the composition of a landscape could be found than a field of Cork-red phaties, or Moroky *blacks* in full bloom, allowing a man to judge by the pleasure they confer upon the eye, and therefore to the heart. About a mile up from the chapel, towards the south, a mountain-stream—not the one already intimated—over which there was no bridge, crossed the road. But in lieu of a bridge, there was a long double plank laid over it, from bank to bank; and as the river was broad, and not sufficiently incarcerated within its channel, the neighbors were necessitated to throw these planks across the narrowest part they could find in the contiguity of the road. This part was consequently the deepest, and, in floods, the most dangerous; for the banks were elevated as far as they went, and quite tortuous.

"Shortly after the priest had entered the chapel, it was observed that the hemisphere became, of a sudden, unusually obscured, though the preceding part of the day had not only been uncloudously bright, but hot in a most especial manner. The obscurity, however, increased rapidly, accompanied by that gloomy stillness which always takes precedence of a storm, and fills the mind with vague and interminable terror. But this ominous silence was not long unfractured; for soon after the first appearance of the gloom, a flash of lightning quivered through the chapel, followed by an extravagantly loud clap of thunder, which

shook the very glass in the windows, and filled the congregation to the brim with terror. Their dismay, however, would have been infinitely greater, only for the presence of his reverence, and the confidence which might be traced to the solemn occasion on which they were assimilated.

“From this moment the storm became progressive in dreadful magnitude, and the thunder, in concomitance with the most vivid flashes of lightning, pealed through the sky with an awful grandeur and magnificence that were exalted, and even rendered more sublime, by the still solemnity of religious worship. Every heart now prayed fervently—every spirit shrunk into a deep sense of its own guilt and helplessness—and every conscience was terror-stricken, as the voice of an angry God thundered out of his temple of storms through the heavens; for truly, as the authorized version has it, ‘darkness was under his feet, and his pavilion round about was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies, because he was wroth.’

“The rain now condescended in even down torrents, and thunder succeeded thunder in deep and terrific peals, whilst the roar of the gigantic echoes that deepened and reverberated among the glens and hollows—‘laughing in their mountain mirth’—hard fortune to me, but they made the flesh creep on my bones!

“This lasted for an hour, when the thunder slackened; but the rain still continued. As soon as mass was over, and the storm had elapsed, except an odd peal which might be heard rolling at a distance behind the hills, the people began gradually to recover their spirits, and enter into confabulation; but to venture out was still impracticable. For about another hour it rained incessantly, after which it ceased; the hemisphere became lighter, and the sun shone out once more upon the countenance of nature with his former brightness. The congregation then decanted itself out of the chapel—the spirits of the people dancing with that remarkable buoyancy or juvenility which is felt after a thunder-storm, when the air is calm, soople, and balmy, and all nature garmented with glittering verdure and light. The crowd next began to commingle on their way home, and to make the usual observations upon the extraordinary storm which had just passed, and the probable effect it

would produce on the fruit and agriculture of the neighborhood.

“When the three young women, whom we have already introduced to our respectable readers, had evacuated the chapel, they determined to substantiate a certitude, as far as their observation could reach, as to the truth of what Katty Carroll had hinted at, in reference to John O’Callaghan’s attachment to Rose Galh O’Hallaghan, and her taciturn approval of it. For this purpose they kept their eye upon John, who certainly seemed in no especial hurry home, but lingered upon the chapel green in a very careless method. Rose Galh, however, soon made her appearance, and, after going up the chapel-road a short space, John slyly walked at some distance behind, without seeming to pay her any particular notice, whilst a person up to the secret might observe Rose’s bright eye sometimes peeping back, to see if he was after her. In this manner they proceeded until they came to the river, which, to their great alarm, was almost fluctuating over its highest banks.

“A crowd was now assembled, consulting as to the safest method of crossing the planks, under which the red boiling current ran, with less violence, it is true, but much deeper than in any other part of the stream. The final decision was that the very young and the old, and such as were feeble, should proceed by a circuit of some miles to a bridge that crossed it, and that the young men should place themselves on their knees along the planks, their hands locked in each other, thus forming a support on one side, upon which such as had courage to venture across might lean, in case of accident or megrim. Indeed, anybody that had able nerves might have crossed the planks without this precaution, had they been dry; but, in consequence of the rain, and the frequent attrition of feet, they were quite slippery; and, besides, the flood rolled terrifically two or three yards below them, which might be apt to beget a megrim that would not be felt if there was no flood.

“When this expedient had been hit upon, several young men volunteered themselves to put it in practice; and in a short time a considerable number of both sexuals crossed over, without the occurrence of any unpleasant accident.

Paddy O'Hallaghan and his family had been stationed for some time on the bank, watching the success of the plan; and as it appeared not to be attended with any particular danger, they also determined to make the attempt. About a perch below the planks stood John O'Callaghan, watching the progress of those who were crossing them, but taking no part in what was going forward. The river under the planks, and for some perches above and below them, might be about ten feet deep; but to those who could swim it was less perilous, should any accident befall them, than those parts where the current was more rapid, but shallower. The water here boiled, and bubbled, and whirled about; but it was slow, and its yellow surface unbroken by rocks or fords.

"The first of the O'Hallaghans that ventured over it was the youngest, who, being captured by the hand, was encouraged by many cheerful expressions from the young men who were clinging to the planks. She got safe over, however; and when she came to the end, one who was stationed on the bank gave her a joyous pull, that translated her several yards upon *terra firma*.

"'Well, Nancy,' he observed, '*you're* safe, anyhow; and if I don't dance at your wedding for this, I'll never say you're dacent.'

"To this Nancy gave a jocular promise, and he resumed his station, that he might be ready to render similar assistance to her next sister. Rose Galh then went to the edge of the plank several times, but her courage as often refused to be forthcoming. During her hesitation, John O'Callaghan stooped down, and privately untied his shoes, then unbuttoned his waistcoat, and very gently, being unwilling to excite notice, slipped the knot of his cravat. At long last, by the encouragement of those who were on the plank, Rose attempted the passage, and had advanced as far as the middle of it, when a fit of dizziness and alarm seized her with such violence that she lost all consciousness—a circumstance of which those who handed her along were ignorant. The consequence, as might be expected, was dreadful; for as one of the young men was receiving her hand, that he might pass her to the next, she lost her momentum, and was instantaneously precipitated into the boiling current.

"The wild and fearful cry of horror that succeeded this cannot be laid on paper. The eldest sister fell into strong convulsions, and several of the other females fainted on the spot. The mother did not faint; but, like Lot's wife, she seemed to have been translated into stone: her hands became clinched convulsively, her teeth locked, her nostrils dilated, and her eyes shot half way out of her head. There she stood, looking upon her daughter struggling in the flood, with a fixed gaze of wild and impotent frenzy, that, for fearfulness, beat the thunder-storm all to nothing. The father rushed to the edge of the river, oblivious of his incapability to swim, determined to save her or lose his own life, which latter would have been a *dead* certainty had he ventured; but he was prevented by the crowd, who pointed out to him the madness of such a project.

"'For God's sake, Paddy, don't attempt it,' they exclaimed, 'except you wish to lose your own life, without being able to save hers; no man could swim in that flood, and it upwards of ten feet deep.'

"Their arguments, however, were lost upon him; for, in fact, he was insensible to everything but his child's preservation. He therefore only answered their remonstrances by attempting to make another plunge into the river.

"'Let me alone, will yees?' said he—'let me alone! I'll either save my child, Rose, or die along with her! How could I live after her? Merciful God, any of them but *her*! Oh! Rose, darling,' he exclaimed, 'the favorite of my heart—will no one save you?' All this passed in less than a minute.

"Just as these words were uttered a plunge was heard a few yards above the bridge, and a man appeared in the flood, making his way with rapid strokes to the drowning girl. Another cry now arose from the spectators. 'It's John O'Callaghan,' they shouted—'it's John O'Callaghan, and they'll be both lost.' 'No,' exclaimed others; 'if it's in the power of man to save her, *he* will!' 'Oh, blessed Father, she's lost!' now burst from all present; for, after having struggled and been kept floating for some time by her garments, she at length sunk, apparently exhausted and senseless, and the thief of a flood flowed over her, as if she had been under its surface.

“When O’Callaghan saw that she went down he raised himself up in the water, and cast his eye towards that part of the bank opposite which she disappeared, evidently, as it proved, that he might have a mark to guide him in fixing on the proper spot where to plunge after her. When he came to the place he raised himself again in the stream, and, calculating that she must by this time have been borne some distance from the spot where she sank, he gave a stroke or two down the river and disappeared after her. This was followed by another cry of horror and despair; for, somehow, the idea of desolation which marks, at all times, a deep over-swollen torrent, heightened by the bleak mountain scenery around them, and the dark, angry voracity of the river where they had sunk, might have impressed the spectators with utter hopelessness as to the fate of those now engulfed in its vortex. This, however, I leave to those who are deeper read in philosophy than I am.

“An awful silence succeeded the last exclamation, broken only by the hoarse rushing of the waters, whose wild, continuous roar, booming hollowly and dismally in the ear, might be heard at a great distance over all the country. But a new sensation soon invaded the multitude; for, after the lapse of about a minute, John O’Callaghan emerged from the flood, bearing, in his sinister hand, the body of his own Rose Galh—for it’s he that loved her tenderly. A peal of joy congratulated them from a thousand voices; hundreds of directions were given to him how to act to the best advantage. Two young men in especial, who were both dying about the lovely creature that he held, were quite anxious to give advice.

“‘Bring her to the other side, John *ma bouchal*; it’s the safest,’ said Larry Carty.

“‘Will you let him alone, Carty?’ said Simon Tracy, who was the other. ‘You’ll only put him in a perplexity.’

“But Carty should order in spite of everything. He kept bawling out, however, so loud that John raised his eye to see what he meant, and was near losing hold of Rose. This was too much for Tracy, who ups with his fist and downs him—so they both at it; for no one there could take themselves off those that were in danger, to interfere between them. But, at all events, no earthly thing can happen among Irishmen without a fight.

“The father, during this, stood breathless, his hands clasped, and his eyes turned to heaven, praying in anguish for the delivery of his darling. The mother’s look was still wild and fixed, her eyes glazed, and her muscles hard and stiff; evidently she was insensible to all that was going forward; while large drops of paralytic agony hung upon her cold brow. Neither of the sisters had yet recovered, nor could those who supported them turn their eyes from the more imminent danger, to pay them any particular attention. Many, also, of the other females, whose feelings were too much wound up when the accident occurred, now fainted, when they saw she was likely to be rescued; but most of them were weeping with delight and gratitude.

“When John brought her to the surface, he paused a moment to recover breath and collectedness; he then caught her by the left arm, near the shoulder, and cut, in a slanting direction, down the stream, to a watering-place, where a slope had been formed in the bank. But he was already too far down to be able to work across the stream to this point—for it was here much stronger and more rapid than under the planks. Instead, therefore, of reaching the slope, he found himself, in spite of every effort to the contrary, about a perch below it; and except he could gain this point, against the strong rush of the flood, there was very little hope of being able to save either her or himself—for he was now much exhausted.

“Hitherto, therefore, all was still doubtful, whilst strength was fast failing him. In this trying and almost helpless situation, with an admirable presence of mind, he adopted the only expedient which could possibly enable him to reach the bank. On finding himself receding down, instead of advancing up, the current, he approached the bank, which was here very deep and perpendicular; he then sank his fingers into the firm blue clay with which it was stratified, and by this means advanced, bit by bit, up the stream, having no other force by which to propel himself against it. After this mode did he breast the current with all his strength—which must have been prodigious, or he never could have borne it out—until he reached the slope, and got from the influence of the tide into dead water. On arriving here, his hand was caught by one of

the young men present, who stood up to the neck, waiting his approach. A second man stood behind him, holding his other hand, a link being thus formed, that reached out to the firm bank; and a good pull now brought them both to the edge of the liquid. On finding bottom, John took his Colleen Galh in his own arms, carried her out, and, pressing his lips to hers, laid her in the bosom of her father; then after taking another kiss of the young drowned flower, he burst into tears, and fell powerless beside her. The truth is, the spirit that kept him firm was now exhausted; both his legs and arms having become nerveless by the exertion.

“Hitherto her father took no notice of John, for how could he? seeing that he was entirely wrapped up in his daughter; and the question was, though rescued from the flood, if life was in her. The sisters were by this time recovered, and weeping over her along with the father—and, indeed, with all present; but the mother could not be made to comprehend what they were all about, at all at all. The country people used every means with which they were intimate to recover Rose; she was brought instantly to a farmer’s house beside the spot, put into a warm bed, covered over with hot salt, wrapped in half-scorched blankets, and made subject to every other mode of treatment that could possibly revoke the functions of life. John had now got a dacent draught of whisky, which revived him. He stood over her, when he could be admitted, watching for the symptomatics of her revival; all, however, was vain. He now determined to try another course: by-and-by he stooped, put his mouth to her mouth, and, drawing in his breath, respired with all his force from the bottom of his very heart into hers; this he did several times rapidly—faith, a tender and agreeable operation, anyhow. But mark the consequence: in less than a minute her white bosom heaved—her breath returned—her pulse began to play, she opened her eyes, and felt his tears of love raining warmly on her pale cheek!

“For years before this, no two of these opposite factions had spoken; nor up to this minute had John and they, even upon this occasion, exchanged a monosyllable. The father now looked at him—the tears stood afresh in his eyes; he came forward—stretched out his hand—it

was received; and the next moment he fell into John's arms, and cried like an infant.

"When Rose recovered, she seemed as if striving to recordate what had happened; and after two or three minutes inquired from her sister, in a weak but sweet voice, 'Who saved me?'

"'T was John O'Callaghan, Rose, darling,' replied the sister in tears, 'that ventured his own life into the boiling flood, to save yours—and did save it, jewel.'

"Rose's eye glanced at John;—and I only wish, as I am a bachelor not further than my forty-seventh, that I may ever have the happiness to get such a glance from two blue eyes as she gave him that moment; a faint smile played about her mouth, and a slight blush lit up her fair cheek, like the evening sunbeams on the virgin snow, as the poets have said, for the five hundredth time, to my own personal knowledge. She then extended her hand, which John, you may be sure, was no way backward in receiving, and the tears of love and gratitude ran silently down her cheeks.

"It is not necessary to detail the circumstances of this day further; let it be sufficient to say that a reconciliation took place between those two branches of the O'Hallaghan and O'Callaghan families, in consequence of John's heroism and Rose's soft persuasion, and that there was also every perspective of the two factions being penultimately amalgamated. For nearly a century they had been pell-mell at it, whenever and wherever they could meet. Their forefathers, who had been engaged in the lawsuit about the island which I have mentioned, were dead and petrified in their graves; and the little peninsula in the glen was gradationally worn away by the river, till nothing remained but a desert, upon a small scale, of sand and gravel. Even the ruddy, able-bodied squire, with the longitudinal nose projecting out of his face like a broken arch, and the small, fiery magistrate, both of whom had fought the duel, for the purpose of setting forth a good example and bringing the dispute to a *peaceable* conclusion, were also dead. The very memory of the original contention had been lost (except that it was preserved along with the cranium of my grandfather), or became so indistinct that the parties fastened themselves on some more modern prov-

ocation, which they kept in view until another fresh motive would start up, and so on. I know not, however, whether it was fair to expect them to give up at once the agreeable recreation of fighting. It's not easy to abolish old customs, particularly diversions; and every one knows that this is the national amusement of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth.

"There were, it is true, many among both factions who saw the matter in this reasonable light, and who wished rather, if it were to cease, that it should die away by degrees, from the battle of the whole parish, equally divided between the factions, to the subordinate row between certain members of them—from that to the faint broil of certain families, and so on, to the single-handed play between individuals. At all events, one half of them were for peace, and two-thirds of them equally divided between peace and war.

"For three months after the accident which befell Rose Galh O'Hallaghan, both factions had been tolerably quiet: that is to say, they had no general engagement. Some slight skirmishes certainly did take place on market nights, when the drop was in, and the spirits up; but in those neither John nor Rose's immediate families took any part. The fact was that John and Rose were on the evening of matrimony; the match had been made, the day appointed, and every other necessary stipulation ratified. Now, John was as fine a young man as you would meet in a day's traveling; and as for Rose, her name went far and near for beauty; and with justice, for the sun never shone on a fairer, meeker, or modester virgin than Rose Galh O'Hallaghan.

"It might be, indeed, that there were those on both sides who thought that, if the marriage was obstructed, their own sons and daughters would have a better chance. Rose had many admirers; they might have envied John his happiness: many fathers, on the other side, might have wished their sons to succeed with Rose. Whether I am sinister in this conjecture is more than I can say. I grant, indeed, that a great portion of it is speculation on my part. The wedding-day, however, was arranged; but, unfortunately, the fair day of Knockimdowney occurred, in the rotation of natural time, precisely one week before it. I

know not from what motive it proceeded, but the factions on both sides were never known to make a more light-hearted preparation for battle. Cudgels of all sorts and sizes (and some of them, to my own knowledge, great beauties) were provided.

“I believe, I may as well take this opportunity of saying, that real Irish cudgels must be root-growing, either oak, blackthorn, or crab-tree—although crab-tree, by the way, is apt to fly. They should not be too long—three feet and a few inches is an accommodating length. They must be naturally top-heavy, and have around the end that is to make acquaintance with the cranium, three or four natural lumps, calculated to divide the flesh in the natest manner, and to leave, if possible, the smallest taste in life of pit in the skull. But if a good root-growing *kippeen* be light at the fighting end, or possess not the proper number of knobs, a hole a few inches deep is to be bored in the end, which must be filled with melted lead. This gives it a widow-and-orphan-making quality, a child-bereaving touch, altogether very desirable. If, however, the top splits in the boring, which, in awkward hands, is not uncommon, the defect may be remediated by putting on an iron ferrule, and driving two or three strong nails into it, simply to preserve it from flying off; not that an Irishman is ever at a loss for weapons when in a fight; for so long as a scythe, flail, spade, pitchfork, or stone is at hand, he feels quite contented with the lot of war. No man, as they say of great statesmen, is more fertile in expedients during a row; which, by the way, I take to be a good quality, at all events.

“I remember the fair day of Knockimdowney well: it has kept me from griddle-bread and tough nutriment ever since. Hard fortune to Jack Roe O’Hallaghan! No man had better teeth than I had, till I met with him that day. He fought stoutly on his own side; but he was *ped* then for the same basting that fell to me, though not by my hands: if to get his jaw dacently divided into three halves could be called a fair liquidation of an old debt—it was equal to twenty shilling in the pound, anyhow.

“There had not been a larger fair in the town of Knockimdowney for years. The day was dark and sunless, but sultry. On looking through the crowd, I could see no man

without a cudgel; yet, what was strange, there was no certainty of any sport. Several desultory scrimmages had locality; but they were altogether sequestered from the great factions of the O's. Except that it was pleasant, and stirred one's blood to look at them, or occasioned the cudgels to be grasped more firmly, there was no personal interest felt by any of us in them; they therefore began and ended, here and there, through the fair, like mere flashes in the pan, dying in their own smoke.

"The blood of every prolific nation is naturally hot; but when that hot blood is inflamed by ardent spirits, it is not to be supposed that men should be cool; and, God he knows, there is not on the level surface of this habitable globe a nation that has been so thoroughly inflamed by *ardent spirits* as Ireland.

"Up till four o'clock that day, the factions were quiet. Several relations on both sides had been invited to drink by John and Rose's families, for the purpose of establishing a good feeling between them. But this was, after all, hardly to be expected, for they hated one another with an ardency much too good-humored and buoyant; and, between ourselves, to bring Paddy over a bottle is a very equivocal mode of giving him an anti-cudgeling disposition. After the hour of four, several of the factions were getting very friendly, which I knew at the time to be a bad sign. Many of them nodded to each other, which I knew to be a worse one; and some of them shook hands with the greatest cordiality, which I no sooner saw than I slipped the knot of my cravat, and held myself in preparation for the sport.

"I have often had occasion to remark—and few men, let me tell you, had finer opportunities of doing so—the differential symptomatics between a Party Fight, that is, a battle between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, and one between two Roman Catholic Factions. There is something infinitely more anxious, silent, and deadly in the compressed vengeance, and the hope of slaughter, which characterize a *party fight*, than is to be seen in a battle between *factions*. The truth is, the enmity is not so deep and well-grounded in the latter as in the former. The feeling is not political nor religious between the factions; whereas, in the other it is both, which is a mighty great advantage;

for when this is adjuncted to an intense personal hatred, and a sense of wrong, probably arising from a too intimate recollection of the leaded blackthorn, or the awkward death of some relative by the musket or the bayonet, it is apt to produce very purty fighting, and much respectable retribution.

“In a party fight, a prophetic sense of danger hangs, as it were, over the crowd—the very air is loaded with apprehension; and the vengeance-burst is preceded by a close, thick darkness, almost sulphury, that is more terrifical than the conflict itself, though clearly less dangerous and fatal. The scowl of the opposing parties, the blanched cheeks, the knit brows, and the grinding teeth, not pretermittting the deadly gleams that shoot from their kindled eyes, are ornaments which a plain battle between factions cannot boast, but which, notwithstanding, are very suitable to the fierce and gloomy silence of that premeditated vengeance, which burns with such intensity on the heart, and scorches up the vitals into such a thirst for blood. Not but they come by different means to the same conclusion; because it is the feeling, and not altogether the manner of operation, that is different.

“Now a faction fight doesn’t resemble this at all at all. Paddy’s at home here; all song, dance, good-humor, and affection. His cheek is flushed with delight, which, indeed, may derive assistance from the consciousness of having no bayonets or loaded carabines to contend with; but, anyhow, he’s at home—his eye is lit with real glee—he tosses his hat in the air, in the height of mirth—and leaps, like a mountebank, two yards from the ground. Then with what a gracious dexterity he brandishes his cudgel!—what a joyous spirit is heard in his shout at the face of a friend from another faction! His very ‘whoo!’ is contagious, and would make a man, that had settled on running away, return and join the sport with an appetite truly Irish. He is, in fact, while under the influence of this heavenly *afflatus*, in love with every one—man, woman, and child. If he meet his sweetheart, he will give her a kiss and a hug, and that with double kindness, because he is on his way to thrash her father or brother. It is the *acumen* of his enjoyment; and woe be to him who will adventure to go between him and his amusements. To be sure, skulls and

bones are broken, and lives lost; but they are lost in pleasant fighting—they are the consequences of the sport, the beauty of which consists in breaking as many heads and necks as you can; and certainly when a man enters into the spirit of any exercise, there is nothing like elevating himself to the point of excellence. Then a man ought never to be disheartened. If you lose this game, or get your head good-humoredly beaten to pieces, why, you may win another, or your friends may mollify two or three skulls as a set-off to yours—but that is nothing.

“When the evening became more advanced, maybe, considering the poor look up there was for anything like dacent sport—maybe, in the early part of the day, wasn’t it the delightful sight to see the boys on each side of the two great factions beginning to get frolicsome! Maybe the songs and the shouting, when they began, hadn’t melody and music in them, anyhow! People may talk about harmony; but what harmony is equal to that in which five or six hundred men sing and shout, and leap and caper at each other, as a prelude to neighborly fighting, where they beat time upon the drums of each other’s ears and heads with oak drumsticks? That’s an Irishman’s music; and hard fortune to the *garran* that wouldn’t have friendship and kindness in him to join and play a *stave* along with them! ‘Whoo! your sowl! Hurroo! Success to our side! Hi for the O’Callaghans! Where’s the blackguard to—’ I beg pardon, dacent reader—I forgot myself for a moment, or rather I got new life in me, for I am nothing at all at all for the last five months—a kind of nonentity, I may say, ever since that vagabond Burgess occasioned me to pay a visit to my distant relations, till my friends get the last matter of the collar-bone settled.

“The impulse which *faction* fighting gives trade and business in Ireland is truly surprising; whereas *party* fighting depreciates both. As soon as it is perceived that a *party* fight is to be expected, all buying and selling are suspended for the day, and those who are not *up*,¹ and even many who are, take themselves and their property home as quickly as may be convenient. But in a *faction* fight, as soon as there is any perspective of a row, depend upon it, there is quick work at all kinds of negotiation;

¹ Initiated into Whiteboyism.

and truly there is nothing like brevity and decision in buying and selling; for which reason faction fighting, at all events, if only for the sake of national prosperity, should be encouraged and kept up.

“Towards five o’clock, if a man was placed on an exalted station, so that he could look at the crowd, *and wasn’t able to fight*, he could have seen much that a man might envy him for. Here a hat went up, or maybe a dozen of them; then followed a general huzza. On the other side, two dozen *caubeens*¹ sought the sky, like so many scaldy crows attempting their own element for the first time, only they were not so black. Then another shout, which was answered by that of their friends on the opposite side; so that you would hardly know which side huzzaed loudest, the blending of both was so truly symphonious. Now there was a shout for the face of an O’Callaghan; this was prosecuted on the very heels by another for the face of an O’Hallaghan. Immediately a man of the O’Hallaghan side doffed his tattered frieze, and catching it by the very extremity of the sleeve, drew it, with a tact known only by an initiation of half a dozen street days, up the pavement after him. On the instant, a blade from the O’Callaghan side *peeled* with equal alacrity, and stretching his *home-made* at full length after him, proceeded triumphantly up the street to meet the other.

“Thundher-an’-ages, what’s this for, at all at all! I wish I hadn’t begun to manuscript an account of it, anyhow; ’t is like a hungry man dreaming of a good dinner at a feast, and afterwards awaking and finding his front ribs and backbone on the point of union. Reader, is that a blackthorn you carry—tut, where is my imagination bound for?—to meet the other, I say?

“‘Where’s the rascally O’Callaghan that will place his toe or his shillely on this frieze?’ ‘Is there no blackguard O’Hallaghan jist to look *crucked* at the coat of an O’Callaghan, or say black’s the white of his eye?’

“‘Throth and there is, Ned, *avourneen*,² that same on the sod here.’

“‘Is that Barney?’

“‘The same, Ned, *ma bouchal*—and how is your mother’s son, Ned?’

¹ *Caubeen*, a hat.

² *Avourneen*, my darling.

“‘In good health at the present time, thank God; and you, how is yourself, Barney?’

“‘Can’t complain as time goes; only take this, anyhow, to mend your health, *ma bouchal*’—(whack).

“‘Success, Barney, and here’s at your sarvice, avick, not making little of what I got—any way’—(crack).

“About five o’clock on a May evening, in the fair at Knockimdowney, was the ice thus broken, with all possible civility, by Ned and Barney. The next moment a general rush took place towards the scene of action, and ere you could bless yourself, Barney and Ned were both down, weltering in their own and each other’s blood. I scarcely know, indeed, though with a mighty respectable quota of experimentality myself, how to describe what followed. For the first twenty minutes the general harmony of this fine row might be set to music, according to a scale something like this:—Whick whack—crick crack—whick whack—crick crack—etc., etc., etc. ‘Here yer sowl—(crack)—there yer sowl—(whack). Whoo for the O’Hallaghans!’—(crack, crack, crack). ‘Hurroo for the O’Callaghans!’—(whack, whack, whack). The O’Callaghans for ever!’—(whack). ‘The O’Hallaghans for ever!’—(crack). ‘Murther! murther!’—(crick, crack)—foul! foul!—(whick, whack). Blood and turf!—(whack, whick)—thunder-an’-ouns!’—(crack, crick). ‘Hurroo! my darlings! handle your *kippeens*—(crack, crack)—the O’Hallaghans are going!’—(whack, whack).

“You are to suppose them here to have been at it for about half an hour.

“Whack, crack—‘Oh—oh—oh! have mercy upon me, boys—(crack—a shriek of murther! murther!—crack, crack, whack)—my life—my life—(crack, crack—whack, whack)—oh! for the sake of the living Father!—for the sake of my wife and childher, Ned Hallaghan, spare my life.’

“‘So we will, but take this, anyhow’—(whack, crack, whack, crack).

“‘Oh! for the love of God, don’t kill—’ (whack, crack, whack). ‘Oh!’—(crack, crack, whack—*dies*).

“‘Huzza! huzza! huzza!’ from the O’Hallaghans, ‘Bravo, boys! there’s one of them done for. Whoo! my darlings—hurroo! the O’Hallaghans for ever!’

“The scene now changes to the O’Callaghan side.

“‘Jack—oh, Jack, *avourneen*—hell to their sowls for murdherers—Paddy’s killed—his skull’s smashed.—Re-vinge, boys, Paddy O’Callaghan’s killed! On with you, O’Callaghans—on with you—on with you, Paddy O’Callaghan’s murdhered—take to the stones—that’s it—keep it up—down with him! Success!—he’s the bloody villain that didn’t show him marcy—that’s it. Thundher-an’-ouns, is it laving him that way you are afther?—let me at him!’

“‘Here’s a stone, Tom!’

“‘No, no, this stick has the lead in it—it’ll do him, never fear!’

“‘Let him alone, Barney, he got enough.’

“‘By the powdherers, it’s myself that won’t; didn’t he kill Paddy?—(crack, crack). Take that, you murdhering thief!’—(whack, crack).

“‘Oh!—(whack, crack)—my head—I’m killed—I’m’—(crack—*kicks the bucket*).

“‘Now, your sowl, that does you, any way—(crack, whack)—hurroo!—huzza!—huzza! Man for man, boys—an O’Hallaghan’s done for—whoo; for our side—tol-deroll, lol-deroll, tow, row, row—huzza!—huzza!—tol-deroll—lol-deroll, tow, row, row—huzza for the O’Callaghans!’

“From this moment the battle became delightful; it was now pelt and welt on both sides, but many of the *kippeens* were broken—many of the boys had their fighting arms disabled by a dislocation or bit of fracture, and those weren’t equal to more than doing a little upon such as were down.

“In the midst of the din, such a dialogue as this might be heard:

“‘Larry, you’re after being done for, for this day’—(whack, crack).

“‘Only an eye gone—is that Mickey?’—(whick, whack, crick, crack).

“‘That’s it, my darlings!—you may say that, Larry—’t is my mother’s son that’s in it—(crack, crack, a general huzza. Mickey and Larry) huzza! huzza! huzza for the O’Hallaghans!—What have *you* got, Larry?’—(crack, crack).

“ ‘Only the bone of my arm, God be praised for it, very purtily snapt across!’—(whack, whack).

“ ‘Is that all? Well, some people have luck!’—(crack, crack, crack).

“ ‘Why, I’ve no reason to complain, thank God—(whack, crack)—purty play that, any way—Paddy O’Callaghan’s settled—did you hear it?—(whack, whack, another shout)—That’s it, boys—handle the shillelys!—Success, O’Hallaghans—down with the bloody O’Callaghans!’

“ ‘I did hear it; so is Jem O’Hallaghan—(crack, whack, whack, crack)—you’re not able to get up, I see—tare-an’-ounty, isn’t it a pleasure to hear that play?—What ails you?’

“ ‘Oh, Larry, I’m in great pain, and getting very weak, entirely’—(*faints*).

“ ‘Faix, and he’s settled too, I’m thinking.’

“ ‘Oh, murdher, my arm!’ (One of the O’Callaghans attacks him—crack, crack).

“ ‘Take that, you bagabone!’—(whack, whack).

“ ‘Murdher, murdher, is it striking a *down* man you’re after?—foul, foul, and my arm broke!’—(Crack, crack).

“ ‘Take that, with what you got before, and it’ll ase you, maybe.’

“ (A party of the O’Hallaghans attack the man who is beating him.)

“ ‘Murdher, murdher!’—(crack, whack, whack, crack, crack, whack).

“ ‘Lay on him, your sowls to pirdition—lay on him, hot and heavy—give it to him! He sthruck me, and me down wid my broken arm!’

“ ‘Foul, ye thieves of the world!—(from the O’Callaghan)—foul!—five against one—give me fair play!—(crack, crack, crack)—Oh!—(whack)—Oh, oh, oh!’—(falls senseless, covered with blood).

“ ‘Ha, hell’s cure to you, you bloody thief; you didn’t spare me, with my arm broke!—(another general shout).—Bad end to it, isn’t it a poor case entirely, that I can’t even throw up my *caubeen*, let alone join in the divar-sion?’

“ Both parties now rallied, and ranged themselves along the street, exhibiting a firm, compact phalanx, wedged

close against each other, almost foot to foot. The mass was thick and dense, and the tug of conflict stiff, wild, and savage. Much natural skill and dexterity were displayed in their mutual efforts to preserve their respective ranks unbroken, and as the sallies and charges were made on both sides, the temporary rush, the indentation of the multitudinous body, and the rebound into its original position gave an undulating appearance to the compact mass—reeking, groaning, dragging, and huzzaing—as it was, that resembled the serpentine motion of a rushing waterspout in the cloud.

“The women now began to take part with their brothers and sweethearts. Those who had no bachelors among the opposite factions fought along with their brothers; others did not scruple even to assist in giving their enamored swains the father of a good beating. Many, however, were more faithful to love than to natural affection, and these sallied out, like heroines, under the banners of their sweethearts, fighting with amazing prowess against their friends and relations; nor was it at all extraordinary to see two sisters engaged on opposite sides—perhaps tearing each other, as, with disheveled hair, they screamed with a fury that was truly exemplary. Indeed, it is no untruth to assert that the women do much valuable execution. Their manner of fighting is this—as soon as the fair one decides upon taking a part in the row, she instantly takes off her apron or her stocking, stoops down, and lifting the first four-pounder she can get, puts it in the corner of her apron, or the foot of her stocking, if it has a foot, and, marching to the scene of action, lays about her right and left. Upon my credibility, they are extremely useful and handy, and can give mighty nate knockdowns—inasmuch as no guard that a man is acquainted with can ward off their blows. Nay, what is more, it often happens, when a son-in-law is in a faction against his father-in-law and his wife’s people generally, that if he and his wife’s brother meet, the wife will clink him with the *pct* in her apron, downing her own husband with great skill, for it is not always that marriage extinguishes the hatred of factions; and very often ’t is the brother that is humiliated.

“Up to the death of these two men, John O’Callaghan and Rose’s father, together with a large party of their

friends on both sides, were drinking in a public-house, determined to take no portion in the fight, at all at all. Poor Rose, when she heard the shouting and terrible strokes, got as pale as death, and sat close to John, whose hand she captured in hers, beseeching him, and looking up in his face with the most imploring sincerity as she spoke, not to go out among them; the tears falling all the time from her fine eyes, the mellow flashes of which, when John's pleasantry in soothing her would seduce a smile, went into his very heart. But when, on looking out of the window where they sat, two of the opposing factions heard that a man on each side was killed; and when, on ascertaining the names of the individuals, and of those who murdered them, it turned out that one of the murdered men was brother to a person in the room, and his murderer uncle to one of those in the window, it was not in the power of man or woman to keep them asunder, particularly as they were all rather advanced in liquor. In an instant the friends of the murdered man made a rush to the window, before any pacifiers had time to get between them, and catching the nephew of him who had committed the murder, hurled him headforemost upon the stone pavement, where his skull was dashed to pieces, and his brains scattered about the flags.

"A general attack instantly took place in the room between the two factions; but the apartment was too low and crowded to permit of proper fighting, so they rushed out to the street, shouting and yelling, as they do when the battle comes to the *real* point of doing business. As soon as it was seen that the heads of the O'Callaghans and O'Hallaghans were at work as well as the rest, the fight was recommenced with retrebled spirit; but when the mutilated body of the man who had been flung from the window was observed lying in a pool of his own proper brains and blood, such a cry arose among his friends as would *cake*¹ the vital fluid in the veins of any one not a party in the quarrel. Now was the work—the moment of interest—men and women groaning, staggering, and lying insensible; others shouting, leaping, and huzzaing; some singing, and not a few able-bodied spalpeens blurting, like overgrown children, on seeing their own blood; many raging and roar-

¹ *Cake*, harden.

ing about like bulls;—all this formed such a group as a faction fight, and nothing else, could represent.

“The battle now blazed out afresh; all kinds of instruments were now pressed into the service. Some got flails, some spades, some shovels, and one man got his hands upon a scythe, with which, unquestionably, he would have taken more lives than one; but very fortunately, as he sallied out to join the crowd, he was politely visited in the back of the head by a brick-bat, which had a mighty convincing way with it of giving him a peaceable disposition, for he instantly lay down, and did not seem at all anxious as to the result of the battle. The O’Hallaghans were now compelled to give way, owing principally to the introvention of John O’Callaghan, who, although he was as good as sworn to take no part in the contest, was compelled to fight merely to protect himself. But, blood-and-turf! when he *did* begin, he was dreadful. As soon as his party saw him engaged, they took fresh courage, and in a short time made the O’Hallaghans retreat up the churchyard. I never saw anything equal to John; he absolutely sent them down in dozens: and when a man would give him any inconvenience with the stick, he would *down* him with the fist, for right and left were all alike to him. Poor Rose’s brother and he met, both roused like two lions; but when John saw who it was, he held back his hand.

“‘No, Tom,’ says he, ‘I’ll not strike you, for Rose’s sake. I’m not fighting through ill-will to you or your family; so take another direction, for I can’t strike you.’

“The blood, however, was unfortunately up in Tom.

“‘We’ll decide it now,’ said he; ‘I’m as good a man as you, O’Callaghan; and let me whisper this in your ear—you’ll never warm the one bed with Rose, while God’s in heaven—it’s past that now—there can be nothing but blood between us!’

“At this juncture two of the O’Callaghans ran with their shillelachs up, to beat down Tom on the spot.

“‘Stop, boys!’ said John, ‘you mustn’t touch him; he had no hand in the quarrel. Go, boys, if you respect me; lave him to myself.’

“The boys withdrew to another part of the fight; and the next instant Tom struck the very man that interfered

to save him across the temple, and cut him severely. John put his hand up, and staggered.

“‘I’m sorry for this,’ he observed; ‘but it’s now self-defense with me,’ and, at the same moment, with one blow, he left Tom O’Hallaghan stretched insensible on the street.

“On the O’Hallaghans being driven to the churchyard, they were at a mighty great inconvenience for weapons. Most of them had lost their sticks, it being a usage in fights of this kind to twist the cudgels from the grasp of the beaten men, to prevent them from rallying. They soon, however, furnished themselves with the best they could find, videlicet, the skull, leg, thigh, and arm bones, which they found lying about the graveyard. This was a new species of weapon, for which the majority of the O’Callaghans were scarcely prepared. Out they sallied in a body—some with these, others with stones, and, making fierce assault upon their enemies, absolutely *druv* them back—not so much by the damage they were doing, as by the alarm and terror which these unexpected species of missiles excited.

“At this moment, notwithstanding the fatality that had taken place, nothing could be more truly comical and facetious than the appearance of the field of battle. Skulls were flying in every direction—so thick, indeed, that it might with truth be asseverated that many who were petrified in the dust had their skulls broken in this great battle between the factions.—God help poor Ireland! when its inhabitants are so pugnacious that even the grave is no security against getting their crowns cracked, and their bones fractured! Well, anyhow, skulls and bones flew in every direction; stones and brickbats were also put in motion; spades, shovels, loaded whips, pot-sticks, churn-staffs, flails, and all kinds of available weapons were in hot employment.

“But, perhaps, there was nothing more truly felicitous or original in its way than the mode of warfare adopted by little Neal Malone, who was tailor for the O’Callaghan side; for every tradesman is obliged to fight on behalf of his own faction. Big Frank Farrell the miller, being on the O’Hallaghan side, had been sent for, and came up from his mill behind the town, quite fresh. He was never what

could be called a *good man*,¹ though it was said that he could lift ten hundredweight. He puffed forward with a great cudgel, determined to commit slaughter out of the face, and the first man he met was the *weeshy*² fraction of a tailor, as nimble as a hare. He immediately attacked him and would probably have taken his measure for life, had not the tailor's activity protected him. Farrell was in a rage; and Neal, taking advantage of his blind fury, slipped round him, and with a short run sprang upon the miller's back, and planted a foot upon the threshold of each coat pocket, holding by the mealy collar of his waistcoat. In this position he belabored the miller's face and eyes with his little hard fist to such purpose that he had him in the course of a few minutes nearly as blind as a mill-horse. The miller roared for assistance, but the pell-mell was going on too warmly for his cries to be available. In fact, he resembled an elephant with a monkey on his back.

"How do you like that, Farrell?' Neal would say—giving him a cuff; 'and that, and that—but that is best of all. Take it again, gudgeon—(two cuffs more)—here's grist for you—(half a dozen additional) hard fortune to you—(crack, crack). What! Going to lie down! by all that's terrible, if you do, I'll *annigulate*³ you. Here's a *dhuragh*⁴ (another half dozen)—long measure, you savage—the baker's dozen, you baste; there's five-an'-twenty to the score, Sampson, and one or two in' (crack, whack).

"Oh! murther sheery!' shouted the miller—'murther-an'-age, I'm kilt—foul play! foul play!'

"You lie, big Nebuchodonosor, it's not—this is all *fair* play, you big baste—*fair* play, Sampson: by the same a-token, here's to jog your memory that it's the *Fair* day of Knockindowney; *Irish Fair* play, you whale—but I'll whale you!'—(crack, crack, whack).

"Oh—oh!' shouted the miller.

¹ A *good man*, a brave man. ² *Weeshy*, small.

³ *Annigulate*. Many of the jaw-breakers—and this was certainly such in a double sense—used by the hedge schoolmasters are scattered among the people, by whom they are so twisted that it would be extremely difficult to recognize them.

⁴ *Dhuragh*, an additional portion of anything thrown in from a spirit of generosity, after the measure agreed on is given. When the miller, for instance, receives his toll, the country people usually throw in several handfuls of meal as a *dhuragh*.

“‘Oh—oh! is it? Oh, if I had my scissors here, till I’d clip your ears off, wouldn’t I be the happy man, anyhow, you swab, you?’—(whack, whack, crack).”

“‘Murther—murther—murther!’ shouted the miller—‘is there no help?’”

“‘Help, is it? you may say that—(crack, crack); there’s a trifle—a small taste in the *milling* style, you know; and here goes to dislodge a *grinder*. Did ye ever hear of the tailor on horseback, Sampson? eh?—(whack, whack): did you ever expect to see a tailor o’ horseback of yourself, you baste?—(crack). I tell you, if you offer to lie down, I’ll *annigulate* you out o’ the face.’”

“Never, indeed, was a miller, before or since, so well dusted; and I dare say Neal would have rode him long enough, but for an O’Hallaghan, who had gone into one of the houses to procure a weapon. This man was nearly as original in his choice of one as the tailor in the position which he selected for beating the miller. On entering the kitchen, he found that he had been anticipated; there was neither tongs, poker, or churn-staff; nor, in fact, anything wherewith he could assault his enemies: all had been carried off by others. There was, however, a goose in the action of being roasted on a spit at the fire. This was enough: honest O’Hallaghan saw nothing but the spit, which he accordingly seized, goose and all, making the best of his way, so armed, to the scene of battle. He just came out as the miller was once more roaring for assistance, and, to a dead certainty, would have spitted the tailor like a cock-sparrow against the miller’s carcass, had not his activity once more saved him. Unluckily, the unfortunate miller got the thrust behind, which was intended for Neal, and roared like a bull. He was beginning to shout ‘Foul play,’ when, on turning round, he perceived that the thrust was not intended for him, but for the tailor.”

“‘Give me that spit,’ said he; ‘by all the mills that ever were turned, I’ll spit the tailor this blessed minute beside the goose, and we’ll roast them both together.’”

“The other refused to part with the spit; but the miller, seizing the goose, flung it with all his force after the tailor, who stooped, however, and avoided the blow.”

“‘No man has a better right to the goose than the tailor,’ said Neal, as he took it up, and, disappearing

neither he nor the goose could be seen for the remainder of the day.

“The battle was now somewhat abated. Skulls, and bones, and bricks, and stones were, however, still flying; so that it might be truly said the bones of contention were numerous. The streets presented a woful spectacle: men were lying with their bones broken—others, though not so seriously injured, lapped in their blood—some were crawling up, but were instantly knocked down by their enemies—some were leaning against the walls, or groping their way silently along them, endeavoring to escape observation, lest they might be smashed down and altogether murdered. Wives were sitting with the bloody heads of their husbands in their laps, tearing their hair, weeping, and cursing, in all the gall of wrath, those who left them in such a state. Daughters performed the same offices to their fathers, and sisters to their brothers; not premitting those who did not neglect their broken-pated bachelors, to whom they paid equal attention. Yet was the scene not without abundance of mirth. Many a hat was thrown up by the O’Callaghan side, who certainly gained the day. Many a song was raised by those who tottered about with trickling sconces, half drunk with whisky and half stupid with beating. Many a ‘who,’ and ‘hurroo,’ and ‘huzza,’ was sent forth by the triumphanters; but truth to tell, they were miserably feeble and faint, compared to what they had been in the beginning of the amusements—sufficiently evincing that, although they might boast of the name of victory, they had got a bellyful of beating—still there was hard fighting.

“I mentioned, some time ago, that a man had adopted a scythe. I wish from my heart there had been no such bloody instrument there that day; but truth must be told. John O’Callaghan was now engaged against a set of the other O’s, who had rallied for the third time and attacked him and his party. Another brother of Rose Galh’s was in this engagement, and him did John O’Callaghan not only knock down, but cut desperately across the temple. A man, stripped and covered with blood and dust, at that moment made his appearance, his hand bearing the blade of the aforesaid scythe. His approach was at once furious and rapid—and, I may as well add, fatal; for, before John

O'Callaghan had time to be forewarned of his danger, he was cut down, the artery of his neck laid open, and he died without a groan. It was truly dreadful, even to the oldest fighter present, to see the strong rush of red blood that curvated about his neck, until it gurgled—gurgled—gurgled, and lapped, and bubbled out—ending in small red spouts, blackening and blackening, as they became fainter and more faint. At this criticality every eye was turned from the corpse to the murderer; but he had been instantly struck down, and a female, with a large stone in her apron, stood over him, her arms stretched out, her face horribly distorted with agony, and her eyes turned backwards, as it were, into her head. In a few seconds she fell into strong convulsions, and was immediately taken away. Alas! alas! it was Rose Galh; and when we looked at the man she had struck down, he was found to be her brother! flesh of her flesh, and blood of her blood! On examining him more closely, we discovered that his under jaw hung loose, that his limbs were supple; we tried to make him speak, but in vain—he, too, was a corpse.

“The fact was that, in consequence of his being stripped, and covered by so much blood and dust, she knew him not; and impelled by her feelings to avenge herself on the murderer of her lover, to whom she doubly owed her life, she struck him a deadly blow, without knowing him to be her brother. The shock produced by seeing her lover murdered—and the horror of finding that she herself, in avenging him, had taken her brother's life, was too much for a heart so tender as hers. On recovering from her convulsions, her senses were found to be gone forever! Poor girl! she is still living; but from that moment to this she has never opened her lips to mortal. She is, indeed, a fair ruin, but silent, melancholy, and beautiful as the moon in the summer heaven. Poor Rose Galh! you, and many a mother, and father, and wife, and orphan, have had reason to maledict the *bloody Battles of the Factions*!

“With regard to my grandfather, he says that he didn't see purtier fighting within his own memory; nor since the fight between himself and Big Mucklemurray took place in the same town. But, to do him justice, he condemns the scythe and every other weapon except the cudgels; because, he says, that if they continue to be resorted to, nate fighting will be altogether forgotten in the country.”

SHANE FADH'S WEDDING.

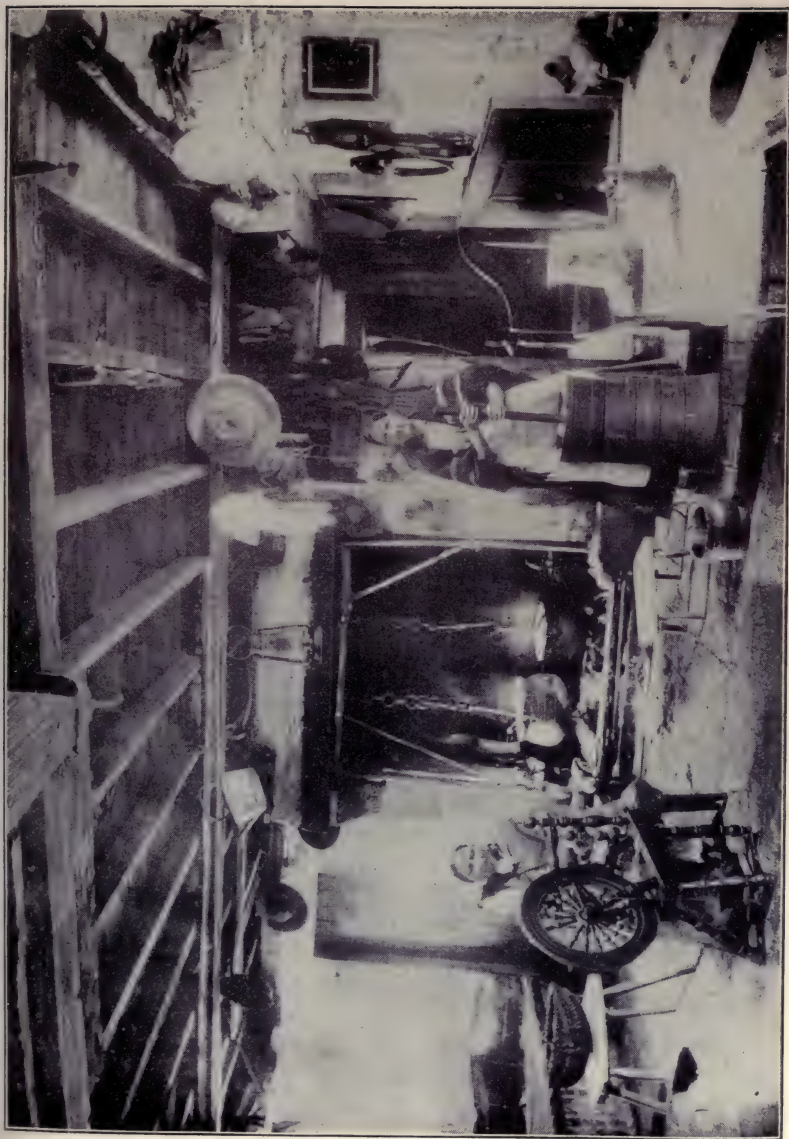
"Well, Shane," said Andy Morrow, addressing Shane Fadh, "will you give us an account of your wedding? I am told it was the greatest let-out that ever was in this country, before or since."

"And you may say that, Mr. Morrow," said Shane. "I was at many a wedding, myself, but never at the likes of my own, barring Tim Lannigan's that married Father Corrigan's niece."

"I believe," said Andy, "that, too, was a dashing one; however, it's your own we want. Come, Nancy, fill these measures again, and let us be comfortable, at all events, and give Shane a double one, for talking's druthy work. I'll pay for this round."

When the liquor was got in, Shane, after taking a draught, laid down his pint, pulled out his steel tobacco-box, and, after twisting off a chew between his teeth, closed the box, and commenced the story of his wedding.

"When I was a young fellow," said Shane, "I was as wild as an unbroken cowlt, no divilment was too hard for me; an' so signs on it, for there wasn't a piece of mischief done in the parish, but was laid at my door, and the dear knows I had enough of my own to answer for, let alone to be set down for that of other people; but anyway, there was many a thing done in my name, when I knew neither act nor part about it. One of them I'll mintion. Dick Cuillenán, father to Paddy, that lives at the crass-roads, beyant Gunpowdher Lodge, was over head and ears in love with Jemmy Finigan's eldest daughter, Mary, then, sure enough, as purty a girl as you'd meet in a fair—indeed, I think I'm looking at her, with her fair flaxen ringlets hanging over her shoulders, as she used to pass our house going to mass of a Sunday. God rest her sowl, she's now in glory—that was before she was my wife. Many a happy day we passed together; and I could take it to my death, that an ill word, let alone to rise our hands to one another, never passed between us, only one day that a word or two happened about the dinner, in the middle of Lent, being a little too late, so that the horses were kept nigh-hand half an hour out of the plow; and I wouldn't



AN IRISH COTTAGE INTERIOR



have valued that so much, only that it was crooked-mouthed Doherty that joined me in plowing that year, and I was vexed not to take all I could out of him, for he was a raal Turk himself.

"I disremimber now what passed between us as to words, but I know I had a duck-egg in my hand, and when she spoke, I raised my arm, and nailed—poor Larry Tracy, our servant boy, between the two eyes with it, although the craythur was ating his dinner quietly forenent me, not saying a word.

"Well, as I tould you, Dick was ever after her, although her father and mother would rather see her *under boord* than joined to any of that connection; and as for herself, she couldn't bear the sight of him, he was sich an upsetting, conceited puppy, that thought himself too good for every girl. At any rate, he tried often and often, in fair and market, to get striking up with her; and both coming from and going to Mass 't was the same way, for ever after and about her, till the state he was in spread over the parish like wildfire. Still, all he could do was of no use; except to bid him the time of day, she never entered into discourse with him, at all at all. But there was no putting the likes of him off; so he got a quart of spirits in his pocket one night, and without saying a word to mortal, off he sets, full speed, to her father's, in order to brake the thing to the family.

"Mary might be about seventeen at this time, and her mother looked almost as young and fresh as if she hadn't been married at all. When Dick came in you may be sure they were all surprised at the sight of him; but they were civil people, and the mother wiped a chair, and put it over near the fire for him to sit down upon, waiting to hear what he'd say, or what he wanted, although they could give a purty good guess as to that, but they only wished to put him off with as little offinse as possible. When Dick *sot* awhile, talking about what the price of hay and oats would be in the following summer, and other subjects that he thought would show his knowledge of farming and cattle, he pulls out his bottle, encouraged to it by their civil way of talking, and telling the ould couple that as he came over to spend a friendly evening, he had brought a drop in his pocket to sweeten the discourse, axing Susy

Finigan, the mother, for a glass to send it round with, at the same time drawing over his chair close to Mary, who was knitting her stocken up beside her little brother Michael, and chatting to the *gorsoon*,¹ for fraid that Cuillenan might think she paid *him* any attention. When Dick got alongside of her, he began, of coorse, to pull out her needles and spoil her knitting, as is customary before the young people come to close spaking. Mary, howsoever, had no welcome for him; so says she, 'You ought to know, Dick Cuillenan, who you spake to, before you make the freedom you do.'

" 'But you don't know,' says Dick, 'that I am a great hand at spoiling the girls' knitting; it's a fashion I've got,' says he.

" 'It's a fashion then,' says Mary, 'that 'll be apt to get you a broken mouth sometime.'

" 'Then,' says Dick, 'whoever does that must marry me.'

" 'And them that gets you will have a prize to brag of,' says she. 'Stop yourself, Cuillenan; single your freedom and double your distance, if you plase; I'll cut my coat off no such cloth.'

" 'Well, Mary,' says he, 'maybe, if *you* don't, as good will; but you won't be so cruel as all that comes to; the worst side of you is out, I think.'

" He was now beginning to make greater freedom, but Mary rises from her seat, and whisks away with herself, her cheeks as red as a rose with vexation at the fellow's imperance. 'Very well,' says Dick, 'off you go; but there's as good fish in the *say* as ever was catched. I'm sorry to see, Susy,' says he to her mother, 'that Mary's no friend of mine, and I'd be mighty glad to find it otherwise; for, to tell the truth, I'd wish to become connected with the family. In the manetime, hadn't you better get us a glass, till we drink one bottle on the head of it, anyway?'

" 'Why, then, Dick Cuillenan,' says the mother, 'I don't wish you anything else but good luck and happiness; but, as to Mary, she's not *for* you herself, nor would it be a good match between the families at all. Mary is to have her grandfather's sixty guineas, and the two cows that her

¹ *Gorsoon*, a boy.

uncle Jack left her four years ago has brought her a good stock for any farm. Now, if she married you, Dick, where's the farm to bring her to?—surely, it's not upon them seven acres of stone and bent, upon the long Esker, that I'd let my daughter go to live. So, Dick, put up your bottle, and in the name of God go home, boy, and mind your business; but, above all, when you want a wife, go to them that you may have a right to expect, and not to a girl like Mary Finigan, that could lay down guineas where you could hardly find shillings.'

"'Very well, Susy,' says Dick, nettled enough, as he well might, 'I say to you, just as I say to your daughter, if you be proud there's no force.'"

"But what has this to do with you, Shane?" asked Andy Morrow. "Sure we wanted to har an account of *your* wedding, but instead of that, it's Dick Cuillenan's history you're giving us."

"That's just it," said Shane; "sure, only for this same Dick, I'd never get Mary Finigan for a wife. Dick took Susy's advice, bekase, after all, the undacent drop was in him, or he'd never have brought the bottle out of the house at all; but, faith, he riz up, put the whisky in his pocket, and went home with a face on him as black as my hat with venom. Well, things passed on till the Christmas following, when one night, after the Finigans had all gone to bed, there comes a crowd of fellows to the door, thumping at it with great violence, and swearing that if the people within wouldn't open it immediately, it would be smashed into smithereens. The family, of course were all alarmed; but somehow or other, Susy herself got suspicious that it might be something about Mary; so up she gets, and sends the daughter to her own bed, and lies down herself in the daughter's."

"In the manetime Finigan got up, and after lighting a candle, opened the door at once. 'Come, Finigan,' says a strange voice, 'put out the candle, except you wish to make a candlestick of the thatch,' says he, 'or to give you a prod of a bagnet under the ribs,' says he."

"It was a folly for one man to go to bell-the-cat with a whole crowd; so he blew the candle out, and next minyute they rushed in, and went as straight as a rule to Mary's bed. The mother all the time lay close, and never said a

word. At any rate, what would be expected, only that, do what she could, at the long run she must go? So, accordingly, after a very hard battle on her side, being a powerful woman, she was obliged to travel, but not until she had left many of them marks to remimber her by. Still there was very little spoke, for they didn't wish to betray themselves on any side. The only thing that Finigan could hear was my name repated several times, as if the whole thing was going on under my direction: for Dick thought that if there was any one in parish likely to be set down for it it was me.

"When Susy found they were putting her behind one of them on a horse she rebelled again, and it took near a dozen of boys to hoist her up. Now, above all nights in the year, who should be dead but my own full cousin, Denis Fadh—God be good to him!—and I, and Jack and Dan, his brothers, while bringing home whisky for the wake and berrin', met them on the road. At first we thought them distant relations coming to the wake, but when I saw only one woman among the set, and she mounted on a horse, I began to suspect that all wasn't right. I accordingly turned back a bit, and walked near enough without their seeing me to hear the discoorse, and discover the whole business. In less than no time I was back at the wake-house; so I up and tould them what I saw, and off we set, about forty of us, with good cudgels, scythesneds, and hooks, fully bent to bring her back from them, come or go what would. And throth, sure enough, we did it; and I was the man myself that rode after the mother on the same horse that carried her off.

"From this out, when and wherever I got an opportunity, I whispered the soft nonsense, Nancy, into poor Mary's ear, until I put my *comedher*¹ on her, and she couldn't live at all without me. But I was something for a woman to look at then, anyhow, standing six feet two in my stocking soles, which, you know, made them call me Shane Fadh.² At that time I had a dacent farm of fourteen acres in Crocknagooran—the same that my son Ned has at the present time; and though, as to wealth, by no manner of manes fit to compare with the Finigans, yet upon the whole, she might have made a worse match. The

¹ *Comedher*, blarney talk.

² *Fadh*, tall or long.

father, however, wasn't for me; but the mother was: so, after drinking a bottle or two with the mother, Sarah Traynor, her cousin, and Mary, along with Jack Donnellan on my part, in their own barn, unknownst to the father, we agreed to make a runaway match of it; appointing my uncle, Bryan Slevin's, as the house we'd go to. The next Sunday was the day appointed; so I had my uncle's family prepared, and sent two gallons of whisky, to be there before us, knowing that neither the Finigans nor my own friends liked stinginess.

"Well, well, after all, the world is a strange thing—if myself hardly knows what to make of it. It's I that did dote night and day upon that girl; and, indeed, there was them that could have seen me in Jimmaiky for her sake, for she was the beauty of the county, not to say of the parish, for a girl in her station. For my part I could neither ate nor sleep, for thinking that she was so soon to be my own married wife, and to live under my roof. And when I'd think of it, how my heart would bounce to my throat with downright joy and delight. The mother had made us promise not to meet till Sunday, for fraid of the father becoming suspicious; but, if I was to be shot, I couldn't hinder myself from going every night to the great flowering whitethorn that was behind their garden; and although she knew I hadn't promised to come, yet there she still was; something, she said, tould her I *would* come.

"The next Sunday we met at *Althadhawan* wood, and I'll never forget what I felt, when I was going to the green at St. Patrick's Chair, where the boys and girls met on Sunday; but there she was—the bright eyes dancing with joy in her head to see me. We spent the evening in the wood till it was dusk—I bating them all leaping, dancing, and throwing the stone; for, by my song, I thought I had the action of ten men in me; she looking on, and smiling like an angel, when I'd lave them miles behind me. As it grew dusk they all went home, except herself and me, and a few more, who, maybe, had something of the same kind on hand.

"‘Well, Mary,’ says I, ‘*acushla machree*,¹ it's dark enough for us to go; and in the name of God let us be off.’ The crathur looked into my face, and got pale, for she was

¹ *Acushla machree*, vein of my heart.

very young then. 'Shane,' says she, and she thrimbled like an aspen lafe, 'I'm going to trust myself with you for ever—for ever, Shane, *avourneen*,'—and her sweet voice broke into purty murmurs as she spoke; 'whether for happiness or sorrow, God He only knows. I can bear poverty and distress, sickness and want, with you, but I can't bear to think that you should ever forget to love me as you do now; or that your heart should ever cool to me; but I am sure,' says she, 'you'll never forget this night, and the solemn promises you made me, before God and the blessed skies above us.'

"We were sitting at the time under the shade of a rowan-tree, and I had only one answer to make. I pulled her to my breast, where she laid her head and cried like a child, with her cheek against mine. My own eyes weren't dry although I felt no sorrow, but—but—I never forgot that night—and I never will."

He now paused a few minutes, being too much affected to proceed.

"Poor Shane," said Nancy, in a whisper to Andy Morrow, "night and day he's thinking about that woman. She's now dead going on a year, and you would think by him, although he bears up very well before company, that she died only yestherday; but indeed it's he that was always the kind-hearted, affectionate man; and a better husband never broke bread."

"Well," said Shane, resuming the story, and clearing his voice, "it's a great consolation to me, now that she's gone, to think that I never broke the promise I made her that night. When it was clear dark we set off, and after crossing the country for two miles, reached my uncle's, where a great many of my friends were expecting us. As soon as we came to the door I struck it two or three times, for that was the sign, and my aunt came out, and taking Mary in her arms, kissed her, and, with a thousand welcomes, brought us both in.

"You all know that the best of aiting and dhrinking is provided when a runaway couple is expected; and indeed there was more than enough of both there. My uncle and all that were within welcomed us again; and many a good song and hearty jug of punch was sent round that night. The next morning my uncle went to her father's and broke

the business to him at once: indeed, it wasn't very hard to do, for I believe it reached him before he saw my uncle at all; so she was brought home that day, and, on the Thursday night after, I, my father, uncle, and several other friends, went there, and made the match.

"She had sixty guineas that her grandfather left her, thirteen head of cattle, two feather and two chaff beds, with sheeting, quilts, and blankets; three pieces of bleached linen, and a flock of geese of her own rearing—upon the whole, among ourselves, it wasn't aisy to get such a fortune.

"Well, the match was made, and the wedding-day appointed; but there was one thing still to be managed, and that was how to get over the *standing* at Mass on Sunday, to make satisfaction for the scandal we gave the Church by running away with one another; but that's all stuff, for who cares a pin about standing, when three halves of the parish are married in the same way? The only thing that vexed me was that it would keep back the wedding-day. However, her father and my uncle went to the priest, and spoke to him, trying, of coorse, to get us off of it, but he knew we were fat geese, and was in for giving us a plucking. Hut, tut!—he wouldn't hear of it at all, not he; for although he would ride fifty miles to sarve either of us, he couldn't brake the new orders that he had got only a few days before that from the bishop. No; we must *stand*—for it would be setting a bad example to the parish; and if he would let *us* pass, how could he punish the rest of his flock, when they'd be guilty of the same thing?

"'Well, well, your reverence,' says my uncle, winking at her father, 'if that's the case it can't be helped, anyhow—they must only stand, as many a dacent father and mother's child has done before them, and will again, plase God—your reverence is right in doing your duty.'

"'True for you Brian,' says his reverence, 'and yet God knows, there's no man in the parish would be sorrier to see such a dacent, comely young couple put upon a level with all the scrubs of the parish; and I know, Jemmy Finigan, it would go hard with your young, bashful daughter to get through with it, having the eyes of the whole congregation staring on her.'

"'Why then, your reverence, as to that,' says my un-

cle, who was just as stiff as the other was stout, 'the bashfullest of them will do more nor that to get a husband.'

"'But you tell me,' says the priest, 'that the wedding-day is fixed upon;—how will you manage there?'

"'Why, put it off for three Sundays longer, to be sure,' says the uncle.

"'But you forget this, Brian,' says the priest, 'that good luck or prosperity never attends the putting off of a wedding.'

"Now here you see is where the priest had them—for they knew that as well as his reverence himself—so they were in a puzzle again.

"'It is a disagreeable business,' says the priest, 'but the truth is, I could get them off with the bishop only for one thing—I owe him five guineas of altar-money, and I'm so far back in dues that I'm not able to pay him. If I could enclose this to him in a letter, I would get them off at once, although it would be bringing myself into trouble with the parish afterwards; but, at all events,' says he, 'to prove that I wish to sarve you, I'll sell the best cow in my byre, and pay him myself, rather than their wedding-day should be put off, poor things, or themselves brought to any bad luck—the Lord keep them from it!'

"While he was speaking, he stamped his foot two or three times on the flure, and the housekeeper came in. 'Katty,' says he, 'bring us in a bottle of whisky; at all events, I can't let you away,' says he, 'without tasting something and drink luck to the young folks.'

"'In throth,' says Jemmy Finigan, 'and begging your reverence's pardon, the sorra cow you'll sell this bout, anyhow, on account of me or my children, bekase I'll lay down on the nail what'll clear you and the bishop; and in the name of goodness, as the day is fixed and all, let the craythurs not be disappointed.'

"'Jemmy,' says my uncle, 'if you go to that you'll pay but your share, for I insist upon laying down one-half, at laste.'

"At any rate, they came down with the cash, and after drinking a bottle between them, went home in choice spirits entirely at their good luck in so aisily getting us off. When they had left the house a bit, the priest sent af-

ther them. 'Jemmy,' says he to Finigan, 'I forgot a circumstance, and that is to tell you that I will go and marry them at your own house, and bring Father James, my curate with me.' 'Oh, wurrah! no,' said both, 'don't mention *that*, your reverence, except you wish to break their hearts, out and out! Why, that would be a thousand times worse nor making them stand to do penance. Doesn't your reverence know that if they hadn't the pleasure of *running for the bottle*, the whole wedding wouldn't be worth three-halfpence?' 'Indeed, I forgot that, Jemmy.' 'But sure,' says my uncle, 'your reverence and Father James must be at it, whether or not; for that we intended from the first.' 'Tell them I'll run for the bottle, too,' says the priest, laughing, 'and will make some of them look sharp, never fear.' Well, by my song, so far all was right; and maybe it's we that weren't glad—maning Mary and myself—that there was nothing more in the way to put off the wedding-day. So, as the bridegroom's share of the expense always is to provide the whisky, I'm sure, for the honor and glory of taking the blooming young crathur from the great lot of bachelors that were all breaking their hearts about her, I couldn't do less nor finish the thing dacently—knowing, besides, the high doings that the Finigans would have of it—for they were always looked upon as a family that never had their heart in a trifle when it would come to the push. So, you see, I and my brother Mickey, my cousin Tom, and Dom'nick Nulty, went up into the mountains to Tim Cassidy's still-house, where we spent a glorious day, and bought fifteen gallons of stuff, that one drop of it would bring the tear, if possible, to a young widdy's eye that had berrid a bad husband. Indeed, this was at my father's bidding, who wasn't a bit behind-hand with any of them in cutting a dash. 'Shane,' says he to me, 'you know the Finigans of ould, that they won't be contint with what would do another, and that except they go beyant the thing entirely, they won't be satisfied. They'll have the whole countryside at the wedding, and we must let them see that we have a spirit and a faction of our own,' says he, 'that we needn't be ashamed of. They've got all kinds of ateables in cartloads, and as we're to get the drinkables, we must see and give as good as they'll bring. I myself, and your mother, will go round and in-

vite all we can think of, and let you and Mickey go up the hills to Tim Cassidy, and get fifteen gallons of whisky, for I don't think less will do us.'

"This we accordingly complied with, as I said, and surely better stuff never went down the *red lane* than the same whisky, for the people knew nothing about watering it then, at all at all. The next thing I did was to get a fine shop cloth coat, a pair of top boots, and buckskin breeches fit for a squire, along with a new Caroline hat that would throw off the wet like a duck. Mat Kavanagh, the school-master from Findramore bridge, lent me his watch for the occasion, after my spending near two days learning from him to know what o'clock it was. At last, somehow, I mastered that point so well, that to a quarter of an hour, at least, I could give a dacent guess at the time upon it.

"Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's, to make the regulations for the wedding. We, that is, my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horseback, to the priest's, to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Hance's public-house, to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the skriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbors, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, and others on asses; and, by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan, the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, was mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Anything at all to keep their feet from the ground; for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding that hadn't some animal between him and the earth.

"To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles, others had saddles and halters; some had *back suggawns*¹ of straw, with

¹ *Suggawn*, a rope of hay or straw.

hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others had sacks filled up as like saddles as they could possibly make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times tied round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost and the men behind them. Some had dacent pillions enough, but most of them had none at all, and the women were obligated to sit where the crupper ought to be—and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats even when the horses walked asy, so what must it be when they came to a gallop? but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

“At eight o'clock we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the bride's breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state that I couldn't let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to mount, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down and ax my father and mother's blessing, and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offinses towards them—and also to requist the blessing of my brothers and sisters. Well, in a short time I was down; and, my goodness! such a hullaballoo of crying as was there in a minute's time!

“Anyhow, it's easy knowing that there wasn't sorrow at the bottom of their grief: for they were all soon laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears. My mother herself couldn't but be in good humor, and join her smile with the rest.

“My uncle now drove us all out before him; not, however, till my mother had sprinkled a drop of holy water on each of us, and given me and my brother and sisters a small taste of blessed candle to prevent us from sudden death and accidents. My father and she didn't come with us then, but they went over to the bride's while we were all gone to the priest's house. At last we set off in great style and spirits—I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Danellon, fully bent on winning the bottle. I

would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it dacent to ride my own horse manfully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Danellon's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long, small legs, a switch tail, and didn't know how to trot. Maybe we didn't cut a dash—and might have taken a town before us. Out we set about nine o'clock, and went across the country: but I'll not stop to mention what happened to some of them, even before we got to the bride's house. It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crassing a stile or ditch would drop into the dike, sometimes another would find himself head foremost on the ground; a woman would be capsized here in crassing a ridgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her; another would be hanging like a broken arch, ready to come down, till some one would ride up and fix her on the seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the road there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to crass. When we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who were on the watch for us: we couldn't do less nor give them back the chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses got restive and capered about; the asses—the sorra choke them—that were along with us should begin to bray, and a mule of Jack Irwin's took it into his head to stand stock-still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that, between one thing or another, we were near half an hour before we were got on the march again. When the blood-horse that the tailor rode saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed; but before he got far he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hanging about his feet. Billy, however, having taken a glass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and swore he would ride him to America, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party.

“When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands

and kissing, and all kinds of *slewesthering*.¹ Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down, myself and my next relations in the bride's house, and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk: of coorse we took some of the poteen again, and in the short time afterwards set off along the paved road to the priest's house to be tied as fast as he could make us, and that was fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses, though, there was just such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself: but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing.

"Bless my heart, what doings!—what roasting and boiling!—and what tribes of beggars and *shulers*,² and vagabonds of all sorts and sizes, were sunning themselves about the doors—wishing us a thousand times long life and happiness. There was a fiddler and piper; the piper was to stop in my father-in-law's while we were going to be married, to keep the neighbors that were met there shaking their toes while we were at the priest's, and the fiddler was to come with ourselves, in order, you know, to have a dance at the priest's house, and to play for us coming and going; for there's nothing like a taste of music when one's on for sport.

"We were now all in motion once more—the bride riding behind my man, and the bridesmaid behind myself—a fine, bouncing girl she was, but not to be mentioned in the one year with my darlin'—in throth, it wouldn't be aisy getting such a couple as we were the same day, though it's myself that says it. Mary, dressed in a black castor hat, like a man's, a white muslin coat, with a scarlet silk handkercher about her neck, with a silver buckle and a blue ribbon, for luck, round her waist; her fine hair wasn't turned up, at all at all, but hung down in beautiful curls on her shoulders; her eyes you would think were all light; her lips as plump and as ripe as cherries—and maybe it's myself that wasn't to that time of day without tasting them anyhow: and her teeth, so even, and as white as a burned bone. The day bate all for beauty; I don't know whether it was from the lightness of my own spirit it came,

¹ *Slewesthering*, flattering speech.

² *Shulers*, tramps.

but I think that such a day I never saw from that to this: indeed, I thought everything was dancing and smiling about me, and sartainly every one said that such a couple hadn't been married, nor such a wedding seen in the parish, for many a long year before.

"All the time, as we went along, we had the music; but then at first we were mightily puzzled what to do with the fiddler; to put him as a hind rider it would prevent him from playing, bekase how could he keep the fiddle before him, and another so close to him? To put him foremost was as bad, for he couldn't play and hould the bridle together; so at last my uncle proposed that he should get behind himself, turn his face to the horse's tail, and saw away like a Trojan.

"It might be about four miles or so to the priest's house, and, as the day was fine, we got on gloriously. One thing, however, became troublesome; you see there was a cursed set of ups and downs on the road, and as the riding *coutrements* were so bad with a great many of the weddiners, those that had no saddles, going down steep places, would work onward bit by bit, in spite of all they could do, till they'd be fairly on the horse's neck, and the women behind them would be on the animal's shoulders; and it required nice managing to balance themselves, for they might as well sit on the edge of a dale.boord. Many of them got tosses this way, though it all passed in good humor. But no two among the whole set were more puzzled by this than my uncle and the fiddler—I think I see my uncle this minute with his knees sticking into the horse's shoulders and his two hands upon his neck, keeping himself back, and the fiddler, with his heels away towards the horse's tail, and he stretched back against my uncle, for all the world like two bricks laid against one another, and one of them falling. 'T was the same thing going up a hill; whoever was behind would be hanging over the horse's tail, with one arm about the fore-rider's neck or body, and the other houlding the baste by the mane, to keep them both from sliding off backwards. Many a come-down there was among them, but as I said, it was all in good humor; and accordingly, as regularly as they fell they were sure to get a cheer.

"When we got to the priest's house there was a hearty

welcome for us all. The bride and I with our next kindred and friends went into the parlor; along with these there was a set of young fellows who had been bachelors of the bride's, that got in with the intention of getting the first kiss, and, in coorse, of bating myself out of it. I got a whisper of this; so, by my song, I was determined to cut them all out in that, so well as I did in getting herself; but, you know, I couldn't be angry, even if they had got the foreway of me in it, bekase it's an old custom. While the priest was going over the business, I kept my eye about me, and, sure enough, there were seven or eight fellows all waiting to snap at her. When the ceremony drew near a close, I got up on one leg, so that I could bounce to my feet like lightning, and when it was finished, I got her in my arm before you could say Jack Robinson, and swinging her behind the priest, gave her the husband's first kiss. The next minute there was a rush after her; but, as I had got the first, it was but fair that they should come in according as they could, I thought, bekase, you know, it was all in the coorse of practise; but, hould, there were two words to be said to that, for what does Father Dollard do, but shoves them off—and a fine stout shoulder he had—shoves them off like children, and goin' up to Mary, gives her a fine smack on the cheek—oh, consuming to it, but he did—mine was only a cracker compared to it. The rest, then, all kissed her, one after another, according as they could come in to get one. We then went straight to his reverence's barn, which had been cleared out for us the day before by his own directions, where we danced for an hour or two, and his reverence and his curate along with us.

“When this was over we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public-house or shebeen, to get some refreshments after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooney's, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it; so we sot on the green before the door, and, by my song, we drank dacently with *him* anyhow; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have been all fuddled.

“It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness between my party and the bride's, and for some time I

didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eyes about him, comes over to me and says, 'Shane, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betwixt the Dorans and the Flanagans—the truth is that the old business of the lawshoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse,' says he, 'so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink.'

"Well, anyway, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and as this was the thrate of the weddiners to the bride and bridegroom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls anything. I never laughed so much in one day as I did in that, and I can't help laughing at it yet. When we all got on the top of our horses, and sich other iligant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well, I thank you, as to liquor; and as the knot was tied, and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits; so, when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick, the tailor, who had a pair of long cavaldry spurs upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in—and he not more nor four feet high.

"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle; and when one horseman would cross another, striving to have the whip hand of him when they'd set off, why, you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I, however, did all we could to pacify them; and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented any strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweethearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them, and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing: and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle wasn't idle no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously, till we came in sight of the Dumbhill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and suggawns; and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bon-

nets, to keep them from flying off, and then gripping their fore-riders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumbhill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to show fair play.

"Well, when they were all in a lump—horses, mules, and asses—some, as I said, with saddles, some with none; and all just as I tould you before—the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and devil be off me, if ever I saw such another sight but itself before or since. Off they skelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us; but it was a mercy that the life wasn't trampled out of some of us; for before we had gone fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling atop of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left—sometimes bringing the horsemen with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them, being half-blind with the motion and the whisky, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd; and it wasn't till they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake.

"But the best sport of all was when they came to the Lazy Corner, just at Jack Gallagher's pond, where the water came out a good way across the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another, souse in the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horsemen a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle: among these were the Dorans and Flanagans, but they, you see, wisely enough, dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle, but kept close to Mary, for fraid that, among sich a divil's pack of half-mad fellows, anything might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch; but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why, away off like lightning, miles before them—flying like a swallow: and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this; but, anyhow, truth's best—there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. After all,

the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do—why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd that was looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what become of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care?—although he had a small body, the sorra wan of him but had a sowl big enough for Golias or Sampson the Great.

“As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them cums up—Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail between them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he 'd hand it to one, the other would take offinse, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to rason with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was spaking to Flanagan, and the next instant Flanagan measured him with a heavy loaded whip, and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband would get his gruel. Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw anything to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worse of all for the poor crathur, he should single himself out against both parties, bekase, you see, he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle.

“They had now broken up the garden gate for weapons, all except one of the posts, and fought into the garden;

when nothing should sarve Billy but to take up the large heavy post, as if he could destroy the whole faction on each side. Accordingly he came up to big Matthew Flanagan, and was rising it just as if he'd fell him, when Matt, catching him by the nape of the neck and the waistband of the breeches, went over very quietly, and dropped him a second time, heels up, into the well, where he might have been yet, only for my mother-in-law, who dragged him out with a great deal to do: for the well was too narrow to give him room to turn.

"As for myself and all my friends, as it happened to be my own wedding, and at our own place, we couldn't take part with either of them; but we endeavored all in our power to pacify them, and a tough task we had of it, until we saw a pair of whips going hard and fast among them, belonging to Father Corrigan and Father James, his curate. Well, it's wonderful how soon a priest can clear up a quarrel! In five minutes there wasn't a hand up—instead of that they were ready to run into mouse-holes.

"'What, you ruffianly blackguards and murderers,' says his reverence; 'are you bint to have each other's blood upon your heads?—are you going to get yourselves hanged like sheep-stalers? Down with your sticks this very minute, I command you! Do you know—will ye give yourselves time to see who's spaking to you—you bloodthirsty set of vagabonds? I command you, in the name of the Catholic Church and the Blessed Virgin Mary, to stop this instant, if you don't want me,' says he, 'to make examples of the whole of you. Doran, if you rise your hand more, I'll strike it dead on your body, and to your mouth you'll never carry it while you have breath in your carcass. Pretty respect you have for the decent couple in whose house you have kicked up such a hubbub! Is this the way people are to be deprived of their dinners on your accounts, you fungaleering thieves!'

"'Why, then, plase your reverence, by the—hem—I say, Father Corrigan, it wasn't my fault, but that villain Flanagan's, for he knows I fairly won the bottle—and would have distanced him, only that when I was far before him, the vagabone, he galloped across me on the way, thinking to thrip up the horse.'

"'You lying scoundrel,' says the priest, 'how dare you

tell me a falsity,' says he, 'to my face? How could he gallop across you if you were far before him? Not a word more, or I'll leave you without a mouth to your face, which will be a double share of provision and bacon saved anyway. And Flanagan, *you* were as much to blame as he, and must be chastised for your raggamuffinly conduct,' says he, 'and so must you both, and all your party, particularly you and he, as the ringleaders. Right well I know it's the grudge upon the lawshoot you had, and not the bottle, that occasioned it; but, by St. Pether, to Loughderg both of you must tramp for this.'

" 'Ay, and by St. Pether, they both desearve it as well as a thief does the gallows,' said a little blustering voice belonging to the tailor, who came forward in a terrible passion, looking for all the world like a drowned rat. 'Ho, by St. Pether, they do, the vagabones; for it was myself that won the bottle, your reverence; and by this and by that,' says he, 'the bottle I'll have, or some of their crowns will crack for it.'

" 'Why, Billy, are you here?' says Father Corrigan, smiling down upon the figure the fellow cut, with his long spurs and his big whip—'what in the world tempted *you* to get on horseback, Billy?'

" 'By the powers, I was miles before them,' says Billy; 'and after this day, your reverence, let no man say that I couldn't ride a steeplechase across Crocknagooran.'

" 'Why, Billy, how did you stick on, at all at all?' says his reverence.

" 'How do I know how I stuck on,' says Billy, 'nor whether I stuck on at all or not? All I know is, that I was on horseback before leaving the Dumbhill, and that I found them pulling me by the heels out of the well in the corner of the garden, and that, your reverence, when the first was only topping the hill there below, as Lanty Magowran tells me, who was looking on.'

" 'Well, Billy,' says Father Corrigan, 'you must get the bottle; and as for you, Dorans and Flanagans, I'll make examples of you for this day's work—that you may reckon on. You are a disgrace to the parish, and what's more, a disgrace to your priest. How can luck or grace attend the marriage of any young couple that there's such work at? Before you leave this, you must all shake hands, and

promise never to quarrel with each other while grass grows or water runs; and if you don't, by the blessed St. Dominick, I'll *exkinnicate* ye both, and all belonging to you into the bargain; so that ye'll be the pitiful examples and shows to all that look upon you.'

" 'Well, well, your reverence,' says my father-in-law, 'let all by-gones be by-gones; and, please God, they will before they go be better friends than ever they were. Go now and clane yourselves, take the blood from about your faces, for the dinner's ready an hour ago; but if you all respect the place you're in, you'll show it, in regard of the young crathurs that's going, in the name of God, to face the world together, and of coorse wishes that this day at last should pass in pace and quietness: little did I think there was any friend or neighbor here that would make so little of the place or people, as was done for nothing at all, in the face of the country.'

" 'God he sees,' says my mother-in-law, 'that there's them here this day we didn't deserve this from, to rise such a *norratton*, as if the house was a shebeen or a public-house. It's myself didn't think either me or my poor colleen here, not to mention the dacent people she's joined to, would be made so little of, as to have our place turned into a play-acthur—for a play-acthur couldn't be worse.'

" 'Well,' says my uncle, 'there's no help for spilt milk, I tell you, nor for spilt blood either; tare-an'-ounnty, sure we're all Irishmen, relations, and Catholics through other, and we oughtn't to be this way. Come away to dinner—by the powers, we'll duck the first man that says a loud word for the remainder of the day. Come, Father Corri-gan, and carve the goose, or the geese, for us—for, by my sannies, I b'leeve there's a baker's dozen of them; but we've plenty of *Latin* for them, and your reverence and Father James here understands that langidge, anyhow—larned enough there, I think, gentlemen.'

" 'That's right, Brian,' shouts the tailor—'that's right; there must be no fighting: by the powers, the first man attempts it, I'll brain him—fell him to the earth, like an ox, if all belonging to him was in my way.'

" This threat from the tailor went farther, I think, in putting them into good humor nor even what the priest said. They then washed and claned themselves, and ac-

cordingly went to their dinners. Billy himself marched with his terrible whip in his hand, and his long cavaldry spurs sticking near ten inches behind him, draggled to the tail like a bantling-cock after a shower."

"I suppose," said Andy Morrow, "you had a famous dinner, Shane?"

"'T is you that may say that, Mr. Morrow," replied Shane; "but the house, you see, wasn't able to hould one half of us; so there was a dozen or two tables borrowed from the neighbors, and laid one after another in two rows, on the green, beside the river that ran along the garden hedge, side by side. At one end Father Corrigan sat, with Mary and myself, and Father James at the other. There were three five-gallon kegs of whisky, and I ordered my brother to take charge of them, and there he sat beside them, and filled the bottles as they were wanted, bekase, if he had left that job to strangers, many a spalpeen there would make away with lots of it. Mavrone, such a sight as the dinner was! I didn't lay my eye on the fellow of it since, sure enough, and I'm now an ould man, though I was then a young one. Why, there was a pudding boiled in the end of a sack; and, troth, it was a thumper, only for the straws; for you see, when they were making it they had to draw long straws acrass in order to keep it from falling asunder: a fine plan it is, too. Jack M'Kenna, the carpenter, carved it with a hand-saw, and if he didn't curse the same straws, I'm not here. 'Draw them out, Jack,' said Father Corrigan, 'draw them out. It's asy known, Jack, you never ate a polite dinner, you poor awkward spalpeen, or you'd have pulled out the straws the first thing you did, man alive.' Such lashins of corned beef, and rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and bacon—turkeys, and geese, and barn-door fowls, young and fat. They may talk as they will, but commend me to a piece of good ould bacon, ate with crock butther, and phaties, and cabbage. Sure enough they leathered away at everything, but this and the pudding were the favorites. Father Corrigan gave up the carving in less than no time, for it would take him half a day to sarve them all, and he wanted to provide for number one. After helping himself, he set my uncle to it, and maybe he didn't slash away right and left. There was half-a-dozen gorsoons carrying about the beer

in cans, with froth upon it like barm—but that was beer in arnest, Nancy—I'll say no more.

“‘Well, Matthew Finigan,’ says Father Corrigan, ‘I can’t say but I’m happy that your *colleen bawn*¹ here has lit upon a husband that’s no discredit to the family—and it is herself didn’t drive her pigs to a bad market,’ says he. ‘Why, in throth, Father, avourneen,’ says my mother-in-law, ‘they’d be hard to plase that couldn’t be satisfied with them she got; not saying but she had her pick and choice of many a good offer, and might have got richer matches; but Shane Fadh McCawell, although you’re sitting there beside my daughter, I’m prouder to see you on my own flure, the husband of my child, nor if she’d got a man with four times your substance.’

“‘Never heed the girls for knowing where to choose,’ says his reverence, slily enough; ‘but, upon my word, only she gave us all the slip, to tell the truth, I had another husband than Shane in my eye for her, and that was my own nevv, Father James’s brother here.’

“‘And I’d be proud of the connection,’ says my father-in-law; ‘but, you see, these girls won’t look much to what you or I’ll say, in choosing a husband for themselves. How-and-iver, not making little of your nevv, Father Michael, I say he’s not to be compared with that same bouchal sitting beside Mary there.’ ‘No, nor by the powdhers-o’-war, never will,’ says Billy Cormick the tailor, who had come over and slipped in on the other side, betune Father Corrigan and the bride—‘by the powdhers-o’-war, he’ll never be fit to be compared with me, I tell you, till yesterday comes back again.’

“‘Why, Billy,’ says the priest, ‘you’re in every place.’ ‘But where I ought to be!’ says Billy; ‘and that’s hard and fast tackled to Mary Bawn, the bride here, instead of that steeple of a fellow she has got,’ says the little cock.

“‘Billy, I thought you were married,’ said Father Corrigan.

“‘Not I, your reverence,’ says Billy; ‘but I’ll soon do something, Father Michael;—I have been threatened this long time, but I’ll do it at last.’

“‘He’s not exactly married, sir,’ says my uncle;

¹ *Colleen bawn*, fair girl.

‘there’s a colleen present’ (looking at the bridesmaid)
‘that will soon have his name upon her.’

“‘Very good, Billy,’ says the priest, ‘I hope you will give us a rousing wedding—equal, at least, to Shane Fadh’s.’

“‘Why, then, your reverence, except I get such a darling as Molly Bawn here—but, upon second thoughts, I don’t like marriage, anyway,’ said Billy, winking against the priest—‘I’ll lade such a life as your reverence; and, by the powdhers, it’s a thousand pities that I wasn’t made into a priest instead of a tailor; for, you see, if I had,’ says he, giving a verse of an old song:—

“‘For, you see, if I had,
It’s I’d be the lad
That would show all the people such larning;
And when they’d go wrong,
Why, instead of a song,
I’d give them a lump of a sarmin.’”

“‘Billy,’ says my father-in-law, ‘why don’t you make a hearty dinner, man alive? Go back to your sate and finish your male—you’re aiting nothing to signify.’ ‘Me!’ says Billy; ‘why, I’d scorn to ate a hearty dinner; and I’d have you to know, Matt Finigan, that it wasn’t for the sake of your dinner I came here, but in regard to your family, and bekase I wished him well that’s sitting beside your daughter; and it ill becomes your father’s son to cast up your dinner in my face, or any one of my family; but a blessed minute longer I’ll not stay among you.’

“‘But, Billy,’ says I, ‘sure it was all out of kindness; he didn’t mane to offend you.’

“‘It’s no matter,’ says Billy beginning to cry; ‘he *did* offend me; and it’s low days with me to bear an affront from him, or the likes of him; but by the powdhers-o’-war,’ says he, getting into a great rage, ‘I *won’t* bear it—only as you’re an old man yourself, I’ll not rise my hand to you; but let any man now that has the heart to take up your quarrel, come out and stand before me on the sod here.’

“Well, you’d tie all that were present with three straws, to see Billy stripping himself, and his two wrists not thicker than drumsticks.

“By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been

cleared off, and the dacentest of us went into the house for awhile, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest stayed on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the counthry people, so that in a short time there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get unasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folks; so, at last, out we slipped, and a few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humors of Glynn*.

"Well, it's no matter—it's all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager. Lord bless us!—what a drame the world is! The darling of my heart you war, avourneen machree. I think I see her with the modest smile upon her face, straight and fair and beautiful, and when the dance was over, how she stood leaning upon me, and my heart within melting to her and the look she'd give into my eyes, and my heart, too, as much as to say, this is the happy day with me; and the blush still would fly across her face, when I'd press her, unknownst to the bystanders, against my beating heart. A *suilish machree*,¹ she is now gone from me—lies low, and it all appears like a drame to me; but God's will be done!—sure she's happy now!

"In this way we passed the time till the evening came on, except that Mary and the bridesmaids were sent for to dance with the priests, who were within at the punch, in all their glory. I and my man, on seeing this, were for staying with the company; but my mother, who 't was that came for them, says 'Never mind the boys, Shane; come in with the girls, I say. You are just wanted at the present time, both of you; follow me for an hour or two, till their reverences within have a bit of a dance with the girls in the back-room—we don't want to gather a crowd about them.' Well, we went in, sure enough, for a while; but, I don't know how it was, I didn't at all feel comfortable with the priests; for, you see, I'd rather sport my day with the boys and girls upon the green: so I gives Jack the wink, and in we went, when, behold you, there was Father Cor-

¹ A *suilish machree*, light of my heart.

rigan planted upon the side of a *settle*, Mary along with him, both waiting till they'd have a fling of a dance together, whilst the curate was capering on the flure before the bridesmaid, who was a purty dark-haired girl, to the tune of 'Kiss my Lady,' and the friar planted between my mother and mother-in-law, one of his legs stretched out on a chair, he singing some funny song or other that brought the tears to their eyes with laughing.

"Whilst Father James was dancing with the bridesmaid, I gave Mary the wink to come away from Father Corrigan, wishing, as I tould you, to get out amongst the youngsters once more; and Mary herself, to tell the truth, although he was the priest, was very willing to do so. I went over to her, and says, 'Mary, asthore, there's a friend without that wishes to spake to you.'

"'Well,' says Father Corrigan, 'tell that friend that she's better employed, and that they must wait, whoever they are. I'm giving your wife, Shane,' says he, 'a little good advice that she won't be the worse for, and she can't go now.'

"Mary, in the meantime, had got up, and was coming away, when his reverence wanted her to stay till they'd finish their dance. 'Father Corrigan,' says she, 'let me go now, sir, if you plase, for they would think it bad threatment of me not to go out to them.'

"'Throth, and you'll do no such thing, acushla,' says he, spaking so sweet to her; 'let them come in if they want you. Shane,' says his reverence, winking at me, and spaking in a whisper, 'stay here, you and the girls, till we take a hate at the dancing—don't you know that the ould women here and me will have to talk over some things about the fortune? You'll maybe get more nor you expect. Here, Molshy,' says he to my mother-in-law, 'don't let the youngsters out of this.'

"'Musha, Shane, ahagur,' says the ould woman, 'why will yees go and lave the place? Sure you needn't be dashed before them—they'll dance themselves.'

"Accordingly we stayed in the room; but just on the word, Mary gives one spring away, laving his reverence by himself on the settle. 'Come away,' says she, 'lave them there and let's go to where I can have a dance with yourself, Shane.'

“Well, I always loved Mary, but at that minute, if it would save her, I think I could spill my heart’s blood for her. ‘Mary,’ says I, full to the throath, ‘Mary, acushla agus asthore machree,¹ I could lose my life for you.’

“She looked in my face, and the tears came into her eyes. ‘Shane, achora,’ says she, ‘amn’t I *your happy* girl at last?’ She was leaning over against my breast; and what answer do you think I made?—I pressed her to my heart; I did more—I took off my hat, and, looking up to God, I thanked Him with tears in my eyes for giving me such a treasure. ‘Well, come now,’ says she, ‘to the green’; so we went—and it’s she that was the girl, when she did go among them, that threw them all into the dark for beauty and figure: as fair as a lily itself did she look—so tall and iligant that you wouldn’t think she was a farmer’s daughter at all.

“When we had danced an hour or so, them that the family had the greatest regard for were brought in, unknownst to the rest, to drink tay. Mary planted herself beside me, and would sit nowhere else. It was now that the bride’s cake was got. Ould Sonsy Mary marched over, and putting the bride on her feet, got up on a chair, and broke it over her head, giving round a big slice of it to every person in the house. After tay the ould folk got full of talk, and the youngsters danced round them. The tailor had got drunk a little too early, and had to be put to bed, but he was now as fresh as ever, and able to dance a horn-pipe, which he did on a door. The Dorans and the Flanagans had got quite thick after drubbing one another—Ned Doran began his coortship with Alley Flanagan on that day, and they were married soon after, so that the two factions joined, and never had another battle.

“The night was falling when my uncle, running in in a great hurry, cries out: ‘Keep yourselves quiet a little; here’s the squire and Master Francis coming over to fulfil their promisé; he would have come up airlier, he says, but that he was away all day at the ’sizes.’

“In a minute or two they came in, and we all rose up of coorse to welcome them. The squire shuck hands with the ould people, and afterwards with Mary and myself, wishing us all happiness—then with the two clergymen, and

¹ *Acushla*, . . . *machree*, pulse and treasure of my heart.

introduced Master Frank to them. He took a sate and looked on, while they were dancing, with a smile of good-humor on his face—while they, all the time, would give new touches and trebles, to show off all their steps before him. He was landlord both to my father and father-in-law; and it's he that was the good man, and the gintleman, every inch of him.

“When he sat awhile, my mother-in-law came over with a glass of nice punch, that she had mixed, and making a low curtsy, begged pardon for using such freedom with his honor, but hoped that he would just taste a little to the happiness of the young couple. He then drank our healths, and shuck hands with us both a second time, saying—although I can't, at all at all, give it in anything like his own words—‘I am glad,’ says he, to Mary's parents, ‘that your daughter has made such a good choice’—throth, he did—the Lord be merciful to his sowl—‘such a prudent choice; and I congr—con—grathulate you,’ says he to my father, ‘on your connection with so industrious and respectable a family. You are now beginning the world for yourselves,’ says he to Mary and me, ‘and I cannot propose a better example to you both than that of your respective parents. From this forrid,’ says he, ‘I'm to considher you my tenants; and I wish to take this opportunity of informing you both that should you act up to the opinion I entertain of you, by an attentive coorse of industry and good management, you will find in me an encouraging and indulgent landlord. I know, Shane,’ says he to me, smiling, a little knowingly enough too, ‘that you have been a little wild or so, but that's past, I trust. You have now serious duties to perform, which you cannot neglect—but you will not neglect them; and be assured, I say again, that I shall feel pleasure in rendhering you every assistance in my power in the cultivation and improvement of your farm.’ ‘Go over, both of you,’ says my father, ‘and thank his honor, and promise to do everything he says.’ Accordingly, we did so; I made my scrape as well as I could, and Mary blushed to the eyes, and dropped her curtsy.

“Father Corrigan now appeared to be getting sleepy. While this was going on, I looked about me, but couldn't see Mary. The tailor was just beginning to get a little

heartily once more. Supper was talked of, but there was no one that could ate anything. The clergy now got their horses, and soon departed.

“After they went, Mary threw the stocking—all the unmarried folks coming in the dark to see who it would hit. Bless my sowl, but she was the droll Mary—for what did she do, only put a big brogue of her father’s into it, that was near two pounds weight; and who should it hit on the bare sconce but Billy Cormick, the tailor—who thought he was fairly shot, for it leveled the crathur at once; though that wasn’t hard to do, anyhow.

“This was the last ceremony: and Billy was well contented to get the knock, for you all know whoever the stocking strikes upon is to be married first. After this, my mother and mother-in-law set them to the dancing—an’ ’t was themselves that kept it up till long after daylight the next morning;—but first they called me into the next room, where Mary was: and—and so ends my wedding.”

CONDY CULLEN AND THE GAUGER.

Young Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and, of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or maneuver that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed that he had his mind, even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen, vigorous practice, in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a gauger. In fact, Condy’s talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defense against the ever-varying ingenuity with which the progressive skill of

the still-hunter masks his approaches and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the gauger must be met and defeated by a counter-plan equally novel, but with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation, Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on both sides, and characterized by such adroit and able duplicity, by so many quick and unexpected turns of incident—it would be utter fatuity in either to rely upon obsolete tricks and stale maneuvers. Their relative position and occupation do not, therefore, merely exhibit a contest between Law and that mountain nymph, Liberty, or between the Excise Board and the smuggler—it presents a more interesting point for observation, namely, the struggle between mind and mind, between wit and wit, between roguery and knavery.

It might be very amusing to detail, from time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning which take place between the poteen distiller and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious, as throwing light upon the national character of our people, and as evidence of the surprising readiness of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humor which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon, the gauger keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome. But now to our short story.

Two men, in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or '28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; a hoar frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which, we should ob-

serve in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad not more than sixteen jogging on towards them with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity which marks the practiced gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse—an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wished the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

“We have him,” said the gauger, “we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us.”

“Speak for yourself, Stinton,” replied his companion; “as for me, not being an officer of his majesty’s excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit; it is a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity.” He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:

“Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I’ll ne’er have anoder,
My heart it is fixed to never love more.”

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with gray frieze, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenuous air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference:

"God save ye, gintlemen."

"I say, my lad," said the gauger, "where is that customer with the keg on his back?—he crossed over there this moment."

"When?—where, sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

"Where?—when?—why, this minute, and in this place."

"And was it a whisky keg, sir?"

"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton; "confound me, if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already. I say, redcoat, where is the boy with the keg?"

"As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn't he a gray frieze coat, sir?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a *daunny*¹ bit short about the skirts, plase your honor?"

"Again he's at me. Sirrah, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra keg I seen, then, sir; the last keg I seen was——"

"Did you see a boy without a keg, answering to the description I gave you?"

"You gave no description of it, sir; but even if you did, when I didn't see it, how can I tell your honor anything about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain," exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—"where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us; but where is he?"

"Dad, I saw a boy, with a short frieze coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch."

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question, which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down along a lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion, then turning to the boy—"Come, come, my lad," said he, "you know that lie is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat

¹ *Daunny*, small.

could not have gone in that direction without our seeing it?"

"Bedad, an' I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a gray coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail; it's better than half an hour ago."

"The boy I speak of you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three—since he came inside the field."

"That my feet may grow to the ground, then, if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barrin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him that, in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle; the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and, with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a bait he could not resist—a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he seized him.

"Come, now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping."

"And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder.

"Why so?" replied Stinton; "we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me?" said the other, his features now relaxing into an appearance of such utter simplicity as would have made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger; "by no means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion—"the keg, my precious," again turning to the lad. "Oh! no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of anything but the purest simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright,"—having stripped the boy of his coat and turned it inside out, "there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you. Come, sir, tuck on, tuck on instantly; here, I shall assist you—up with your arms, straighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortable gray frieze; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humor, might be supposed to feel. The gauger in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condry (for it was, indeed, himself) furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again, "lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, an' I lost it; sure I'm lookin' afther it myself, so I am;" and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see any-

thing so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal?—you don't understand him now. Here, you simpleton: harkee, sirrah, there must be no playing the lapwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you, sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton, ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? Can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condyl, holding up his left, "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, anyhow, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it's carrying the thing a little *too far*," said the gauger; "in the meantime let us hear how you prove it."

"Aisy enough, sir," replied Condyl, "bekase I am left-handed; this," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condyl's countenance expanded, after he had spoken, into a grin so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm, that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influences.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day? Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long, and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement. "Hey, dey," he exclaimed, "what's the matter, what's the matter; what new joke is this?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other; "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick; perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself, at all events," observed Stinton.

"And shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright; "for, if your sagacity is overreached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere."

Now, in this contest between the gauger and Condy, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condy, during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark, barely visible, upon the hoar-frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a staunch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and, with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such rencounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whisky lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified as the other's was joyous and confident.

"Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he. "Whom is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"The sorra give you good of it," said Condy, sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Keerigan's my name," replied the other, indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it, nor afeard to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Keerigans of Killoghan?"

"Ay, jist, of the Keerigans of Killoghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton; "they are decent *in their way*;—but, come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question. Where were you bringing this whisky?"

"To a betther man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condyl, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gintleman, anyway," with a peculiar emphasis on the word gintleman.

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—Gauger Stinton."

The shrewd exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condyl for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condyl, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well, my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far; but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condyl, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him, "do you think you can make me turn informer? There's none of *that* blood in me, thank goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condyl, still out of temper; "but one thing I don't know, gintlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whisky or not."

"As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy; I'm Stinton."

"You, sir!" said Condyl, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask to see Miss Stinton; take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desire that keg to be placed to the right of the five gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion under my blunderbuss."

"Of coorse," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter, "I suppose I must; but somehow—"

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion. "And, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for such a weary trudge as I had wid it but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop, Cartwright, will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough."

They then mounted their horses, and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows:

"Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to overreach you yet?"

"No," replied the other; "the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg; for he lost his temper, and was no longer cool."

"For my part, hang me if I'd trust him."

"I should scruple to do so myself," replied the gauger, "but, as I said, these Keerigans—notorious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost about this very time. Besides, I read him to the heart and

he never winced. Yes, decidedly, the whisky was for me; of that I have no doubt whatsoever."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and re-examine him at all events."

Now Condry had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess forever attend you, Stinton, agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something *over you*—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind. If the ould boy hadn't his *croubs*¹ hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away wid the whisky, anyhow. Bedad, it's well I thought o' the Keerigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg in to him this week, some day,—and he didn't think I knew him aither. Faix it's many a long day since I knew the sharp *puss* of him wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me and do up all? And way, I'll prevint them from having suspicion on me, before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gintlemen," said he, "how do I know that aither of you is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whisky doesn't go to him I may lave the country."

"You are either a deeper rogue or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton; "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton I'd be very glad to lave you the whisky where it is, and even do without my breakfast. Gintlemen, tell me the truth, bekase I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why, you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicion both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

¹ *Croubs*, clumsy fingers.

"Bedad, thin, throe enough, I never thought of that at all at all; but I beg your pardon, gintlemen, an' I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that it's kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody."

"Do what I desire you," said the exciseman; "inquire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whisky will reach him."

"Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause, which was spoken in a soliloquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright; "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection."

That evening, about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger, to partake of his good cheer. A cold, frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than the generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

"That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad, who brought the key of the cellar, left here to-day."

"A keg!" repeated the daughter, with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg; I said so, I think."

"But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!"

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg!" echoed Cartwright.

"No keg! indeed," re-echoed Miss Stinton;—"but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five-gallon——"

"Oh!" groaned the gauger, "I'm knocked up, outwitted,—oh!"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright.

"Go on," said the gauger, "I must hear it out."

"As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "that he was to

get the five-gallon keg on the little stillion, under the blunderbuss, for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes, sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But, Maggy—hell and fury, hear me, child, surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five-gallon one that *was* in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

THE FATE OF FRANK M'KENNA.

There lived a man named M'Kenna at the hip of one of the mountainous hills which divide the county of Tyrone from that of Monaghan. This M'Kenna had two sons, one of whom was in the habit of tracing hares of a Sunday whenever there happened to be a fall of snow. His father, it seems, had frequently remonstrated with him upon what he considered to be a violation of the Lord's day, as well as for his general neglect of mass. The young man, however, though otherwise harmless and inoffensive, was in this matter quite insensible to paternal reproof, and continued to trace whenever the avocations of labor would allow him.

It so happened that upon a Christmas morning, I think in the year 1814, there was a deep fall of snow, and young M'Kenna, instead of going to mass, got down his cock-stick—which is a staff much thicker and heavier at one end than at the other—and prepared to set out on his favorite amusement. His father, seeing this, reproved him seriously, and insisted that he should attend prayers. His enthusiasm for the sport, however, was stronger than his love of religion, and he refused to be guided by his father's advice.

The old man during the altercation got warm; and on finding that the son obstinately scorned his authority, he knelt down and prayed that if the boy persisted in following his own will, he might never return from the mountains unless as a corpse.

The imprecation, which was certainly as harsh as it was impious and senseless, might have startled many a mind from a purpose that was, to say the least of it, at variance with religion and the respect due to a father. It had no effect, however, upon the son, who is said to have replied, that whether he ever returned or not, he was determined on going; and go accordingly he did. He was not, however, alone, for it appears that three or four of the neighboring young men accompanied him. Whether their sport was good or otherwise, is not to the purpose, neither am I able to say; but the story goes that towards the latter part of the day they started a larger and darker hare than any they had ever seen, and that she kept dodging on before them bit by bit, leading them to suppose that every succeeding cast of the cock-stick would bring her down. It was observed afterwards that she also led them into the recesses of the mountains, and that although they tried to turn her course homewards, they could not succeed in doing so. As evening advanced, the companions of M'Kenna began to feel the folly of pursuing her farther, and to perceive the danger of losing their way in the mountains should night or a snow-storm come upon them. They therefore proposed to give over the chase and return home; but M'Kenna would not hear of it. "If you wish to go home, you may," said he; "as for me, I'll never leave the hills till I have her with me." They begged and entreated of him to desist and return, but all to no purpose: he appeared to be what the Scotch call *fey*—that is, to act as if he were moved by some impulse that leads to death, and from the influence of which a man cannot withdraw himself. At length, on finding him invincibly obstinate, they left him pursuing the hare directly into the heart of the mountains, and returned to their respective homes.

In the meantime one of the most terrible snow-storms ever remembered in that part of the country came on, and the consequence was that the self-willed young man, who had equally trampled on the sanctities of religion and pa-

rental authority, was given over for lost. As soon as the tempest became still, the neighbors assembled in a body and proceeded to look for him. The snow, however, had fallen so heavily that not a single mark of a footstep could be seen. Nothing but one wide waste of white undulating hills met the eye wherever it turned, and of M'Kenna no trace whatever was visible or could be found. His father, now remembering the unnatural character of his imprecation, was nearly distracted; for although the body had not yet been found, still by every one who witnessed the sudden rage of the storm and who knew the mountains, escape or survival was felt to be impossible.

Every day for about a week large parties were out among the hill-ranges seeking him, but to no purpose. At length there came a thaw, and his body was found on a snow-wreath, lying in a supine posture within a circle which he had drawn around him with his cock-stick. His prayer-book lay opened upon his mouth, and his hat was pulled down so as to cover it and his face. It is unnecessary to say that the rumor of his death, and of the circumstances under which he left home, created a most extraordinary sensation in the country—a sensation that was the greater in proportion to the uncertainty occasioned by his not having been found either alive or dead. Some affirmed that he had crossed the mountains, and was seen in Monaghan; others, that he had been seen in Clones, in Emyvale, in Five-mile-town; but despite of all these agreeable reports, the melancholy truth was at length made clear by the appearance of the body as just stated.

Now, it so happened that the house nearest the spot where he lay was inhabited by a man named Daly, I think—but of the name I am not certain—who was a herd or care-taker to Dr. Porter, then Bishop of Clogher. The situation of this house was the most lonely and desolate-looking that could be imagined. It was at least two miles distant from any human habitation, being surrounded by one wide and dreary waste of dark moor. By this house lay the route of those who had found the corpse, and I believe the door of it was borrowed for the purpose of conveying it home. Be this as it may, the family witnessed the melancholy procession as it passed slowly through the mountains, and when the place and circumstances are all

considered, we may admit that to ignorant and superstitious people, whose minds, even upon ordinary occasions, were strongly affected by such matters, it was a sight calculated to leave behind it a deep, if not a terrible impression. Time soon proved that it did so.

An incident is said to have occurred at the funeral in fine keeping with the wild spirit of the whole melancholy event. When the procession had advanced to a place called Mullaghtinny, a large dark-colored hare, which was instantly recognized, by those who had been out with him on the hills, as the identical one that led him to his fate, is said to have crossed the roads about twenty yards or so before the coffin. The story goes, that a man struck it on the side with a stone, and that the blow, which would have killed any ordinary hare, not only did it no injury, but occasioned a sound to proceed from the body resembling the hollow one emitted by an empty barrel when struck.

In the meantime the interment took place and the sensation began, like every other, to die away in the natural progress of time, when, behold, a report ran abroad like wildfire that, to use the language of the people, "Frank M'Kenna was *appearing!*"

One night, about a fortnight after his funeral, the daughter of Daly the herd, a girl about fourteen, while lying in bed saw what appeared to be the likeness of M'Kenna, who had been lost. She screamed out, and covering her head with the bedclothes, told her father and mother that Frank M'Kenna was in the house. This alarming intelligence naturally produced great terror; still, Daly, who, notwithstanding his belief in such matters, possessed a good deal of moral courage, was cool enough to rise and examine the house, which consisted of only one apartment. This gave the daughter some courage, who, on finding that her father could not see him, ventured to look out, and she *then* could see nothing of him herself. She very soon fell asleep, and her father attributed what she saw to fear, or some accidental combination of shadows proceeding from the furniture, for it was a clear moonlight night. The light of the following day dispelled a great deal of their apprehensions, and comparatively little was thought of it until evening again advanced, when the fears of the daughter began to return,

They appeared to be prophetic, for she said when night came that she knew he would appear again; and accordingly at the same hour he did so. This was repeated for several successive nights, until the girl, from the very hardihood of terror, began to become so far familiarized to the specter as to venture to address it.

"In the name of God!" she asked, "what is troubling you, or why do you appear to me instead of to some of your own family or relations?"

The ghost's answer alone might settle the question involved in the authenticity of its appearance, being, as it was, an account of one of the most ludicrous missions that ever a spirit was dispatched upon.

"I'm not allowed," said he, "to spake to any of my friends, for I parted wid them in anger; but I'm come to tell you that they are quarrelin' about my breeches—a new pair that I got made for Christmas day; an' as I was comin' up to thrace in the mountains, I thought the ould one 'ud do bettther, an' of coorse I didn't put the new pair an me. My raison for appearin'," he added, "is, that you may tell my friends that none of them is to wear them—they must be given in charity."

This serious and solemn intimation from the ghost was duly communicated to the family, and it was found that the circumstances were exactly as it had represented them. This, of course was considered as sufficient proof of the truth of its mission. Their conversations now became not only frequent, but quite friendly and familiar. The girl became a favorite with the specter, and the specter, on the other hand, soon lost all his terrors in her eyes. He told her that whilst his friends were bearing home his body, the handspikes or poles on which they carried him had cut his back, and *occasioned him great pain!* The cutting of the back also was known to be true, and strengthened, of course, the truth and authenticity of their dialogues. The whole neighborhood was now in a commotion with this story of the apparition, and persons incited by curiosity began to visit the girl in order to satisfy themselves of the truth of what they had heard. Everything, however, was corroborated, and the child herself, without any symptoms of anxiety or terror, artlessly related her conversations with the spirit. Hitherto their interviews

had been all nocturnal, but now that the ghost found his footing made good, he put a hardy face on, and ventured to appear by daylight. The girl also fell into states of syncope, and while the fits lasted, long conversations with him upon the subject of God, the Blessed Virgin, and Heaven, took place between them. He was certainly an excellent moralist, and gave the best advice. Swearing, drunkenness, theft, and every evil propensity of our nature, were declaimed against with a degree of spectral eloquence quite surprising.

Common fame had now a topic dear to her heart, and never was a ghost made more of by his best friends than she made of him. The whole country was in a tumult, and I well remember the crowds which flocked to the lonely little cabin in the mountains, now the scene of matters so interesting and important. Not a single day passed in which I should think from ten to twenty, thirty, or fifty persons, were not present at these singular interviews. Nothing else was talked of, thought of, and, as I can well testify, dreamt of. I would myself have gone to Daly's were it not for a confounded misgiving I had, that perhaps the ghost might take such a fancy of appearing to *me*, as he had taken to cultivate an intimacy with the girl; and it so happens, that when I see the face of an individual nailed down in the coffin—chilling and gloomy operation!—I experience no particular wish to look upon it again.

The spot where the body of M'Kenna was found is now marked by a little heap of stones, which has been collected since the melancholy event of his death. Every person who passes it throws a stone upon the heap; but why this old custom is practiced, or what it means, I do not know, unless it be simply to mark the spot as a visible means of preserving the memory of the occurrence.

Daly's house, the scene of the supposed apparition, is now a shapeless ruin, which could scarcely be seen were it not for the green spot that once was a garden, and which now shines at a distance like an emerald, but with no agreeable or pleasing associations. It is a spot which no solitary schoolboy will ever visit, nor indeed would the unflinching believer in the popular nonsense of ghosts wish to pass it without a companion. It is, under any circumstances, a gloomy and barren place; but when looked upon

in connection with what we have just recited, it is lonely, desolate, and awful.

THE CURSE.

From 'Party Fight and Funeral.'

When he had been *keened* in the street, there being no hearse, the coffin was placed upon two handspikes which were fixed across, but parallel to each other, under it. These were borne by four men, one at the end of each, with the point of it touching his body a little below his stomach; in other parts of Ireland the coffin is borne on the shoulders, but this is more convenient and less distressing.

When we got out upon the road the funeral was of great extent—for Kelly had been highly respected. On arriving at the *merin*¹ which bounded the land he had owned, the coffin was laid down, and a loud and wailing *keena* took place over it. It was again raised, and the funeral proceeded in a direction which I was surprised to see it take, and it was not until an acquaintance of my brother's had explained the matter that I understood the cause of it. In Ireland, when a murder is perpetrated, it is usual, as the funeral proceeds to the graveyard, to bring the corpse to the house of him who committed the crime, and lay it down at his door, while the relations of the deceased kneel down, and, with an appalling solemnity, utter the deepest imprecations, and invoke the justice of Heaven on the head of the murderer. This, however, is usually omitted if the residence of the criminal be completely out of the line of the funeral, but if it be possible, by any circuit, to approach it, this dark ceremony is never omitted. In cases where the crime is doubtful, or unjustly imputed, those who are thus visited come out, and laying their right hand upon the coffin, protest their innocence of the blood of the deceased, calling God to witness the truth of their asseverations; but in cases where the crime is clearly proved against the murderer, the door is either closed, the ceremony repelled by violence, or the house abandoned by the inmates until the funeral passes.

¹ *Merin*, mark.

The death of Kelly, however, could not be actually, or, at least, directly, considered a murder, for it was probable that Grimes did not inflict the stroke with an intention of taking away his life, and besides, Kelly survived it four months. Grimes' house was not more than fifteen perches from the road; and when the corpse was opposite the little bridle-way that led up to it, they laid it down for a moment, and the relations of Kelly surrounded it, offering up a short prayer, with uncovered heads. It was then borne towards the house, whilst the *keening* commenced in a loud wailing cry, accompanied with clapping of hands, and every other symptom of external sorrow. But, independent of their compliance with this ceremony as an old usage, there is little doubt that the appearance of anything connected with the man who certainly occasioned Kelly's death awoke a keener and more intense sorrow for his loss. The wailing was thus continued until the coffin was laid opposite Grimes' door; nor did it cease then, but, on the contrary, was renewed with louder and more bitter lamentations.

As the multitude stood compassionating the affliction of the widow and orphans, it was the most impressive and solemn spectacle that could be witnessed. The very house seemed to have a condemned look; and, as a single wintry breeze waved a tuft of long grass that grew on a seat of turf at the side of the door, it brought the vanity of human enmity before my mind with melancholy force. When the *keening* ceased, Kelly's wife, with her children, knelt, their faces towards the house of their enemy, and invoked, in the strong language of excited passion, the justice of Heaven upon the head of the man who had left her a widow, and her children fatherless. I was anxious to know if Grimes would appear to disclaim the intention of murder; but I understood that he was at market—for it happened to be market day.

"Come out!" said the widow—"come out and look at the sight that's here before you! Come and view *your* own work! Lay but your hand upon the coffin, and the blood of him that your murdered will spout, before God and these Christhen people, in your guilty face! But, oh! may the Almighty God bring *this home to you!*¹—May

¹ Does not this usage illustrate the proverb of the guilt being brought home to a man when there is no doubt of his criminality?

you never lave this life, John Grimes, till worse nor has overtaken me and mine falls upon you and yours! May our curse light upon you this day;—the curse, I say, of the widow and the orphans, and that your bloody hand has made us, may it blast you! May you and all belonging to you wither off the 'arth! Night and day, sleeping and waking,—like snow off the ditch may you melt, until your name and your place will be disremembered, except to be cursed by them that will hear of you and your hand of murder! Amin, we pray God this day!—and the widow and orphan's prayer will not fall to the ground while your guilty head is above. Childher, did you all say it?"

At this moment a deep, terrific murmur, or rather ejaculation, corroborative of assent to this dreadful imprecation, pervaded the crowd in a fearful manner; their countenances darkened, their eyes gleamed, and their scowling visages stiffened into an expression of determined vengeance.

When these awful words were uttered, Grimes' wife and daughters approached the widow in tears, sobbing, at the same time, loudly and bitterly.

"You 're wrong," said the wife—"you 're wrong, Widow Kelly, in saying that my husband *murdered* him! he did *not* murder him; for, when you and yours were far from him, I heard John Grimes declare, before the God who's to judge him, that he had no thought or intention of taking his life; he struck him in anger, and the blow did him an injury that was not intended. Don't curse him, Honor Kelly," said she—"don't curse him so fearfully; but, above all, don't curse me and my innocent childher, for *we* never harmed you, nor wished you ill! *But it was this party work did it!* Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, in utter bitterness of spirit, "when will it be ended between friends and neighbors, that ought to live in love and kindness together, instead of fighting in this blood-thirsty manner!"

She then wept more violently, as did her daughters.

"May God give me mercy in the last day, Mrs. Kelly, as I pity from my heart and soul you and your orphans," she continued; "but don't curse us, for the love of God—for you know we should forgive our enemies, as we ourselves, that are the enemies of God, hope to be forgiven."

"May God forgive me, then, if I have wronged you or your husband," said the widow, softened by their distress; "but you know that, whether he intended his life or not, the stroke he gave him has left my childher without a father, and myself dissolate. Oh, heavens above me!" she exclaimed, in a scream of distraction and despair, "is it possible—is it thrue—that my manly husband, the best father that ever breathed the breath of life, my own Denis, is lying dead—murdered before my eyes! Put your hands on my head, some of you—put your hands on my head, or it will go to pieces. Where are you, Denis, where are you, the strong of hand, and the tender of heart? Come to me, darling, I want you in my distress. I want comfort, Denis; and I'll take it from none but yourself, for kind was your word to me in all my afflictions!"

All present were affected; and, indeed, it was difficult to say whether Kelly's wife or Grimes' was more to be pitied at the moment. The affliction of the latter and of her daughters was really pitiable: their sobs were loud, and the tears streamed down their cheeks like rain. When the widow's exclamations had ceased, or rather were lost in the loud cry of sorrow which was uttered by the *keeners* and friends of the deceased, they, too, standing somewhat apart from the rest, joined in it bitterly; and the solitary wail of Mrs. Grimes, differing in character from that of those who had been trained to modulate the most profound grief into strains of a melancholy nature, was particularly wild and impressive. At all events, her Christian demeanor, joined to the sincerity of her grief, appeased the enmity of many; so true is it that a soft answer turneth away wrath. I could perceive, however, that the resentment of Kelly's male relations did not at all appear to be in any degree moderated.

PADDY CORCORAN'S WIFE.

Paddy Corcoran's wife was for several years afflicted with a kind of complaint which nobody could properly understand. She was sick, and she was not sick; she was well, and she was not well; she was as ladies wish to be who love their lords, and she was not as such ladies

wish to be. In fact nobody could tell what the matter with her was. She had a gnawing at the heart which came heavily upon her husband; for, with the help of God, a keener appetite than the same gnawing amounted to could not be met with of a summer's day. The poor woman was delicate beyond belief, and had no appetite at all, so she hadn't, barring a little relish for a mutton-chop, or a "staik," or a bit o' mait, anyway; for sure, God help her! she hadn't the laist inclination for the dhry pratie, or the dhrop o' sour buttermilk along wid it, especially as she was so poorly; and, indeed, for a woman in her condition—for, sick as she was, poor Paddy always was made to believe her in *that* condition—but God's will be done! she didn't care. A pratie an' a grain o' salt was as welcome to her—glory be to his name!—as the best roast an' boiled that ever was dressed; and why not? There was one comfort: she wouldn't be long wid him—long troublin' him; it matthered little what she got; but sure she knew herself, that from the gnawin' at her heart, she could never do good widout the little bit o' mait now and then; an', sure if her own husband begridged it to her, who else had she a better right to expect it from?

Well, as we have said, she lay a bedridden invalid for long enough, trying doctors and quacks of all sorts, sexes, and sizes, and all without a farthing's benefit, until, at the long run, poor Paddy was nearly brought to the last pass, in striving to keep her in "the bit o' mait." The seventh year was now on the point of closing, when, one harvest day, as she lay bemoaning her hard condition, on her bed beyond the kitchen fire, a little *weeshy* woman, dressed in a neat red cloak, comes in, and, sitting down by the hearth, says:

"Well, Kitty Corcoran, you've had a long lair of it there on the broad o' yer back for seven years, an' you're jist as far from bein' cured as ever."

"Mavrone, ay," said the other; "in throth that's what I was this minnit thinkin' ov, and a sorrowful thought it's to me."

"It's yer own fau't, thin," says the little woman; "an', indeed, for that matter, it's yer fau't that ever you wor there at all."

"Arra, how is that?" asked Kitty; "sure I wouldn't

be here if I could help it? Do you think it's a comfort or a pleasure to me to be sick and bedridden?"

"No," said the other, "I do not; but I'll tell you the truth: for the last seven years you have been annoying us. I am one o' the good people; an' as I have a regard for you, I'm come to let you know the *raison* why you've been sick so long as you are. For all the time you've been ill, if you'll take the thrubble to remimber, your childhre threwn out yer dirty wather afther dusk an' before sunrise, at the very time we're passin' yer door, which we pass twice a-day. Now, if you avoid this, if you throw it out in a different place, an' at a different time, the complaint you have will lave you: so will the gnawin' at the heart; an' you'll be as well as ever you wor. If you don't follow this advice, why, remain as you are, an' all the art o' man can't cure you." She then bade her good-bye, and disappeared.

Kitty, who was glad to be cured on such easy terms, immediately complied with the injunction of the fairy; and the consequence was, that the next day she found herself in as good health as ever she enjoyed during her life.

MISS CASEY (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE).

(1848—1894.)

ELIZABETH OWENS BLACKBURNE CASEY, generally known as E. Owens Blackburne, was born in 1848, in Slane, County Meath. She lost her sight when eleven years old, and was blind for many years. The late Sir William Wilde, however, happily succeeded in restoring her sight.

In 1873 she went to London, and after a hard struggle succeeded in obtaining for herself a recognized position. For twenty years Miss Casey contributed various articles to newspapers and periodicals, but she was best known as a novelist. Among other books she wrote the following: 'The Love that Loves Alway,' 'Aunt Delia's Heir,' 'The Glen of Silver Birches,' 'In the Vale of Honey,' 'Shadows in the Sunlight,' 'A Modern Parrhasius,' 'A Woman Scorned,' 'The Way Women Love,' 'A Chronicle of Barham,' which appeared in *The Quiver* for 1878; 'Molly Carew,' and others. She was also author of 'Illustrious Irishwomen,' an excellent work, and a collection of her fugitive stories, under the title 'A Bunch of Shamrocks,' was published in 1879.

Her stories are mostly occupied with descriptions of Irish peasant life, in which she was so thoroughly at home that she has been compared to Carleton. They are for the most part dramatic and picturesque; and she understood well the art of weaving a plot which should hold the reader's interest.

In her later days she became very poor and was almost destitute. She received assistance from the Royal Bounty Fund and returned to Dublin, where she was accidentally burned to death in April, 1894.

BIDDY BRADY'S BANSHEE.

From 'A Bunch of Shamrocks.'

"Arrah, thin!—an' did yeh nivir hear tell av 'Biddy Brady's Banshee'? Shure, iviry wan for three parishes roun' was talkin' about it! Bedad, it was th' grandest piece av fun ivir happened in th' place, and only jist t' mintion it t' ould Biddy Brady is like shakin' a red rag at a bull! It's she that gets mad av yeh ask her av she ivir seen a banshee!

"Yis! alannah machree, I'll tell yeh the story. Shure no wan knows it betther nor meself, for wasn't I there th' day Father Connor found out all about it, so here it's for yeh!

"Well—four years ago whin ould Paddy Brady was

dyin'—he died av an indigestion av th' lung, ma'am—at laist, that 's what th' docthor sed, but ould Rosy Finnegan, that 's a very knowledgable ould woman, sez that it wasn't that at all, but a demur in his back,¹ or aither that or a fallin' av his breastbone,² an' sure it 's as like as not that Rosy was right, for sure she 's been raisin' breastbones for th' last thirty years. An' th' sorra much docthors knows afther all! Throth, ma'am, it 's my belief, an' Biddy Brady's too, that poor Paddy—God rest his sowl this blessed day!—'ud be here alive an' hearty now, av th' docthor had only let ould Rosy Finnegan clap a plaster av ivy laves an' goose-grase an th' small av his back! But no! bedad! Docthor Joyce wouldn't, an' so among them poor Paddy Brady was kilt all out!

"Ah! Yis. Th' docthors, wid ther new-fangled ways, don't like people t' be cured so aisy. That 's about th' thruth av it; but, faix! it 's many and many 's th' fine cure I seen done an a sore eye wid th' nine blessed dawks from th' whitethorn be th' Holy Well there beyant pinte at it, in the name av th' Blessed Thrinity! Ay, faix! many 's th' wan; an' many 's th' child bewitched be th' fairies, and wastin' away, that I seen th' charm bruk be feedin' the crathur wid milk from goats that fed an a fairy mountain. But there 's no use in tellin' that t' th' docthors; they 're too consaited, an' consait 's a bad thing in any dacint Christian, lettin' alone docthors.

"Och! Here I am now discoorsin' out av me—but, shure! it 's no wondher, for it 's not ivry day I get a lady like yerself t' listen t' me—an' I 'm forgettin' all about ould Biddy Brady's banshee! Well, I was tellin' yeh, ma'am, that ould Paddy Brady—the heavens be his bed this blessed day, for th' sorra dacinter nabor ivir dhrew th' breath av life, though I 'm his mother's third-cousin that sez it!—yis, ould Paddy Brady died, lavin' Biddy wid a fine big lump av a boy av nineteen. He was six fut high, wid a fine healthy face as roun' an' as red as th' sun in a

¹ "Demur in the back," i. e. lumbago.

² "Falling of the breastbone." This imaginary complaint is cured in the following manner: Some oil is burned in a cup, and the air exhausted, and the upturned cup placed over the region of the heart, while the operator mutters some prayers. Not long ago a man died in the north of Ireland who had amassed a considerable sum of money by "raising the breastbone."

fog an th' top av th' mountain over there, an' a fine thick head av carrotty hair an him. I dunno whether yeh know it or not, ma'am, but ould Biddy and Paddy nivir had but th' wan child—boy nor girl, nor any soort—an' shure, what d'ye think but Biddy always kep *gommochin* afther him, an' thratin' him like a child, and he nineteen years av age!

"I was at poor ould Paddy's wake—his sowl to glory—an' Biddy was sittin' in th' middle av the flure, wid her cloak on, an' a little new shawl pinned over her cap, an' a white pocket-handkercher in her hand, an' she rockin' herself backwards and forwards, an' she takin' up th' keen now an' agin. Now I don't care much for ould Biddy Brady, but I'll say this much for her, ma'am, that a nicer-behaved woman at a husband's wake I nivir seen. The corpse, too, was laid out beautiful. It was waked in the kitchen, and bekase th' bed was fixed in th' wall av the room Tom Doolan, th' *boccaty*¹ carpenter, lint two nine-foot planks, that wor covered wid sheets, an' did beautiful, an' th' inds av them that stuck out med sates for some av the nabors. Ay, indeed, an' it was on that very sate that Christy Brady, ould Biddy's son, ma'am, was sittin' beside Judy Blake, not that he was givin' her much dis-coorse; he was too well behaved t' talk much at his ould father's wake; that wouldn't be right behavior.

"'Biddy, acushla,' sez I to her, 'it's you that ought t' be th' proud woman, t' have such a fine boy as Christy t' look afther th' bit av land for yeh.'

"'Yis, Peggy darlint, so I am,' sez she, fouldin' up her pocket-handerkercher jist like a lady, an' sittin' up very straight, 'but I'm thinkin' it's not this dirty bit av land that Christy'll be mindin'!'

"'Arrah, no?' sez I, an' we all looked at her.

"'Bekase,' sez she, tuckin' her cloak roun' her, as grand as yeh plaze, 'Christy's goin t' be a gintleman, he's goin' t' be a priest! I can tell yez all we're not th' common soort av people yez always thought we war.'

"'Och! poor ould Biddy,' sez Rosy Finnegan t' me in a whisper, 'she was always quare, but she's goin' aff av her head intirely wid the loss av poor ould Paddy.'

"'Throth, Biddy,' sez Tom Doolan, that lint th' planks,

¹ *Boccaty*, lame.

'no wan in th' parish cud ivir even anythin' t' you or yours but th' hoighth av dacincy an' behavior.'

"'We've more nor behavior, I can tell yeh, Tom Doolan,' sez ould Biddy, wid a shake av her head, 'it's grandheur we have. It's a banshee we have follyin' th' family. Take that now!'

"'It's as thrue as you 're sittin' there, Tom,' sez Christy, all av a suddint from the corner, 'me and me mother and me poor father—God rest his sowl—heard it three nights runnin' afore me father died.'

"'Bedad he did,' sez Biddy; 'the first night I heerd it I thought I heerd somethin' scrapin' or tappin' at th' windy, so I wint over an' opened it, an' there in th' light av the moon I seen a little ould woman dhressed all in red. Well, th' minit she seen me she gev a schreech an' run away down by th' boreen. "Christy, alannah," sez I, "it's a banshee." "Thru for you, mother," sez he, "so it is," an' wid that he run out afther it, an' was a good two hours lookin' about, but th' sorra bit av it he cud see.'

"'An' did ye see it agin, Biddy?' sez Tom Doolan.

"'Yis, agrah, yis,' sez Biddy Brady, 'twict it kem an' gev th' same schreech. So I med Christy rub his fingers wid a bit av the blessed candle, an' gev him the holy wather to sprinkle her wid—but not a bit av her cud he find.'

"'Bedad I'll ketch her yet,' sez Christy, 'av any wan does. I'm detarmined not t' have her comin' and disturbin' me pace a'thout knowin' th' raison why.'

"'Arrah, Christy,' sez ould Rosy Finnegan, 'shure it's aisy seein' what brought th' banshee—shure it kem for yer poor father, God be good t' him. But bedad, Biddy, it's a great day for yeh t' have a banshee followin' th' family.'

"'It's only people whose aunt's sisthers wor kings and queens, that does have banshees in th' family,' sez Tom Doolan; and mind yeh, ma'am, Tom has a power av larnin', and can say Latin again' Father Connor, for Tom wanst used to sarve Mass; 'but I don't rimimber,' sez he, 'any king av the name av Brady, nor a queen nayther. There was a King O'Tool, that was made into a church be raison iv a charm St. Kevin put an him; an' there was the Queen av Sheeby—but I'm not right shure that she was pure Irish.'

“‘Not she,’ sez Pat Gaffney, ‘she cudn’t be more than half Irish. Sure “sheeby” is only th’ half av “shebeen.”’

“‘Throth, yer right there, Pat,’ sez Tom Doolan; ‘but let me think—there was King Solomon.’

“‘No, asthore machree, no,’ sez Biddy Brady. ‘It wasn’t King Solomon, for I wanst heerd Father O’Connor tell that he wanted t’ cut a baby in two halves, an’ th’ nerra a dacint Brady id ivir think av doin’ such an onchristian thing. No, agraph, it wasn’t King Solomon that was th’ first av th’ Bradys.’

“‘I know who it was,’ sez Pat Gaffney; ‘it was Brian Boru. Shure, Brian Boru and Brady is as like as two pays.’

“‘Holy Saint Dennis! look at th’ corpse!’ schreeches out Rosy Finnegan; ‘it’s risin’ up from th’ dead t’ say that it’s throe about Brian Boru!’

“‘Faix, ma’am, we all schreeched an’ no wondher, for th’ corpse stood up nearly sthraight, an’ med a dash out at poor ould Biddy that was sittin’, as I tould yeh, ma’am, right in the middle av th’ flure.

“‘But, shure, it didn’t come t’ life at all; it was only Christy Brady an’ little Judy Blake that laned too heavy on the ind av th’ plank th’ wor sittin’ on, an’ thin th’ other ind wint up an’ threwn out th’ corpse.

“‘Well, ma’am, poor ould Paddy Brady—God rest his sowl—was berried th’ next Sunday—that was th’ next day—an’ poor ould Biddy was near half dead from not gettin’ over th’ fright av the corpse flyin’ at her.

“‘Troth, I’m afeard,’ sez she, ‘that it’s wantin’ th’ rites I’ll be meself afore long; an’ maybe it’s a saucer av snuff an me buzzom an’ two mould candles at me head ye’ll see afore th’ year is out. It was a mortal bad sign for th’ corpse t’ make a grab at me.’

“‘Well,’ sez I, ‘there is some thruth in that. An’ are ye in airnest, Biddy, about makin’ Christy a priest?’

“‘Och, bedad I am, he’s a gintleman born; I know that from the banshee, the Lord betchune uz an’ all harm. So he must be eddicated like wan.’

“‘About a fortnight afther ould Paddy was berried, I was doin’ a bit av washin’ wan day, whin who comes in but ould Biddy Brady.

“‘God save yeh, kindly,’ sez she, comin’ in.

“‘Amin; th’ same t’ you, Biddy,’ sez I; ‘yer welcome, acushla! sit down.’

“‘Peggy,’ sez she, an’ she sittin’ an the settle-bed be th’ side av th’ harth, ‘I’m in desp’rate throuble intirely.’

“‘Arrah, what about?’ sez I. ‘Shure it’s not about poor Paddy—God be good t’ him—for he always minded his duty an’ confession, an’ ye have that little red heifer t’ give Father Connor for masses for his sowl.’

“‘No, Peggy, it’s not about Paddy—God rest him—I’m aisy in me mind about him, for a red heifer is as much as cud be expected from a poor widda woman, an’ I’m thinkin’ maybe they’ll throw in th’ good blood av th’ Bradys. But it’s about the banshee.’

“‘Saints above!’ sez I, ‘an’ did it come agin?’

“‘Come!’ she sez, ‘och! bedad it did! Nine times it kem, and nine times Christy follied it wid the holy wather, but th’ sorra bit cud he ketch it.’

“‘Bedad! it’s quare all out,’ sez I.

“‘Begorra, it is!’ sez she; ‘so I jist wint up an’ towld Father Connor about it—it’s he that’s the dacint priest!—an’ t’ night, Peggy, he’s goin’ t’ watch an’ see if he can’t say a charm agin th’ banshee. An’ I’m not t’ tell Christy,’ he sez; ‘an’ I want yeh t’ come up an’ be there, Peggy, acushla, av it comes.’

“‘Troth, I will,’ sez I.

“‘An’ what d’ye think,’ sez she, ‘but Christy, that I hardly ivir let out av me sight an’ was rarin’ up t’ be a credit t’ th’ blood av th’ Bradys, he sez now that he won’t be a priest, but that he’ll git married! Troth! me hart’s near bruk between him an’ th’ banshee, only it’s such a dacint thing t’ have in th’ family.’

“Well, ma’am, I wint up t’ ould Biddy Brady’s that evenin’, and it was a Christmas Eve. Christy was there, an’ he not knowin’ a word about Father Connor. We had some punch, and th’ sorra word we sed about the banshee. Meself was thinkin’ it wasn’t comin’ at all; or that, maybe, th’ nine times was th’ charm; an’ that somewan was t’ die afther that—whin, all av a suddint, me blood run cowlid wid hearin’ a schreech roun’ be th’ boreen! Ould Biddy got all av a thrimble, an’ began sayin’ her bades as fast as she cud, for there was schreech after schreech until th’ kem t’ th’ very doore.

“‘Gi’ me the holy wather, mother!’ sez Christy, takin’ it an’ makin’ a run at the doore. But jist as he opened it, who walks in but Father Connor wi’ little Judy Blake.

“‘Och! bedad, it’s thrue as yer there, ma’am. It nivir was a banshee at all; only little Judy Blake, wid her mother’s ould red cloak roun’ her, an’ her arms all bare an’ white. An’ th’ whole raison av it was that Biddy Brady kep’ such a sharp eye after her big lump av a son that he had no other way av coortin’ Judy Blake. So he tould Father Connor afore us all, an’ Father Connor gave thim a sermon about frightenin’ people.

“‘Och! yer rivirence! an’ isn’t it too bad,’ sez Biddy, ‘an’ he cut out for a priest! He looks that ginteel av a Sunda’ whin he’s shaved an’ has his clane shirt an, that he looks th’ very moral av yerself, yer rivirence!’

“‘No, Biddy,’ sez his rivirence; ‘I don’t think that Christy’s cut out for a priest. Shure a priest ’ud nivir think av runnin’ afther th’ girls.’

“‘Thru, for yer rivirence,’ sez Biddy.

“‘Now, Biddy,’ sez Father Connor, ‘yeh must make it up wid th’ two young people, for at this blessed Christmas time yeh must forgive and forgit.’

“‘So, ma’am, there was a great laugh at them all in th’ chapel-yard, afther mass on Christmas Day. An’ at last Biddy used t’ get mad whin anythin’ was sed, for shure she didn’t like t’ be chated out av her grandheur. But no wan in th’ parish can help laughin’ whin anywan talks about ‘Biddy Brady’s Banshee.’”

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

(1846—1870.)

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY, the son of a peasant farmer, was born near Mullingar, Westmeath, Aug. 22, 1846. His first poem appeared in *The Nation*, under his afterward well-known *nom-de-plume* of "Leo," when he was sixteen years old. He began life as a merchant's clerk; but later gave up business for literature. In 1866 a first collection of his poems was issued, entitled 'A Wreath of Shamrocks,' and was received with great favor in Ireland and America; some London critics even overlooking its political bias because of its literary qualities.

He was imprisoned as a Fenian in 1867 and died in consequence of his sufferings in 1870. While he was in prison in 1869, a second collection of his poems was published under the title 'The Rising of the Moon.'

His sad fate, as well as the interest in his poetry, which is full of fire and sweetness, attracted to his funeral an enormous concourse of mourners—50,000 it is said. He was one of the few poets produced by the Fenian movement.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

A.D. 1798.

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush! *ma bouchal*, hush, and listen;"
And his cheeks were all a-glow:
"I bear ordhers from the Captain—
Get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together
At the risin' of the moon."

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Where the gath'rin' is to be?"
"In the ould spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token
Whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
By the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching thro' that night;
Many a manly chest was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.

Murmurs passed along the valleys,
 Like the *banshee's* lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the risin' of the moon.

There, beside the singing river,
 That dark mass of men were seen—
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved "Green;"
 "Death to ev'ry foe and traitor!
 Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
 'T is the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poor Old Ireland,
 And full bitter was their fate;
 (Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
 Fill the name of 'Ninety-Eight!)
 Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
 Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
 Who would follow in their footsteps
 At the risin' of the moon!

GRACIE OG MACHREE.¹

SONG OF THE "WILD GEESE."

I placed the silver in her palm,
 By Inny's smiling tide,
 And vowed, ere summer time came on,
 To claim her as a bride.
 But when the summer time came on,
 I dwelt beyond the sea;
 Yet still my heart is ever true
 To *Gracie Og Machree*.

O bonnie are the woods of Targ,
 And green thy hills, Rathmore,
 And soft the sunlight ever falls
 On Darre's sloping shore;
 And there the eyes I love—in tears
 Shine ever mournfully,
 While I am far, and far away
 From *Gracie Og Machree*.

¹ *Gracie óg mo-chroidhe*, young Gracie of my heart.

When battle-steeds were neighing loud,
 With bright blades in the air,
 Next to my inmost heart I wore
 A bright tress of her hair.
 When stirrup-cups were lifted up
 To lips, with soldier glee,
 One toast I always fondly pledged,
 'T was *Gracie Og Machree*.

O I may never, never clasp
 Again, her lily hand,
 And I may find a soldier's grave
 Upon a foreign strand;
 But when the heart pulse beats the last,
 And death takes hold of me,
 One word shall part my dying lips,
 Thy name, *Astor Machree*.¹

DONAL KENNY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
 Or else the 'Lasses on the heather,'
 And, Mary, lay aside your wheel
 Until we dance once more together.
 At fair and pattern ² oft before
 Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
 But ne'er again this loved old floor
 Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she rose and took his hand,
 And softly glided through the measure,
 While, clustering round, the village band
 Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
 Warm blessings flowed from every lip
 As ceased the dancers' airy motion:
 O Blessed Virgin! guide the ship
 Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed,
 Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
 "God guard you well, *avic*," they cried,
 "Upon the strange path you are going."

¹ *A-stóir mo-chroidhe*, O treasure of my heart.

² *Pattern*, patron saint, a saint's day.

So full his breast, he scarce could speak.
With burning grasp the stretched hands taking,
He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
For sake of all the days passed over—
The days you spent on heath and bawn
With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.
Mary, *agra*, your soft brown eye
Has willed my fate" (he whispered lowly);
"Another holds thy heart: good bye!
Heaven grant you both its blessings holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
A rush across the moonlit meadow,
Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
The mossy breen wrapped in shadow;
Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
And far beyond the Inny river;
One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
And Donal Kenny's gone for ever.

.

The breezes whistled through the sails,
O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving,
And smothered groans and bursting wails
Told all the grief and pain of leaving.
One form among that exiled band
Of parting sorrow gave no token,
Still was his breath, and cold his hand:
For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

MRS. EGERTON CASTLE.

AGNES EGERTON CASTLE is a sister of Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis) and of Elinor Sweetman. Like her sisters, she was educated at home and in Brussels. She married Anthony Egerton Castle in 1883 and has collaborated with him in much of his work. Her independent work is 'My Little Lady Anne,' several plays for children, and magazine stories in *Temple Bar*, *Cornhill*, and *Macmillan's*.

In collaboration with her husband, she wrote 'The Pride of Jenico,' 1897, of which over 100,000 copies have been sold in England and America; 'The Bath Comedy,' 1898, a dramatized version of which has been secured by Mr. David Belasco; 'The House of Romance' (collected short stories), 1900; and 'The Secret Orchard,' 1901, a dramatized version of which was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

From 'Temple Bar.'

As he stood turning the seething brew of his dark thoughts, there came a pair of knowing raps upon the street door, and in upon him strode, with cheery step and cry, the friends he was expecting.

"Ah, Jasper, lad," cried Tom Stafford, and struck him upon the shoulder, "lying in wait for us? Gad, you are a bloodthirsty fellow!"

"And quite right," said Colonel Villiers, clinking spurred legs, and flinging off a military cloak. "Zounds, man, would you have him sit down in his dishonor?"

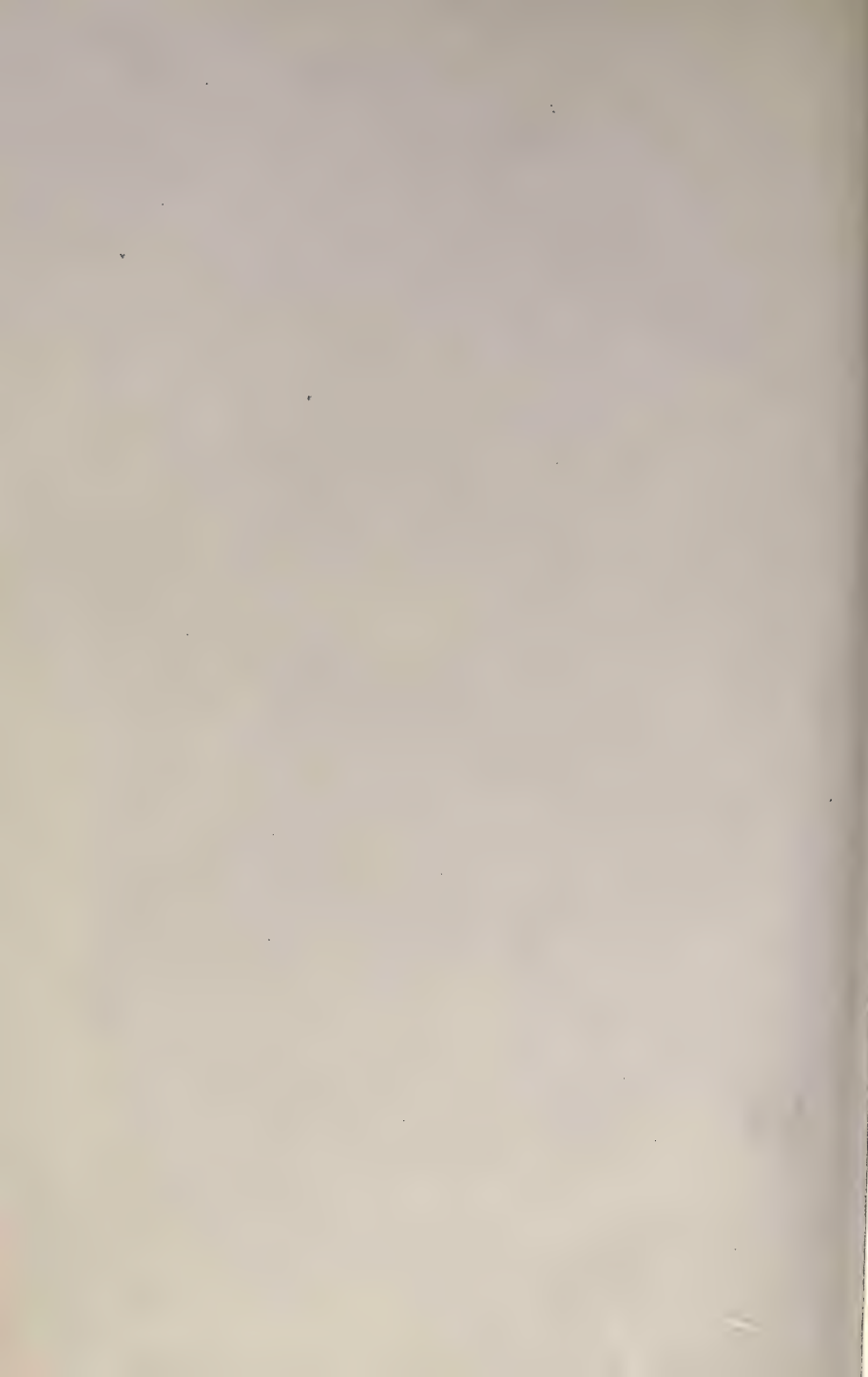
Sir Jasper stretched a hand to each, and, holding him by the elbows, they entered his private apartment, and closed the door with such carefulness that the tall footmen had no choice but to take it in turns to listen and peep through the keyhole.

"Tom," said Sir Jasper, "Colonel Villiers, when I begged you to favor me with this interview, I was anxious for your services because, as I told you, of a strong suspicion of Lady Standish's infidelity to me. Now, gentlemen, doubt is no longer possible; I have the proofs!"

"Come, come, Jasper, never be downhearted," cried jovial Tom Stafford. "Come, sir, you have been too fond of the little dears in your day not to know what tender, yielding creatures they are. 'Tis their nature, man; and



AGNES EGERTON CASTLE



then, must they not follow the mode? Do you want to be the only husband in Bath whose wife is not in the fashion? Tut, tut, so long as you can measure a sword for it and let a little blood, why, 't is all in the day's fun!"

"Swords?" gurgled Colonel Villiers. "No, no, pistols are the thing, boy. You are never sure with your sword; 't is but a dig in the ribs, a slash in the arm, and your pretty fellow looks all the prettier for his pallor, and is all the more likely to get prompt consolation in the proper quarter. Ha!"

"Consolation!" cried Sir Jasper, as if the word were a blow. "Ay, consolation! damnation!"

"Whereas your bullet," said the Colonel, "in the lungs, or the brain—at your choice—the job is done as neat as can be. Are you a good hand at the barkers, Jasper?"

"Oh, I can hit a haystack!" said Sir Jasper. But he spoke vaguely.

"I am for swords, whenever you can," cried comely Stafford, crossing a pair of neat legs as he spoke, and caressing one rounded calf with a loving hand. "'T is a far more genteel weapon. Oh, for the feel of the blades, the pretty talk, as it were, of one with the other! 'Ha, have I got you now, my friend?'—'Ha, would you step between me and my wife, or my mistress, or my pleasure?'—as the case may be. 'Would you? I will teach you, sa—sa!' Now—now one in the ribs, one under that presuming heart! Let the red blood flow, see it drop from the steel: that is something like! Pistols, what of them? Pooh! Snap! you blow a pill into the air, and 't is like enough you have to swallow it yourself! 'T is for apothecaries, I say, and such as have not been brought up to the noble and gentlemanly art of self-defense."

"Silence, Tom!" growled the Colonel; "here is no matter for jesting. This friend of ours has had a mortal affront, has he not? 'T is established. Shall he not mortally avenge himself upon him who has robbed him of his honor? That is the case, is it not? And, blast me! is not the pistol the deadlier weapon, and therefore the most suited? Hey?"

Sir Jasper made an inarticulate sound that might have passed for assent or dissent, or merely as an expression of excessive discomfort or feeling.

"To business, then," cried Colonel Villiers. "Shall I wait upon Lord Verney, and suggest pistols at seven o'clock to-morrow morning in Hammer's Fields? That is where I generally like to place such affairs: snug enough to be out of disturbers' way, and far enough to warm the blood with a brisk walk. Gad, 't was but ten days ago that I saw poor Ned Waring laid as neatly on his back by Lord Tipstaffe (him they call Topsy Tip, you know) as ever was done. As pretty a fight! Six paces, egad, and Ned, as determined a dog as a fellow could want to second. 'Villiers,' said he, as I handed him his saw-handle, 'if I do not do for him, may he do for me! One of us must kill the other,' said he. 'T was all about Mistress Waring, you know—dashed pretty woman! Poor Ned, he made a discovery something like yours, eh? Faith! ha, ha! And, devil take it, sir, Tip had him in the throat at the first shot, and Ned's bullet took off Tipstaffe's right curl! Jove, it was a shave! Ned never spoke again. Ah, leave it to me; see if I do not turn you out as rare a meeting."

"But stay," cried Stafford, as Sir Jasper writhed in his arm-chair, clenched and unclenched furious hands, and felt the curl of red hair burn him where he had thrust it into his bosom. "Stay," cried Stafford, "we are going too fast, I think. Do I not understand from our friend here, that he called Lord Verney a rat? Sir Jasper is therefore the insulting party, and must wait for Lord Verney's action in the matter."

"I protest!" cried the Colonel. "The first insult was Lord Verney's, in compromising our friend's wife."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Stafford, recrossing his legs to bring the left one into shapely prominence this time, "that is but the insult incidental. But to call a man a rat, that is the insult direct. Jasper is therefore the true challenger—the other has the choice of arms. It is for Lord Verney to send to our friend."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, growing redder about the gills than nature and port wine had already made him, "sir, would you know better than I?"

"Gentlemen," said Sir Jasper, sitting up suddenly, "as I have just told you, since I craved of your kindness that you would help me in this matter, I have made discoveries that alter the complexion of the affair very materially. I

have reason to believe that, if Lord Verney be guilty in this matter, it is in a very minor way. You know what they call in France *un chandelier*. Indeed, it is my conviction—such is female artfulness—that he has merely been made a puppet of to shield another person. It is this person I must find first, and upon him that my vengeance must fall before I can attend to any other business. Lord Verney, indeed, has already sent to me, but his friend, Captain Spicer, a poor fool (somewhat weak in the head, I believe), left suddenly, without our coming to any conclusion. Indeed, I do not regret it—I do not seek to fight with Lord Verney now. Gentlemen,” said Sir Jasper, rising and drawing the letter from his breast, “gentlemen, I shall neither eat nor sleep till I have found out the owner of this curl!”

He shook out the letter as he spoke, and fiercely thrust the tell-tale love-token under the noses of his amazed friends. “It is a red-haired man, you see! There lives no red-haired man in Bath but him I must forthwith spit and plug, lest the villain escape me!”

Colonel Villiers started to his feet with a growl like that of a tiger aroused from slumber.

“Zounds!” he exclaimed, “an insult!”

“How!” cried Jasper, turning upon him and suddenly noticing the sandy hue of his friend’s bushy eyebrows. “You, good God? You? Pooh, pooh, impossible, and yet. . . . Colonel Villiers, sir,” cried Sir Jasper in awful tones, “did you write this letter? Speak—yes or no, man! Speak, or must I drag the words from your throat?”

Purple and apoplectic passion well-nigh stifled Colonel Villiers.

“Stafford, Stafford,” he spluttered, “you are witness. These are gross affronts—affronts which shall be wiped out.”

“Did you write that letter? Yes or no!” screamed Sir Jasper, shaking the offending document in the Colonel’s convulsed countenance.

“I?” cried the Colonel, and struck away Sir Jasper’s hand with a furious blow, “I? I write such brimstone nonsense? No, sir! Now, Sir Jasper, how dare you ask me such a question?”

“No,” said Sir Jasper, “of course not. Ah, I am a fool,

Villiers! Forgive me. There's no quarrel between us. No, of course it could not be you. With that nose, your waistcoat, your sixty years! Gad, I am going mad!"

"Why, man," said Stafford, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "Villiers has not so much hair on his head as you hold in your hand there. Off with your wig, Villiers, off with your wig, and let your bald pate proclaim its shining innocence."

The gallant gentleman thus addressed was by this time black in the face. Panting as to breath, disjointed as to speech, his fury had nevertheless its well-defined purpose.

"I have been insulted, I have been insulted," he gasped; "the matter cannot end here. Sir Jasper, you have insulted me. I am a red-haired man, sir. I shall send a friend to call upon you."

"Nay, then," said Sir Jasper, "since 't is so between us I will even assure myself that Tom has spoken the truth, and give you something to fight for!" He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and plucked the wig from Colonel Villiers' head.

Before him indeed spread so complete an expanse of hairless candor that further evidence was not necessary; yet the few limp hairs that lingered behind the Colonel's ears, if they had once been ruddy, shone now meekly silver in the candlelight.

"I thank you," said Sir Jasper; "that is sufficient. When you send your friend to call upon me, I shall receive him with pleasure." He handed back the Colonel's wig with a bow.

The Colonel stood trembling; his knotted hand instinctively fumbled for his sword. But, remembering perhaps that this was eminently a case for pistols, he bethought himself, seized his wig, clapped it on defiantly, settled it with minute care, glared, wheeled round and left the room, muttering as he went remarks of so sulphurous a nature as to defy recording.

Sir Jasper did not seem to give him another thought. He fell into his chair again and spread out upon his knee the sorely crumpled letter.

"Confusion!" said he. "Who can it be? Tom, you scamp, I know your hair is brown. Thou art not the man,

Tom. Oh, Tom, oh, Tom, if I do not kill him I shall go mad!"

Stafford was weak with laughter, and tears rolled from his eyes as he gasped:

"Let us see, who can the Judas be? (Gad, this is the best joke I have known for years. Oh, Lord, the bald head of him! Oh, Jasper, 't is cruel funny! Stap me, sir, if I have known a better laugh these ten years!) Nay, nay, I will help thee: Come, there's His Lordship the Bishop of Bath and Wells, he is red, I know, for I have seen him in the water. Gad, he was like a boiled lobster, hair and all. Could it be he, think you? They have a way, these divines, and Lady Standish has a delicate conscience. She would like the approval of the Church upon her deeds. Nay, never glare like that, for I will not fight you! Have you not got your rosary of red polls to tell first? Ha! there is O'Hara, he is Irish enough and rake enough and red enough. Oh, he is red enough!"

"O'Hara!" cried Sir Jasper, struck.

There came a fine rat-tat-tat at the door, a parley in the hall, and the servant announced Mr. Denis O'Hara.

"Talk of the devil," said Stafford.

Sir Jasper rose from his arm-chair with the air of one whose enemy is delivered into his hands.

The Honorable Denis O'Hara, son and heir of Viscount Kileroney in the peerage of Ireland, entered with a swift and easy step, and saluted airily. He had a merry green eye, and the red of his crisp hair shone out through the powder like the winter sunset through a mist.

"Sir Jasper," said he, "your servant, sir. Faith, Tom, me boy, is that you? The top of the evening to ye."

Uninvited he took a chair and flung his careless figure upon it. His joints were loose, his nose aspired, his rich lace ruffles were torn, his handsome coat was buttoned awry; Irishman was stamped upon every line of him, from his hot red head to his slim alert foot; Irishman lurked in every rich accent of his ready tongue.

Sir Jasper made no doubt that now the Lothario who had poached on his preserves, had destroyed his peace, had devastated his home, was before him. He turned to Stafford, and caught him by the wrist.

"Tom," whispered he, "you will stand by me, for by my immortal soul, I will fight it out to-night!"

"For God's sake, be quiet," whispered the other, who began to think that the jealous husband was getting beyond a joke. "Let us hear what the fellow has got to say first. The devil! I will not stand by to see you pink every auburn buck in the town. 'T is stark lunacy."

"But 't is you yourself," returned Sir Jasper, in his fierce undertone—"you yourself who told me it was he. See, but look at this curl and at that head."

"Oh, flummery!" cried Stafford. "Let him speak, I say."

"When you have done your little conversation, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Hara good-naturedly, "perhaps you will let me put in a word edgeways?"

Sir Jasper, under his friend's compelling hand, sank into a chair; his sinews well-nigh creaked with the constraint he was putting upon himself.

"I have come," said Denis O'Hara, "from me friend Captain Spoicer. I met him a while ago, fluttering down Gay Street, leaping like a hare with the hounds after him, by St. Patrick! 'You're running away from some one, Spoicer,' says I. And says he, 'I'm running away from that blithering madman, Sir Jasper Standish.' Excuse me, Sir Jasper, those were his words, ye see."

"And what, sir," interrupted Sir Jasper in an ominous voice—"what, sir, may I ask, was your purpose in walking this way to-night?"

"Eh," cried the Irishman, "what is that ye say?"

"Oh, go on, O'Hara!" cried Stafford impatiently, and under his breath to Standish, "Faith, Jasper," said he, "keep your manners or I'll wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Oh, is that the way with him?" said O'Hara, behind his hand to Stafford, and winking jovially. "Well, I was saying, gentlemen, that to see a man run, unless it be a Frenchman, is a thing that goes against me. 'Why, what did he do to you?' said I (meaning you, Sir Jasper). 'Oh,' says me gallant captain, 'I went to him with a gentlemanly message from a friend, and the fellow insulted me so grossly with remarks about my hair, that sure,' says he, 't is only fit for Bedlam he is.' 'Insulted you,' says I, 'and

where are ye running to? To look for a friend, I hope,' says I. 'Insults are stinking things.' 'Sure,' says he, 'he is mad,' says he. 'Well, what matter of that?' says I. 'Sure, isn't it all mad we are, more or less? Come,' says I, 'Spoicer, this will look bad for you with the ladies, not to speak of the men. Give *me* the message, me boy, and I will take it; and sure we will let Sir Jasper bring his keepers with him to the field, and no one can say fairer than that.'"

Sir Jasper sprang to his feet.

"Now, curse your Irish insolence," he roared, "this is more than I would stand from any man! And, if I mistake not, Mr. O'Hara, *we* have other scores to settle besides."

"Is it we?" cried O'Hara, jumping up likewise. "'T is the first I've heard of them—but, be jabers, you will never find me behindhand in putting me foot to the front! I will settle as many scores as you like, Sir Jasper—so long as it is me sword and not me purse that pays them."

"Draw then, man, draw!" snarled Sir Jasper, dancing in fury. He bared his silver-hilted sword and threw the scabbard in a corner.

"Heaven defend us!" cried Stafford, in vain endeavoring to come between the two.

"Sure, you must not contradict him," cried O'Hara, unbuckling his belt rapidly, and drawing likewise, with a pretty flourish of shining blade. "'T is the worst way in the world to deal with a cracked man. Sure ye must soothe him and give in to him. Don't I know? Is not me own first cousin a real raw lunatic in Kinsale Asylum this blessed day? Come on, Sir Jasper, I'm yer man. Just pull the chairs out of the way, Tom, me dear boy."

"Now, sir, now, sir!" said Sir Jasper, and felt restored to himself again as steel clinked against steel. And he gripped the ground with his feet, and knew the joy of action.

"Well, what must be, must be," said Stafford philosophically, and sat across a chair; "and a good fight is a good fight all the world over. Ha, that was a lunge! O'Hara wields a pretty blade, but there is danger in Jasper's eye. I vow I won't have the Irish boy killed. Ha!" He sprang to his feet again and brandished the chair, ready to interpose between the two at the critical moment.

O'Hara was buoyant as a cork; he skipped backward and forward, from one side to another, in sheer enjoyment of the contest. But Sir Jasper hardly moved from his first position except for one or two vicious lunges. Stafford had deemed to see danger in his eye; there was more than danger—there was murder! The injured husband was determined to slay, and bided his time for the fatal thrust. The while, O'Hara attacked out of sheer lightness of heart. Now his blade grazed Sir Jasper's thigh; once he gave him a flicking prick on the wrist so that the blood ran down his fingers.

"Stop, stop!" cried Stafford, running in with his chair. "Sir Jasper's hit!"

"No, dash you!" cried Sir Jasper. And click, clank, click, it went again, with the pant of the shortening breath, and the thud of the leaping feet. Sir Jasper lunged a third time, O'Hara waved his sword aimlessly, fell on one knee, and rolled over.

"Halt!" yelled Stafford. It was too late. Sir Jasper stood staring at his red blade.

"You have killed him!" cried Stafford, turning furiously on his friend, and was down on his knees and had caught the wounded man in his arms the next second.

"Devil a bit," said O'Hara, and wriggling in the other's grasp, too vigorously indeed for a moribund, found his feet in a jiffy and stood laughing, with a white face, and looking down at his dripping shirt. "'T is but the sudden cold feel of the steel, man! Sure I'm all right, and ready to begin again! 'T is but a rip in the ribs, for I can breathe as right as ever." He puffed noisily as he spoke, to prove his words, slapped his chest, then turned giddily and fell into a chair. Stafford tore open the shirt. It was as O'Hara had said, the wound was an ugly surface rip, more unpleasant than dangerous.

"Let us have another bout," said O'Hara.

"No, no," said Stafford.

"No, no," said Sir Jasper, advancing and standing before his adversary. "No, Mr. O'Hara, you may have done me the greatest injury that one man can do another, but Gad, sir, you have fought like a gentleman!"

"Ah!" whispered O'Hara to Stafford, who still ex-

amined the wound with a knowing manner, "'t is crazed entoirely he is, the poor fellow."

"Not crazed," said Stafford rising, "or if so, only through jealousy.—Jasper, let us have some wine for Mr. O'Hara, and one of your women with water and bandages. A little sticking-plaister will set this business to rights. Thank God that I have not seen murder to-night!"

"One moment, Stafford," said Jasper, "one moment, sir. Let us clear this matter. Am I not right, Mr. O'Hara, in believing you to have written a letter to my wife?"

"Is it me?" cried O'Hara in the most guileless astonishment.

"He thinks you are her lover," whispered Stafford in his ear. "Zooks, I can laugh again now! He knows she has got a red-haired lover, and says he will kill every red-haired man in Bath!"

"Sure I have never laid eyes on Lady Standish," said O'Hara to Sir Jasper, "if that is all you want. Sure, I'd have been proud to be her lover if I'd only had the honor of her acquaintance!"

"Mr. O'Hara," said Sir Jasper, "will you shake hands with me?"

"With all the pleasure in loife!" cried the genial Irishman. "Faith, 't is great friends we will be, but perhaps ye had better not introjue me to yer lady, for I'm not to be trusted where the dear creatures are concerned, and so 't is best to tell you at the outset."

The opponents now shook hands on either side. The wound was attended to, and several bottles of wine were thereafter cracked in great good-fellowship.

"There is nothing like Canary," vowed O'Hara, "for the power of healing."

ANDREW CHERRY.

(1762—1812.)

ANDREW CHERRY, was born in Limerick, Jan. 11, 1762. His father wished to make a clergyman of him and began to educate him for that purpose, but the expense was more than he could afford, and the boy was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller in Dublin. He early developed a taste for the stage, and at seventeen abandoned printing and joined a company of strolling players. On his first appearance with them he received as his share of the profits the encouraging sum of tenpence halfpenny (21 cents). His acting of the not very easy character of Feignwell in Mrs. Centlivre's 'Bold Stroke for a Wife' was, however, very successful. But the lack of pence continued; at one time he was without food for four days, and at last he returned to his trade.

At the end of three years he joined the company of a Mr. Knipe, who is said to have been a scholar and a gentleman as well as a player. After many vicissitudes he became a popular favorite, and for six years remained in Dublin and Belfast at the head of his profession in his own particular comic line. During this time he married Miss Knipe, the daughter of his former manager. He and his wife went to England, where they spent some years, and he played at Bath, at Manchester, and in London with much success, reaching the zenith of his fame at Drury Lane Theater. He afterward became the manager of provincial theaters, and died at Monmouth, Feb. 7, 1812.

He also had some success as a dramatic writer. Most of his works were ephemeral in character, but they were all good acting plays—'The Soldier's Daughter' alone keeps the stage. He had a notable reputation as a wit; and Croker, in his 'Popular Songs of Ireland,' quotes a note written by him to one of his former managers after his success at Drury Lane. It runs as follows:

"SIR:—I am not so great a fool as you take me for! I have been bitten once by you, and I will never give you an opportunity of making two bites of *me* A. CHERRY."

But, after all, the name of Andrew Cherry will last far longer as a song-writer than as an actor, dramatist, or wit. Who is not familiar with 'The Bay of Biscay' and 'Tom Moody'? The first is one of the most stirring sea songs ever written; and the second is perhaps one of the finest sporting songs in existence.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;

The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke thro' the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers:
Now we sail with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'T was Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the
mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland;
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
 And still through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

TOM MOODY.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell;
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
 Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
 No hound ever opened with Tom near the wood
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 't were good;
 And all with attention would eagerly mark,
 When he cheered up the pack. "Hark! to Rookwood, hark!
 hark!

High!—wind him! and cross him;
 Now, Rattler, boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest;
 His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appeared,
 On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was reared;
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
 Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
 Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase!

With "High over!—now press him!
 Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath,
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favor bestow—'t is the last I shall crave,—
Give a rattling view-hollow thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the tally-ho cry,
Tally-ho! Hark forward!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

MRS. W. H. CHESSON (NORA HOPPER).

(1871—1906.)

MISS HOPPER was born in 1871 and was educated in London. She began to write very early. Her first verses were published when she was sixteen years old. She married Mr. W. H. Chesson in 1901. She has contributed prose and verse to most of the English magazines and newspapers and has published 'Ballads in Prose,' a book of poetical prose and poetry, besides three volumes of verse. Though she is a most prolific writer, her work maintains its high standard. She saturates herself with Irish studies of all kinds, and few poets are more thoroughly Irish.

Mr. W. B. Yeats says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' of 'Ballads in Prose': "It haunted me as few new books have ever haunted me, for it spoke in strange wayward stories and birdlike little verses of things and persons I remembered or had dreamed of." . . . "They delight us by their mystery, as ornament full of lines, too deeply interwoven to weary us with discoverable secret, delights us with its mystery; and as ornament is full of strange beasts and trees and flowers, that were once the symbols of great religions, and are now mixing one with another, and changing into new shapes, this book is full of old beliefs and stories, mixing and changing in an enchanted dream."

Died at London, April 17th, 1906.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

Now all away to Tir na n'Og are many roads that run,
But he has ta'en the longest lane, the King of Ireland's son.

There's roads of hate, and roads of love, and many a middle
way,
And castles keep the valleys deep where happy lovers stray—

Where Aongus goes there's many a rose burns red mid shad-
ows dun,
No rose there is will draw his kiss, the King of Ireland's son.

And yonder, where the sun is high, Love laughs amid the hay,
But smile and sigh have passed him by, and never make delay.

And here (and O! the sun is low!) they're glad for harvest
won,
But naught he cares for wheat or tares, the King of Ireland's
son!

And you have flung love's apple by, and I'm to pluck it yet:
But what are fruits of gramarye with druid dewes beset?

Oh what are magic fruits to him who meets the Lianan-sidhe
Or hears athwart the distance dim Fionn's horn blow drowsily!

He follows on for ever when all your chase is done
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son.

THE GRAY FOG.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
It blinds my eyes, mavrone; and stops my breath,
And I travel slow that once could run the swiftest,
And I fear ere I meet Mauryeen I'll meet Death.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And a gray fog dogs my footsteps as they go,
And it's long and sore to tread, the road to Connaught.
Is it fault of brogues or feet I fare so slow?

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
But the Connaught wind will blow it from my way,
And a Connaught girl will kiss it from my memory
If the Death that walks beside me will delay.

(There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And no wind comes to break its stillness deep:
And a Connaughtman lies on the road to Connaught
And Mauryeen will not kiss him from his sleep—Ululu!)

THE CUCKOO SINGS IN THE HEART OF WINTER.

The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter,
And all for Mauryeen he tunes his song;
How Mauryeen's hair is the honey's color.
(He sings of her all the winter long!)

Her long loose hair's of the honey's color,
The wild sweet honey that wild bees make.
The sun herself is ashamed before her,
The moon is pale for her gold cool's sake.

She bound her hair, of the honey's color,
 With flowers of yarrow and quicken green:
 And now one binds it with leaves of willow,
 And cypress lies where my head has been.

Now robins sing beside Pastheen's doorway,
 And wrens for bounty that Grania gave:
 The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter;
 He sings all day beside Mauryeen's grave.

THE FAIRY FIDDLER.

'T is I go fiddling, fiddling,
 By weedy ways forlorn:
 I make the blackbird's music
 Ere in his breast 't is born;
 The sleeping larks I waken
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

No man alive has seen me,
 But women hear me play
 Sometimes at door or window,
 Fiddling the souls away—
 The child's soul and the colleen's—
 Out of the covering clay.

None of my fairy kinsmen
 Make music with me now:
 Alone the raths I wander,
 Or ride the whitethorn bough;
 But the wild swans they know me,
 And the horse that draws the plow.

THE DARK MAN.

Rose o' the World, she came to my bed
 And changed the dreams of my heart and head;
 For joy of mine she left grief of hers,
 And garlanded me with a crown of furze.

Rose o' the World, they go out and in,
 And watch me dream and my mother spin:
 And they pity the tears on my sleeping face
 While my soul's away in a fairy place.

Rose o' the World, they have words galore,
 And wide 's the swing of my mother's door:
 And soft they speak of my darkened eyes—
 But what do they know, who are all so wise?

Rose o' the World, the pain you give
 Is worth all days that a man may live—
 Worth all shy prayers that the colleens say
 On the night that darkens the wedding-day.

Rose o' the World, what man would wed
 When he might dream of your face instead?—
 Might go to his grave with the blessed pain
 Of hungering after your face again?

Rose o' the World, they may talk their fill,
 For dreams are good, and my life stands still
 While their lives' red ashes the gossips stir;
 But my fiddle knows—and I talk to her.

THE FAERY FOOL.

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
 Ay me, the Faery fool!
 How do I know what the rushes say,
 Sighing and shuddering all the day
 Over their shadowy pool?
 How do I know what the North Wind cries
 Herding his flocks of snow?
 The menace that lies in the Hunter's eyes
 How do I know?

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
 Ay me, the Faery fool!
 I cry to them that sent me here
 To laugh and jest, to geck and fleer,
 To scorn at law and rule:—
*"Why did ye also give to me
 Beauty and peace to know,
 The ears to hear and the eyes to see
 And the hands that let all go?"*

I cry to them that bade me jest:
"Why made ye me so slight,

*And put a heart within my breast,
 An evil gift, an evil guest,
 To spoil me for delight?
 Made for mere laughter, answer why
 Must I have eyes for dool?
 Take from me tears, or let me die,
 For I am sick of wisdom, I,
 Dalua, the Faery fool."*

NIAM.

Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud—
 After my feet the wind grows loud:
 The red East Wind whose rumor has gone
 From Tir-nan-Og¹ to Tir-na-Tonn.²
 Under my feet the windflower grows,
 After my feet the shadows run,
 Over my feet the long grass blows.
 All things hail me and call me on
 Out of the darkness into the sun,
 Love and Beauty and Youth in one.

Under my feet the windflower grows.
 Men called me Niam when first arose
 My splendid star: but what now ye call
 Me, do I heed if I hear at all?
 Look in my eyes—are they gray or blue?
 They are the eyes that the Fenians knew,
 When out of the sunshine, into the shade,
 I called to Oisin, and he obeyed.
 Across Fionn's banner my dark hair flew,
 And safe in its leash my love I drew.

I called to Oisin and he obeyed—
 Out of the sunshine into the shade,
 Though the words were out and the warhorns blew
 And wisdom and pride my voice gainsaid.
 But a hundred years, or a thousand years,
 I kept my lover from hopes and fears—
 In Druid dark on my arm he slept.
 Shall I not keep men even as I kept?
 'T wixt a man and his wisdom let blow my hair,
 The man is beside me, and wisdom's—where?

¹ *Tir-nan-og*, the Country of Youth.

² *Tir-na-tonn*, the Land under the Sea.

The Fenians died and the high Gods die,
 But spring's immortal, and so am I.
 I am young, I am swift, I am fair to see,
 My blood is the sap running new in the tree.
 Shall I not keep men even as I kept
 Oisín free from his falling sept?
 Who shall deny me, or who gainsay,
 For the world is beginning anew to-day?
 Youth is glad, for the world is wide;
 Tarry, O Youth! Love is here at thy side.

The world is beginning anew to-day;
 Fire is awake in each clod of clay;
 The ragweeds know what has never been told
 By the old to the young, or the young to the old.
 The hawthorns tell it in broad daylight;
 The evening primrose awaits the night,
 Her beautiful secret she shuts in close
 Till the last late bee goes home from the rose.
 And I am the secret, the flower, and the tree;
 I am Beauty; O Youth, I have blossomed for thee.

JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE CLARKE.

(1846 —)

JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE CLARKE, editor and playwright, was born at Kingstown, Ireland, July 31, 1846. At the age of twelve years he went to London with his family and in 1863 became a clerk in the Board of Trade. In 1868 from patriotic motives he resigned his position and went to Paris. Thence he came to America, where he has since resided. In 1873 he married Mary Agnes Cahill, and has two sons. He served from 1868 to 1870 as assistant editor of the *Irish Republic*. In the latter year he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*, and continued in its service until 1883, when he became managing editor of the New York *Morning Journal*, which position he held until 1895. He is now (1904) editor of the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald*.

From 1898 to 1900 Mr. Clarke was editor of *The Criterion*. He is the author of 'Robert Emmet,' a tragedy, 1888; 'Malmorda, a Metrical Romance,' 1893, and of various plays. His first poem in print appeared in John O'Leary's *Irish People*. 'The Fighting Race' is said to be one of the best poems of the Spanish-American war.

FORE-SONG TO 'MALMORDA.'¹

I.

To me by early morn
Came mem'ries of Old Ireland by the sea,
The tenderest and sweetest that there be,
Wherein the songs of water and of wind
And joy of loving human kind
Mingled in an ecstasy of harmony.
All was so low-toned and so sweet,
Near voices seeming ever to repeat
Soft syllables of blessing on my head;
And the faces—ah, the faces of the dead
Companions of my youth were there,
And one face fairer than all faces fair,
And one face—oh, my mother—from whose eyes
The well-springs of all tenderesses rise;
And all were shaping
Love and love and love!

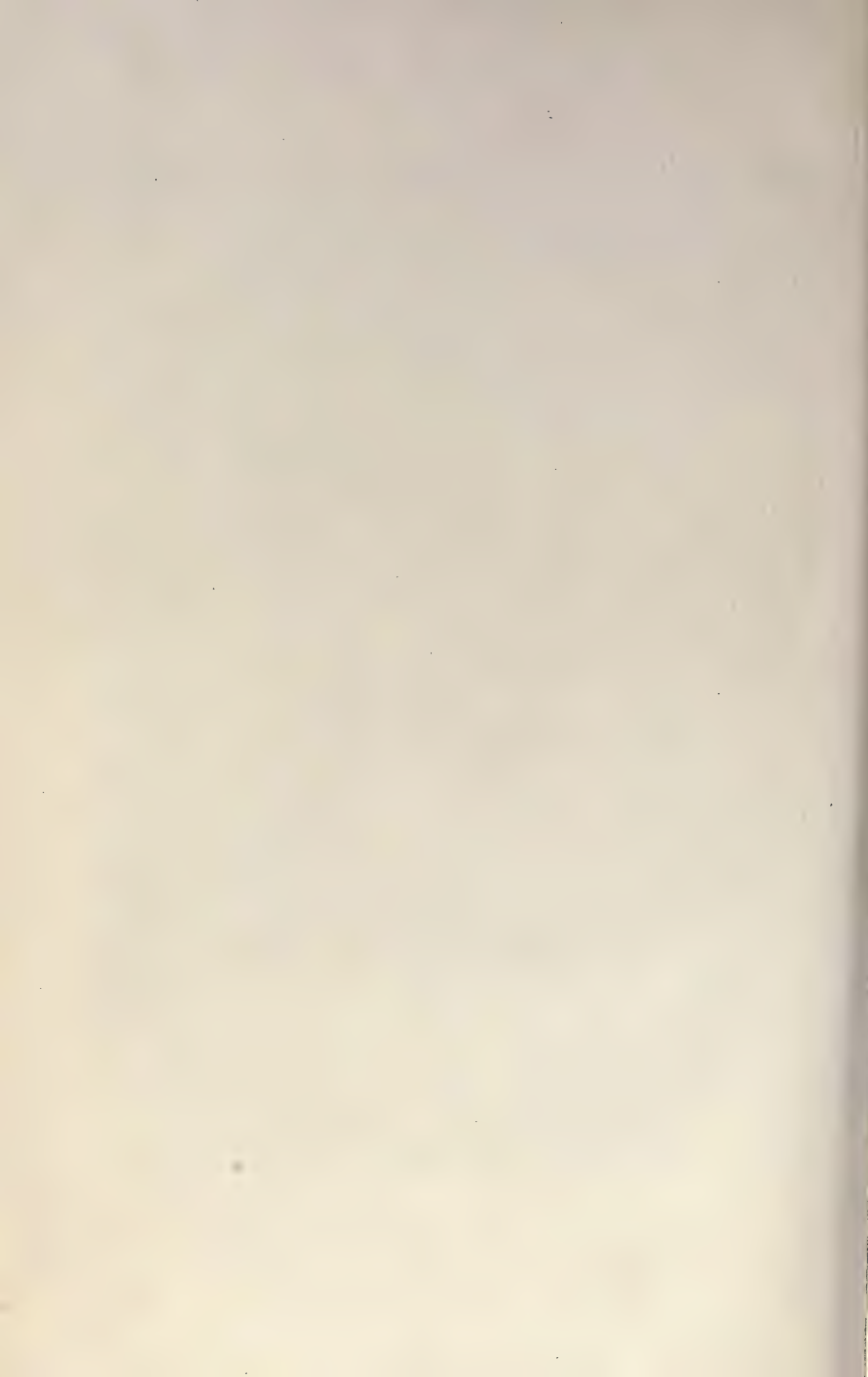
II.

But at night again
Came the old, old pain,
And I saw the storm-gods whirling through the air
With Desolation's armies everywhere,

¹ 'Malmorda: A Metrical Romance.' New York, 1893. Copyright. By permission.



J. I. C. CLARKE



The long and lean lines, ragged, reaching back,
Torch-flared and wild-eyed in the wrack,
And the roll, roll, roll of the long thunder,
As the forked flash of the lightning leaped thereunder,
And nowhere any peace or rest—
For the children of the land they called the Blest.
But the surges and the tempest loud were singing,
And the heavens through their wrath were with it ringing,
All shaping
Love and love and love!

III.

Oh my soul! how can it be
That by still or stormy sea,
By the calm that swoons below, or the fury loose above,
The voice of Erin calls on love and love?
Passionate our hearts be, well I know,
Whether our tears or laughter flow,
Whether our faces gloom or glow.
Yea, through our Irish souls Love's flame
Shoots its red blaze and shakes the frame;
Beats on the heart with wings of fire,
As the wind's sleepless fingers shake a lyre,
Making wild eerie music never stilled.
And be our lives with toil or torment filled,
Ever a crisping, whisp'ring undertone,
Or hot-caught fiery breath makes known
The dominant, deep impulse that the hoar
Old ages stirred with, and that o'er and o'er
Re-born with travail in the hearts of men,
Is shaping on our lips, yea, now as then—
Love and love and love!

IV.

Then spake a voice to me:
"Beyond the fair days of the Flame-god's time
A fair god looked upon the young land's prime,
And on the mountains and the streams and seas
Set seals of loving. Then in mystic threes
Came many gods to curse or bless,
Each with his portent of the soul's distress
Or rapture—Bravery, Envy, Jealousy,
Reverence, Pity, Faith—all joy that bides,
Or pain that lasts between the ocean's tides,

Or through the heaven-circling of a star.
 All these have there endured to make or mar;
 But under the sea's breast ever stir the dreams
 First waked by love, and in the babbling streams
 Love murmurs all day long,
 And down in the hearts of the mountains strong,
 Love makes its melody of notes so deep
 That the dead gods stir in their stony sleep,
 Their cold lips shaping
 Love and love and love!"

V.

Then full voiced came my song,
 'T wixt day and dark the dead Past called to me.
 A long wave rolled along the Irish sea,
 Its white foam fronted with tossing spears,
 Red with the rust of a thousand years.
 It brake on the sands and the waters ran
 With a blood-red stain, and the song began.
 They were there, the steel-capped Ostman hordes;
 In the dusk they flashed their two-edged swords.
 Their warships tossed on the purpling waves;
 At the rowers' benches toiled the slaves.
 Then the Irish king in his youth and might,
 With sweep of battle and roar of fight
 About him, and circling his Norseland prize,
 The blue of the sea in her wild, sweet eyes,
 The life of a man in each strand of her hair,
 And the glow of a flame on her bosom bare.
 'Mid storm and battle, by moon and mist,
 I saw through their very souls, I wist!
 And the shields that rang, and the sobs that died,
 And the echoing hills and the somber tide
 Ever were shaping
 Love and love and love!

 THE FIGHTING RACE.¹

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
 And Kelly drooped his head.
 While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
 Went down the list of the dead.

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Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 't was in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;

Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

AGNES MARY CLERKE.

(1842 —)

AGNES MARY CLERKE, the famous woman astronomer, was born in Ireland in 1842; she is the daughter of the late John William Clerke. From 1870 to 1877 she lived in Italy and at the end of that time she began to write for *The Edinburgh Review*. She has made astronomical observations at the Royal Observatory and the Cape of Good Hope.

She traveled to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg in the yacht *Palatine* in 1890. Among her books are 'A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century,' 'The System of the Stars,' 'Familiar Studies in Homer,' 'The Herschels and Modern Astronomy' (Century Science Series), 'Astronomy,' in Concise Knowledge Series (joint author); 'Problems in Astrophysics.'

She has also contributed articles to *The Edinburgh Review*, 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' and 'The Dictionary of National Biography.' She was awarded, in 1901, the Actonian Prize of one hundred guineas for her works on astronomy. As a close observer and a profound thinker, Agnes M. Clerke takes high rank, while as a clear, careful, and accurate exponent of the abstruser side of science in a popular and attractive style she has few equals.

THE PLANET VENUS, HESPERUS AND PHOSPHOR.

The radiant planet that hangs on the skirts of dusk and dawn,

“like a jewel in an Ethiop's ear,”

has been known and sung by poets in all ages. Its supremacy over the remainder of the starry host is recognized in the name given it by the Arabs, those nomad watchers of the skies, for while they term the moon “El Azhar,” “the Brighter One,” and the sun and moon together “El Ezharan,” “the Brighter Pair,” they call Venus “El Zahra,” the bright or shining one *par excellence*, in which sense the same word is used to describe a flower. This “Flower of Night” is supposed to be no other than the white rose into which Adonis was changed by Venus in the fable which is the basis of all early Asiatic mythology. The morning and evening star is thus the celestial symbol of that union between earth and heaven in the vivifying processes of nature, typified in the love of the goddess for a mortal.

The ancient Greeks, on the other hand, not unnaturally took the star, which they saw alternately emerging from the effulgence of the rising and setting sun, in the east and in the west, for two distinct bodies, and named it differently according to the time of its appearance. The evening star they called Hesperus, and from its place on the western horizon, fabled an earthly hero of that name, the son of Atlas, who from the slopes of that mountain on the verge of the known world used to observe the stars until eventually carried off by a mighty wind, and so translated to the skies. These divine honors were earned by his piety, wisdom, and justice as a ruler of men, and his name long shed a shimmering glory over those Hesperidean regions of the earth, where the real and unreal touched hands in the mystical twilight of the unknown.

But the morning star shone with a different significance as the herald of the day, the torchbearer who lights the way for radiant Aurora on her triumphal progress through the skies. Hence he was called Eosphorus, or Phosphorus, the bearer of the dawn, translated into Latin as Lucifer, the Light-bearer. The son of Eos, or Aurora, and the Titan Astræus, he was of the same parentage as the other multitude of the starry host, to whom a similar origin was ascribed, and from whom in Greek mythology he was evidently believed to differ only in the superior order of his brightness. Homer, who mentions the planet in the following passage:

“ But when the star of Lucifer appeared,
The harbinger of light, whom following close,
Spreads o’er the sea the saffron-robed morn ”—

(*Lord Derby’s ‘Iliad.’*)

recognizes no distinction between those celestial nomads, the planets, “wandering stars,” as the Arabs call them, which visibly change their position relatively to the other stars, and the latter, whose places on the sphere are apparently fixed and immutable. In this he and his compatriots were far behind the ancient Egyptians, who probably derived their knowledge from still earlier speculators in Asia, for they not only observed the movements of some at least of the planets, but believed that Mercury and Venus revolved as satellites round the sun, which in turn circled round our lesser world. Pythagoras is said to

have been the first to identify Hesperus with Phosphor, as the

“ Silver planet both of eve and morn,”

and by Plato the same fact is recognized. The other planets, all of which had, according to him, been originally named in Egypt and Syria, have each its descriptive title in his nomenclature. Thus the innermost, “ the Star of Mercury,” is called Stilbon, “ the Sparkler,” Mars, Pyroeis, “ the Fiery One,” while Jupiter, the planet of the slowest course but one, is designated as Phaeton, and Saturn, the tardiest of all, Phaenon. These names were in later times abandoned in favor of those of the divinities to whom they were respectively dedicated, unalterably associated now with the days of the week, over which they have been selected to preside.

The Copernican theory, which once and forever “ brushed the cobwebs out of the sky,” by clearing away the mists of pre-existing error, first completely explained the varying positions of the Shepherd’s star, irradiating the first or last watch of night, according to her alternate function as the follower or precursor of the sun. As she travels on a path nearer to him by more than twenty-five and a half million miles than that of the earth, she is seen by us on each side of him in turn after passing behind or in front of him.

The points at which her orbit expands most widely to our eyes—an effect of course entirely due to perspective, as her distance from the sun is not then actually increased—are called her eastern and western elongations; that at which she passes by the sun on the hither side her inferior, and on the farther side her superior conjunction. At both conjunctions she is lost to our view, since she accompanies the sun so closely as to be lost in his beams, rising and setting at the same time, and traveling with him in his path through the heavens during the day. When at inferior conjunction, or between us and the sun, she turns her dark hemisphere to us like the new moon, and would consequently be invisible in any case, but when in the opposite position, shows us her illuminated face, and is literally a day star, invisible only because effaced by the solar splendor.

It is as she gradually separates from him, after leaving

this latter position, circling over that half of her orbit which lies to the east of him, that she begins to come into view as an evening star, following him at a greater and greater distance, and consequently setting later, until she attains her greatest eastern elongation, divided from the sun about forty-five degrees of his visible circuit through the heavens, and consequently remaining above the horizon for some four hours after him. From this point she again appears to draw nearer to him until she passes on his hither side in inferior conjunction, from which she emerges on the opposite side to the westward, and begins to shine as a morning star, preceding him on his track, at a gradually increasing distance, until attaining her greatest westward elongation, and finally completing her cycle by returning to superior conjunction once more in a period of about five hundred and eighty-four days.

Venus is thus Hesperus or Vesper, the evening star, when following the sun as she passes from beyond him in superior conjunction to inferior conjunction, where she is nearest to the earth. As she again leaves him behind in her course from this point to the opposite one of superior conjunction, she appears in her second aspect as Phosphorus or Lucifer, "the sun of morning," and herald of the day, shining as

"The fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

(1822—1904.)

FRANCES POWER COBBE, one of the leaders in the fight for the removal of the disabilities of English women, was the daughter of Mr. Charles Cobbe of Newbridge House, County Dublin, and was born in that city, Dec. 4, 1822. She received her education at Brighton. For many years she was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and her essays, republished in volume form, make up a goodly list. She published among other things 'Essays on the Pursuits of Women,' 1863; 'Broken Lives,' 1864; 'Cities of the Past,' reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1864; 'Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy'; 'Darwinism in Morals, and other Essays,' 1872; 'The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here,' 1874. 'Re-echoes' appeared in 1876. It is a republication of essays contributed by her to the *Echo*, which formed for many years one of the most attractive features in that journal.

One of the favorite subjects of Miss Cobbe's pen was that which is called "woman's rights." She maintained in many an essay the claims of her sex to have a place in the professions and a share in the political activity of her time. In her own self she was, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favor of her view, for she showed in literature an activity that is paralleled by few men, and a grace of style and freshness of thought for which more than one masculine writer might vainly wish.

She also wrote an autobiography—'Woman's Duty to Woman'; 'The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals,' etc. She was the foundress of an Anti-Vivisection Society in London, and of the British Union Anti-Vivisection Society, and published hundreds of articles and pamphlets on this subject and on that of the poor laws in England. She died April 5, 1904.

THE CONTAGION OF LOVE.

From an Essay on 'The Emotions.'

It is impossible to form the faintest estimate of the good—the highest kind of good, which a single devout soul may accomplish in a lifetime by spreading the holy contagion of the love of God in widening circles around it. But just as far as the influence of such men is a cause for thankfulness, so great would be the calamity of a time, if such should ever arrive, when there should be a dearth of saints in the world, and the fire on the altar should die down. A

glacial period of religion would kill many of the sweetest flowers in human nature; and woe to the land where (as it would seem is almost the case in France at this moment) the priceless tradition of prayer is being lost, or only maintained in fatal connection with outworn superstitions.

To resume the subject of this paper. We have seen that the emotions, which are the chief springs of human conduct, many either be produced by their natural stimuli, or conveyed by contagion from other minds, but that they can neither be commanded nor taught. If we desire to convey good and noble emotions to our fellow-creatures, the only means whereby we can effect that end is by filling our own hearts with them till they overflow into the hearts of others. Here lies the great truth which the preachers of Altruism persistently overlook. It is better to be good than to do good. We can benefit our kind in no way so much as by being ourselves pure and upright and noble minded. We can never teach religion to such purpose as we can live it.

It was my privilege to know a woman who for more than twenty years was chained by a cruel malady to what Heine called a "mattress grave." Little or nothing was it possible for her to do for any one in the way of ordinary service. Her many schemes of usefulness and beneficence were all stopped. Yet merely by attaining to the lofty heights of spiritual life and knowledge, that suffering woman helped and lifted up the hearts of all who came around her, and did more real good, and of the highest kind, than half the preachers and philanthropists in the land. Even now, when her beautiful soul has been released at last from its earthly cage, it still moves many who knew her to the love of God and duty to remember what she was; and to the faith in immortality to think what now she must be—within the golden gates.

HENRY BRERETON CODE.

(—1830.)

"Great confusion has arisen about Code, and it is rather difficult to get exact data about him," says Mr. O'Donoghue in his 'Poets of Ireland.' "Some things are beyond doubt, however, such as that he was the author of 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' and not Lysaght; that it occurs in his 'Russian Sacrifice,' and was written by him some years before the production of that piece on the stage; that he was editor of *The Warder*, a prominent Tory journal in Dublin between 1820-30, and was sometimes referred to in its columns as author of the song mentioned; that he wrote agricultural matter for his paper, and songs also; that he never wrote 'Donnybrook Fair,' as some writers have surmised; and that he died about 1830.

"He was a government spy during the '98 period, and several payments of money were made to him for information in 1802-3. He afterward got a place in the Revenue, it is said. He reported Robert Emmet's famous speech, and mutilated it for base purposes, according to *The United Irishman*. Sir John A. Stevenson set his dramas to music, and also one or two separate songs which he wrote, as 'The Fisherman's Glee,' Dublin, 1825. The words of a very popular glee by Stevenson, 'See our oars with feathered spray,' belong to one of Code's dramas. Code's real name was Cody."

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His heart is good-humored, 't is honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
 He meets with his Sheelah,¹ who, frowning a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go, and a year after that
 A baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,
 Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green!
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon;
 United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
 Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

¹ *Sheelah*, sweetheart.

PATRICK JAMES COLEMAN.

(1867 —)

PATRICK JAMES COLEMAN was born at Ballaghadereen, County Mayo, in 1867. He matriculated at London University. Later on he came to America and went into journalism. He is a contributor to *The Irish Monthly*, *The Nation*, and other Irish-American papers. His verses are racy of the soil, and accurately and forcibly present certain phases of Irish sentiment.

SEED-TIME.

I.

The top o' the mornin' to you, Mick,
Isn't it fine an' dhry an' still?
Just an elegant day, avic,
To stick the toleys on Tullagh hill.
The field is turned, an' every clod
In ridge an' furrow is fresh an' brown;
So let's away, with the help o' God,
By the heel o' the evenin' we'll have them down.

As long as there's plenty o' milk to churn,
An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

II.

There's a time to work, an' a time to talk;
So, Patsy, my boy, your pratin' shtop!
By Midsummer Day, blossom an' stalk,
We'll feast our eyes on a right good crop.
Oh, the purple blossoms, so full o' joy,
Burstin' up from our Irish loam,
They're bettther than gold to the peasant boy;
They crown him king in his Irish home!

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter hearth we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

III.

A year ago we wor full o' hope,
 For the stalks wor green by the First o' May,
 But the brown blight fell over field an' slope,
 An' the poreens¹ rotted by Lady Day.
 You 'd dig a ridge for a creel in vain;
 But He left us still our dacint friends;
 If it comes again we won't complain—
 His will be done!—it's the besht He sends!

As long as we 've plenty o' milk to churn,
 An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
 By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
 The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

IV.

An' whin the turf's in the haggard piled,
 We 'll come, plase God! with our spades and loys;
 It's busy ye 'll be, then, Brigid, my child,
 Fillin' the baskets behind the boys.
 So shtick thim deep in Ould Ireland's clay—
 It's nearly dusk, an' there's work galore;
 It's time enough in the winter to play,
 When the crop is safe on our cabin floor.

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
 With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
 By the winter hearth we 'll laugh to scorn
 The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

 BINDIN' THE OATS.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
 Don't you remember
 That evening, dear?
 Ah! but you bound my heart completely,
 Fair and nately,
 Snug in the snood of your silken hair!

Swung the sickles, you followed after
 With musical laughter
 And witchin' eye.
 I tried to reap, but each swathe I took, love,

¹ *Poreens*, small potatoes.

Spoiled the stook, love,
For your smile had bothered my head awry!

Such an elegant, graceful binder,
Where could I find her
All Ireland through?
Worn't the stout, young, strappin' fellows
Fairly jealous,
Dyin', *asthore machree*, for you?

Talk o' Persephone pluckin' the posies,
Or the red roses,
In Henna's plain!
You wor sweeter, with cheeks so red, love,
And beautiful head, love,
Gatherin' up the golden grain.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
Don't you remember
The stolen *pogue*?¹
How could I help but there deliver
My heart for ever
To such a beautiful little rogue?

Bindin' the oats, 't was there you found me,
There you bound me
That harvest day!
Ah! that I in your blessèd bond, love.
Fair and fond, love,
Happy, for ever and ever, stay!

¹ *Pogue*, kiss.

PADRAIC COLUM.

PADRAIC COLUM is one of the latest of young Irishmen who have made a name for themselves in the literary world. His work has been published in *The United Irishman* and he figures in an interesting anthology entitled 'New Songs, a Lyric Selection,' made by A. George Russell.

THE PLOWER.

Sunset and silence; a man; around him earth savage, earth broken:

Beside him two horses, a plow!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn-man there in the sunset!

And the plow that is twin to the sword, that is founder of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plow-maker, earth-breaker! Canst hear? There are ages between us!

"Is it praying you are as you stand there, alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be nought to you, Earth-child and Earth-master!

"Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan or Dana!

"Yet why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your brutes where they stumble?

"Has Wotan put hands to your plow or Dana numbed pain of the child-bed?

"What matter your foolish reply, O man standing lone and bowed earthward.

"Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God."

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage,

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, by a head's breadth only above them!

A head's breadth, ay, but therein is Hell's depth and the height up to Heaven,

And the thrones of the gods, and their halls and their chariots, purples and splendors.

A DROVER.

To Meath of the Pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing,
I name them the by-ways
They 're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water,
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter!

O farmer, strong farmer,
You can spend at the fair,
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care!

And soldiers, red soldiers,
You've seen many lands,
But you march two by two,
And by captain's commands.

O the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn,
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn!

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind;
Loud words and dark faces,
And the wild blood behind.

(O strong men, with your best
I would strive breast to breast;
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you, my kine,
Where there 's grass to the knee,
But you 'll think of scant croppings,
Harsh with salt of the sea.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

(1670—1729.)

WILLIAM CONGREVE was born in 1670. His first comedy, 'The Old Bachelor,' was acted in 1693. In 1694 and 1695 respectively appeared two others, 'The Double Dealer' and 'Love for Love.' These were followed in 1697 by the tragedy of 'The Mourning Bride.' His last and best comedy, 'The Way of the World,' conspicuous for its all-conquering character of 'Millamant,' so admirably interpreted by the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, was produced in 1700. After this he practically retired from literature. His works, which include a volume of miscellaneous poems, were published in 1710. He died in 1729.

"The poetical remains of Congreve," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "especially when considered in connection with those remarkable dramatic works which achieved for him so swift and splendid a reputation, have but a slender claim to vitality. His brilliant and audacious Muse seems to have required the glitter of the footlights and the artificial atmosphere of the stage as conditions of success; in the study he is, as a rule, either trivial or frigidly conventional. Two lines of his—

" 'For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die'—

are a strange, and we think hitherto unnoticed, anticipation of the last lines of Keats' famous 'last sonnet' in the concluding couplet of the whole :—

" 'Wishing forever in that state to lie,
Forever to be dying so, yet never die.' "

"In his songs and minor pieces Congreve is more successful, though he never reaches the level of his contemporary, Prior. 'Amoret' sets a tune which has often since been heard in familiar verse; and the little song 'False though she be to me and love' has almost a note of genuine regret."

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you 'd ne'er suspect them;
For she 'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'MOURNING BRIDE.'

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honor persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

F. NORRYS CONNELL.

F. NORRYS CONNELL is one of the many clever Irish writers of fiction who came to the front toward the close of the nineteenth century. He wrote 'The House of the Strange Woman,' 'In the Green Park,' and 'The Fool and His Heart,' the latter being the plainly told story of Basil Thimm. It is a tale of the "land of Bohemia, where bleach the bones of lost souls," and of at least one happy escape therefrom.

FROM ALMA MATER TO DE PROFUNDIS.

From 'The Fool and His Heart.'

Gray was the predominating color at Bournegate, so Basil thought. He arrived there on a gray, winter morning, and ever after the atmosphere seemed to him to have tinted the place with a palpable pigment; the road was gray, the houses, the trees were gray, the very horse which had drawn the college brougham to meet him was gray too. England was sad indeed; he had come to it through an icy channel fog, which darkened the blackness of the night, and now when day broke it was not light—only gray, gray, gray. He heard the horse's hoofs splashing through the mire as they sped along the somber road to the school; he saw the monotonous fall of mud upon the window pane. Essex is not a pretty county, and that day she wore her ugliest frock; leafless trees dripping with last night's rain, sodden fields, and mud, mud everywhere. Basil's heart was in his boots. The vehicle turned a gatepost and seemed to be rolling on less sloppy ground; he opened the window, and braving the cold rain and the spattering dirt leaned out. They were ascending an avenue bordered by bare but noble elms, and in front of him, still far off, but plainly visible, was a feudal castle. It was Charterborough schoolhouse, the college of the famous monks of St. Michael and St. George. Down that avenue, along which Basil was bowling now, during the last fifty years many a soldier terrible in war, many an embryo bishop, many a wily politician, many a hardy sailor, many a man of law, many an honest country squire, many a merchant prince, and perhaps one or two real live suppositi-

tious kings had come to take their places in the world. Has not Charterborough its honored dead alike in the Abbey, in the African sand, and in the sea? Does she not nurse the two unrecalcitrant descendants of the men of Agincourt and Sluys?

The brougham drew up to the door, which was opened instantly. Basil stepped out, and going up the steps was met by a gray-haired priest of noble mien.

"Welcome to Charterborough, Basil Thimm," said the ecclesiastic, stretching out his hand.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, returning the grasp warmly.

A porter came down the steps, and taking Basil's slight belongings lightly between his arms, disappeared with them down a long passage which led from the top of the hall staircase to the boys' part of the building.

"You will eat some luncheon?" suggested the priest, and accepting Basil's silence as an affirmative, he added, "Come to my room."

Basil followed his mentor up the cold, handsome staircase and down the long passage, richly but chastely decorated. Halfway down the corridor was a window, and at the other side of the window two curtains crossed the way. "We are now in the schoolhouse," said the monk. And glancing around him, Basil noticed that the decorations had ceased; the walls were—he shivered—gray, the ceiling a plain white, the heavy carpeting had given place to a sullen drugget, which only sufficed to deaden the sound of footsteps without fulfilling other purpose. At the far end of the passage the priest opened a door in the wall, he stepped courteously back and motioned the boy to enter before him. Basil found himself in a small apartment crowded with account books, packets of letters, and writing materials of every possible kind; a large mail bag, bulging and double locked, lay on the desk. Basil recognized it as having been handed up to his driver at the station.

The old priest smiled at the interested inquiring glance which Basil shot round him. "I don't know whether you are acquainted with military technicalities," he said, "but you are now in the bureau of the general staff of Charterborough College."

"My eldest brother is in the army, sir," said Basil.

"Ah, yes Frank Thimm; I remember him, of course. You're not at all like him," he added with a relieved air, after a somewhat anxious scrutiny.

Basil deemed it unnecessary to reply.

"Well, you must be hungry; make yourself at home by the fire, while I see what we can get you to eat. We have not a *recherché* larder, but can promise you an excellent chop if you would care for it. By the way, I am what is called the 'minister' here; that is to say, I am responsible for everything to the rector—a sort of adjutant, you know. So whenever you have any trouble or cannot get what you want, you have simply to come upstairs and tell me. You may not get it even then," he said, with a smile, "but at least you will have the satisfaction of knowing the reason why. Now, would you like a chop, or not? A very excellent one, as I have said, is waiting for you."

"Yes, thank you, sir, I should very much," replied Basil, and his host left him, closing the door behind him.

Basil warmed his hands at the cheerful fire while he awaited the promised repast; he felt very lonely, for Ireland seemed very far away, and Fitzwilliam Square, particularly, was in the clouds. A funny little room this of the minister's; dissimilar articles abounded in such profusion that one was inclined to call it untidy, and yet it would have been difficult, considering the limited space, to suggest a better arrangement.

Presently the minister reappeared with a neatly arranged tray, which, notwithstanding his venerable appearance, he carried with apparent ease in one hand. With the other he lifted the heavy mail bag from the desk and laid it softly on the floor, putting the tray in its place. Basil, sitting in his host's revolving writing chair, enjoyed himself silently for the next quarter of an hour, while the priest watched with a pleased smile his obvious appreciation of the chop.

"So you find our meat all right?" he said, at last.

"Very excellent indeed, sir," answered Basil readily.

"I am glad of that, for I may tell you I buy all our cattle myself, and am as responsible for the doings in our farm-yard as I am for what is done here."

"You understand cattle, sir?" Basil said.

"I was brought up in the country," continued the priest, "in Ireland, County Tipperary."

Basil noticed for the first time a Milesian softness in his voice. "You are Irish then, sir?"

The priest shook his head. "No, I am sorry to say I have no true Irish blood in my veins, but I was born in Ireland, where my father was stationed at the time. All my early days were spent in Ireland, and I learned to be very fond of your country."

"Your father was in the army, sir?"

"Yes, in the 4th Dragoon Guards."

"The Royal Irish!" exclaimed Basil. "But you did not care for the army, yourself?" he added, interrogatively.

"I rode with Scarlett at Balaklava."

"What!" cried Basil excitedly, "when the Heavies charged the Russian cavalry? How magnificent that must have been."

The priest put his hand up imperiously. "Silence, Basil," he said vehemently, "it was not magnificent, it was terrible, only terrible. I was with the 4th. I saw my father struck by a fragment of a shell and we left him dead upon the field. Next morning, when we recovered the body, it was a horror and offense against God."

"When did you leave the army?" asked Basil, after a short pause, and still a little abashed by the sharply administered rebuke of the priest.

"At the conclusion of the war. I was attacked by typhoid fever in the trenches before Sevastopol, and when I recovered my hair was as gray as it is now."

An involuntary exclamation of pity escaped the boy, but he silenced himself as the priest added, "I thank God for that illness."

Basil half expected an explanation of this last speech, but the priest changed the subject abruptly. "As I have told you, I am the minister here; my name is Greenwood. Father Clifford, our rector, is away, and only returns to-night in time to welcome our new boys and those come back after the holidays. A few like yourself have arrived somewhat early, but our school term does not actually commence till to-morrow. Most of the boys will arrive to-night and to-morrow morning. Classes commence the day

after to-morrow, but with them I have nothing to do; I simply hand you over to the prefect of studies, Father Eyre, as far as your education is concerned. Come now and I will show you your place in the dormitory and the refectory; you will sleep in the former to-night and breakfast in the latter to-morrow morning."

Basil accordingly was conducted through the great buildings and initiated into the various customs of school life. He could not appear altogether pleased with the somewhat faulty arrangements for his comfort. Amongst our schoolmasters there seems to be a tradition, now, perhaps, at last on the wane, that boys should be herded like the beasts of the field, and even the comparatively refined monks of St. Michael and St. George seemed to be slightly bitten by this theory. To a boy of Basil's fastidious temperament such things took perhaps an exaggerated importance, and the priest was forced to see that his charge was already inclined to feel uncomfortable. He noticed the disappointed look on Basil's face grow more and more grave as they moved from room to room, and he felt he could not blame the boy. He himself had exercised all his power in effecting little changes in what he was not permitted to alter to his satisfaction. He saw clearly the discrepancies in the interior economy of the school, but custom had sanctified these faults, and it was useless for him to seek to alter them materially.

When Basil lay down to sleep in his partition of the dormitory that night he felt profoundly depressed, he almost had it in his heart to write home and beg to be allowed to return; and even yet he only partly realized the discomforts which awaited him. He saw the light turned down, leaving only a little glimmer which played upon the ceiling, and he heard the door of the prefect's room close. Many of the partitions of the dormitory were occupied, and a sort of clandestine intercourse was carried on in stifled whispers. Basil's neighbor on the right had lighted a private candle, inadequately concealed by a suspended boot; his neighbor on the left was winding up a watch with an unconscionably long spring, so long indeed that Basil fell asleep and dreamt about it before the operation was finished. He did not sleep very long though, but awoke in some hours' time shivering with cold. He crawled out of

bed and sought in the dark to find his overcoat and rug. By the time he laid his hands on them his teeth were chattering, and the hard horse-hair mattress, flattened by many generations of schoolboys, scarcely conduced to repose.

He lay in the bed shivering in spite of the extra covering, and a prey to the horrors of night. But at last exhaustion claimed him, and he slept a deep unliving slumber, until, all too soon, the ringing of an electric bell buzzed in his ears. It was morning, and Basil's school life had begun in earnest.

No, Charterborough School was the last place in the world for Basil to come to if he sought rest for his spirit; it was undoubtedly the best school he could have gone to, but a boarding-school was a place which, if Basil had known what it was like, he would have avoided. He imagined that it would have been an improvement on the Dublin day school of the monks of the same order, and so in many ways it was; but Basil had forgotten that the day school had at least the advantage of only claiming a few hours of his time, whereas here he was under constant surveillance, and could not call a moment his own. True, the surveillance was often kind, and always well intentioned; still to Basil that made it only less unbearable. At home, he rose about eight or half-past, surrendered himself to his torturers at half-past nine, was set free at three, and between then and bedtime at eleven he had, with the exception of two hours' work, all his time to himself. Here he rose at six, attended Mass in the cold starved chapel at half-past, sat in the equally miserable study room from seven to eight, ate what to him was a revolting breakfast at half-past, and so on until half-past nine at night, when he escaped to his comfortless bed.

Basil ground his teeth in anguish, but after the first horror of the thing had worn off he wrote home fairly cheerfully and set himself to live down his troubles. It was a lively struggle, for all that was timid in Basil's nature was awakened by the unpleasantness of his existence; he felt, too, absurdly out of place. He took little interest in the sports of the playground; cricket appeared to him a dull game, and he was too light to be a success at football, yet he was compelled to take his share in both by the rules of the school. His schoolmates thought him a muff, and

he did not trouble to undeceive them until it was necessary to thrash two offenders in one hour. After that they were more respectful, but he was too *insouciant* to court popularity. Apart from the question of freedom, however, his most serious annoyance was the dearth of literature. He had had the presence of mind to slip a shilling Shakespeare and a pocket edition of Keats into his trunk when leaving home, and from these two volumes he was driven to imbibe almost his entire flow of literary wealth; for even in the higher line library, English letters were represented for the most part by Dickens and W. H. G. Kingston, while the Continental fiction was exclusively contributed by Erkmann-Chatrain, Jules Verne, and Canon Schmidt.

Basil seized the opportunity to read 'Pickwick' and 'Copperfield' again, works of which he had kindly recollections, but his heart yearned for something more solid than the pleasant fantasies of Dickens. He confided his troubles to Father Greenwood, who always had the air of regarding such confidences as a personal compliment, and who treated Basil's complaint that he had not enough to read as seriously as if he had complained of hunger. He lent him a complete set of *Punch* from the very commencement, and from its pages, studiously scanned, Basil learned almost unconsciously the history of over forty years' politics and manners, which he remembered in after life, and which inspired him with an undying affection for a certain window in Fleet Street.

Punch kept Basil's mind busy for a long time, but at last he was compelled to fall back upon Shakespeare and Keats, the latter very narrowly escaping confiscation at the hands of the prefect of studies.

At last the winter brightened into spring, and the spring lengthened into summer. The holidays came round about the middle of July, and Basil found his way home to Dublin.

How strange everything looked as he drove up from Westland Row early in the morning; Baggot Street seemed narrower than it used to be, and the houses not so high. The car turned into Fitzwilliam Square, and Basil's eye, falling on a certain house, saw that the windows were papered up and that the hall door brasses were tarnished;

the Hunters in fact had left town for the summer. If Basil had reflected beforehand he would have expected to find it so; as it was he was grievously disappointed.

He jumped off at his own door; that, at any rate, was the same as ever. A maid-servant, whom he recognized, opened it. As if seized by spontaneous affection, he flung himself into her arms and kissed her, while the jarvey grinned from ear to ear.

"Indeed, and it's glad I am to see you, Master Basil," said the girl, panting for breath; "sure the house has not been the same without you."

"Where's father, where's mother?" asked Basil excitedly, as he paid the car driver for his preposterously valued services.

"My lady's away at Clonkillock with Lady Rowan, but the master's waiting for you. He's been ailing these last few days, so he didn't get up to meet you, but he left orders you was to see him the minute you came." Before she could finish her speech Basil had flown upstairs and burst into his father's bedroom. Man and boy hugged each other in an almost passionate embrace.

"There, there," said the knight, "I've been looking forward to this for a long time, Basil." His voice trembled slightly as he spoke. "Your mother's away with Alice at Clonkillock. The fact is, by this time you are probably an uncle, and I, Basil, faith, I suppose I must be a grandfather, though it didn't occur to me before." There was the old jovial ring in his voice, but Basil could see, even by the heavy light of the bedroom, that he had aged during the last few months.

"Are you ill, father?" he asked tenderly.

The physician passed his hand across his forehead. "No, not ill;" he replied. "I'm not what I was; I'm growing old, in fact, that's all. Why, I tell you I'm a grandfather, and you can't expect men in my position to go and meet schoolboys at seven in the morning."

A tap came at the door, and the maid, opening it sufficiently to make herself heard, said, "It's some tea you'll be drinking, Master Basil?"

"Yes, and toast," called Sir Francis. "Tell Denis to bring Master Basil's breakfast up here to my room. I want a good chat," continued the knight. "I've had no

one to talk to since you've been away. Tell me, anything fresh about the Aryan Heresy? Or are polemics taboo at Charterborough?"

"Not precisely taboo, sir," answered Basil, seriously, "but one is only supplied with the documentary evidence pertaining to one side of the question."

"Answered like a true cynical philosopher," exclaimed Sir Francis, delightedly. "Oh, Basil, I wish I were you, and not a grandfather—loth to leave his bed even on such a fine morning as this. You had a fine night crossing, I should think?"

"Very fair, sir, but too quiet to be interesting."

"You were not sea-sick?"

"No, sir."

"You ought to have been. It's very good for the inside, as old Granville observes in his 'Travels to St. Petersburg.' Still, at your age one doesn't want such violent emetics. The place has been very quiet without you. How did you get on at school?"

Basil shrugged his shoulders. "I got the prize for English and a certificate for French."

"Otherwise you tailed the hunt, I suppose?"

Basil nodded.

"You ought to take a little more pains. Still, I'm not dissatisfied. It's a great thing to know one thing well. For myself, I'm Jack-of-all-trades, and master of theology, perhaps, which isn't much use to a struggling doctor. You'll be glad to hear William is doing very well in London; we'll have to find him a practice soon. By the way, what do you want to do when you've finished school? Turn churchman, eh?"

Basil said "No," emphatically. The proposition seemed almost to upset his equanimity.

"So the priesthood doesn't appeal to you?"

"No," said Basil again.

"Haven't they been kind to you at Charterborough?"

Basil hesitated a moment.

"Yes, sir, most kind, almost without exception. The minister, Father Greenwood, is one of the nicest men I ever met."

"Greenwood, Greenwood?" said the knight. "I seem

to know the name. But in spite of their kindness you won't be in a hurry to go back?"

"Not in a hurry, certainly," admitted Basil, "for I'm awfully delighted to be here with you again, but I'm quite prepared for another year at Charterborough. It's very uncomfortable after home, and some things about it are hateful; but it seems to be the right thing to go back. To put everything else aside, I do more work there than I did here; their method of teaching seems to me more reasonable."

"That I will believe," said the physician. "The Irish, no matter how clever they are, or how well they know a thing, seem to be incapable of explaining it to anybody else. But what do you want to do when you leave school? Two things, mark ye, are out of the question. I can't afford the Army, and one is enough in the medical. You say you won't be a priest; well, then, there's the Bar."

Basil did not look enthusiastic.

"You're too old for the Navy. I haven't the money or the influence for the Foreign Office or the Diplomatic Service; the Civil Service is objectionable for many reasons. We come back to the Law—Would you like to be a solicitor?"

"No," said Basil.

"No more would I," continued the knight. "Then there's not much left. You might be an engineer if you knew your multiplication table better, but—no, that's no use. Then what is there? You'd never know anything about agriculture if you lived till a hundred. What on earth are you to do, Basil, boy?"

Basil waited a long time before replying; at last, in answer to his father's inquiring look, he blurted out, "I think I may be able to write a little, sir."

The knight drew a long breath. "Thank God you don't want to go on the stage," he said, with the affectation of great relief. "But seriously, Basil, while I don't in the least wish to influence your choice, don't you think literature is a very doubtful pursuit?"

"All pursuits seem to me equally doubtful," answered Basil.

"Yes, I'm sure you're right there. But you know what—I forget his name, but he's quite well known—says about

literature being an excellent cane but a bad crutch, or words to that effect. Hadn't you at least better take up some regular profession—the Bar for preference—and then you can devote your spare time to literature?"

"Entirely as you please, sir," rejoined Basil.

"No, it isn't as I please," retorted the knight. "You shall follow entirely your own devices. I refuse to accept the responsibility of thrusting you into an unsuitable course of life. But I will ask you to oblige me by giving my opinion the most serious consideration. You are quite at liberty to follow your own plans, but it is my duty to give you the advice of a man who is—is a grandfather, in fact, and feels it, worse luck."

Eight months later a great sorrow came into Basil's life, and it came in the form of a telegram handed to him on a sullen February afternoon as he stood in the minister's room at Charterborough. He had been standing at the window, watching the snowflakes circling through the branches of the elm trees on the great avenue, when he saw the post-boy from Bournegate galloping up the way. Such an arrival is always an exciting episode of school life, and Basil turned to Father Greenwood, who was writing, and said, "A telegram for some one, sir."

The priest looked up. "Yes, I expect one," he replied, and went on writing.

Five minutes passed, then with a rap at the door, the janitor brought in the yellow paper. Basil heard the noise behind but did not turn round, he was interested in the effect of the failing light on the snowflakes. The minister spoke his name twice before he heeded.

"The telegram is not for me," said Father Greenwood, handing it to him, "but for you. Open it, and tell me what it is."

Basil took the paper, cut it open methodically with the minister's paper-knife and looked at it. "Father dying. Come at once. William." That was all. It had been handed in at Westland Row at half-past three, it was now a quarter-past four. "It has been three-quarters of an hour coming," said Basil, solemnly.

"What has?" said the priest, inattentively. "Oh, your telegram. Nothing important, I suppose?"

Basil's answer was unintelligible; it was something between a sob and a groan.

In an instant the priest took in the situation, and, springing to his feet, caught the boy in his arms. "Courage, Basil; courage, dear fellow, but cry—don't be afraid of crying, it's the best thing in the world."

They woke Basil from a ghastly dream at four o'clock the next morning. The minister came himself with a glimmering candle, and in his sleep Basil thought he felt his forehead kissed by rough lips.

"I've ordered some hot tea for you in my room," said Father Greenwood. "Dress quickly and you'll have time to eat and drink a little before you go."

"Thank you, sir," Basil meant to say, but he could do so only by a hand grip. He dressed without feeling the bitter cold of morning, and throwing his toilet things into the bag which he had packed over night, he crept on tip-toe from the dormitory. As he passed a window he saw the glimmer of moonlight on the snow. In the minister's room the tea was simmering by the fire, and some toast with butter which never came out of the college larder. It was with the greatest difficulty that Father Greenwood could persuade the boy to eat, but once he had tasted the food he realized that he was starving, and Nature made him finish the plate.

He gulped down a second cup of tea as the noise of wheels approached from the stable. Father Greenwood helped him on with his coat, then consulted his watch. "Three minutes past the half-hour. You will be at the station in forty minutes, nearly ten minutes before the train starts, which is not due until 5:21. You will be at King's Cross by 6:40, which leaves you over half-an-hour to get up to Euston, take your ticket, and catch the Irish Mail. Have you got your money all right?"

"Yes, sir, thanks, everything."

"Well, push these sandwiches into your overcoat pocket. They're not very nice, but they're fresher than you get them at the railway buffets. Are you ready? Come."

The priest took up Basil's rug and bag in his hand, and, followed by the proprietor, walked along the corridor and descended the stairs. There was no light on the way save a little twinkling lamp, but when the great door was

opened a flood of moonlight bathed the hall. The college brougham stood in front of the door. Basil stepped in.

"Good-bye," said Father Greenwood. "Should you not return, try to think well of us." His voice broke on the last syllable; as the vehicle turned a corner Basil saw him still standing in the moonlight on the steps. The figure of this fine old man was the last impression that he brought away from Charterborough. He sank back on the cushions and listened to the soft rush of the wheels through the snow.

The day came and the day went, and it was dark again by the time the packet-boat steamed into Kingstown harbor: darker still when the car stopped outside the house in Fitzwilliam Square.

They led him upstairs, and softly into the room where his father lay. The nurse granted admittance, and Basil approached the bed. A man almost unrecognizable lay on it; his cheeks were sunken in his head and on his lips was a bristling beard, the hair was white as snow, the eyelids almost fallen.

"Father," said Basil, incontinently.

"Hush," interposed the nurse, hastily. But the invalid had heard, and opening his eyes he looked round with an expectant glance. Then he put out his hand just a little inch towards his son, and saying, "Basil, boy, Basil," in a sing-song voice, relapsed into a state of stupor.

Basil tried to hold back his tears, but they burst from him and he turned away. A few minutes later he found himself kneeling on the floor by the bedside, burning taper in hand, and repeating in a sacred voice the responses of the prayer for the dying. The murmur of the voices suddenly stopped; looking up, he saw the priest leaning over the bed.

Terrified, he started up, but the priest laid his hand on his arm. "May your death, and mine, be as happy," he said.

OWEN CONNELLAN.

(1800—1869.)

OWEN CONNELLAN, whose father claimed to be a descendant of Laoghaire Mac Neill, King of Ireland, was born in County Sligo, in 1800. He made a study of Irish literature, and as a scribe in the Royal Irish Academy he copied much of the Irish writings known as the 'Books of Lecan and Ballymote.' He was Irish historiographer in the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and afterward became professor of Irish at Queen's College, Cork. This position he held until the time of his death in 1869.

He published works on Irish grammar, and a translation of 'The Annals of Ireland from the Irish of the Four Masters,' with full Irish text. His most important work was a text edition, with translation and notes, of 'The Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe,' a tale which relates how the 'Tain bo Cuailogue,' the most famous story of the Irish bards, was recovered in the time of St. Ciaran.

THE HOSPITALITY OF CUANNA'S HOUSE.

Translated from the Irish.

This is a story of the Finn or Ossianic Cycle. Finn, according to the chroniclers, died in the middle of the third century, A. D.—(D. H.)

"Tell me now the meaning of the by-word, 'the Hospitality of Fionn in the house of Cuanna.'"

"I will tell you the truth concerning that, O'Conan," said Fionn. "Oisin, Caoilte, Mac Lughaidh, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and I myself happened one day, above all other days, to be on the summit of Cairn Feargall: we were accompanied by our five hounds, namely, Bran, Sceoluing, Sear Dubh, Luath Luachar, and Anuaill. We had not been long there when we perceived a rough, tall, huge giant approaching us. He carried an iron fork upon his back, and a grunting hog was placed between the prongs of the fork; a young girl of mature age followed and forced the giant on his way before her. Let some one go forward and accost these (people) said I. Diarmuid O'Duibhne followed, but did not overtake them. The other three and I started up and followed Diarmuid and the giant. We overtook Diarmuid, but did not come up with the giant or the girl; for a dark, gloomy, druidical mist showered down between us and them, so that we could not discern what road they took.

“When the mist cleared away, we looked around us, and discovered a light-roofed, comfortable-looking house, at the edge of the ford, near at hand. We crossed to the house, before which spread a lawn upon which were two fountains; at the brink of one fountain lay a rude iron vessel, and a vessel of bronze at the brink of the other. Those we met in the house were, an aged hoary-headed man standing by the door jamb to the right hand, and a beautiful maid sitting before him; a rough, rude, huge giant before the fire, busily cooking a hog; and an old man at the other side of the fire, having an iron-gray head of hair, and twelve eyes in his head, while the twelve sons (germs) of discord beamed in each eye: there was also in the house a ram with a white belly, a jet-black head, dark green horns, and green feet; and there was in the end of the house a hag covered with a dark ash-colored garment: there were no persons in the house except these. The man at the door-post welcomed us; and we five, having our five hounds with us, sat on the floor of the *bruighean*.¹

“‘Let submissive homage be done to Fionn Mac Cumhail, and his people,’ said the man at the door-post. ‘My case is that of a man begging a request, but obtaining neither the smaller or the greater part of it,’ said the giant; nevertheless he rose up and did respectful homage to us. After a while, I became suddenly thirsty, and no person present perceived it but Caoilte, who began to complain bitterly on that account. ‘You have no cause to complain, Caoilte,’ said the man of the door-post, ‘but only to step outside and fetch a drink for Fionn, from whichever of the fountains you please.’ Caoilte did so, and fetched the bronze vessel brimful to me, and gave me to drink; I took a drink from it, and the water tasted like honey while I was drinking, but bitter as gall when I put the vessel from my lips; so that darting pains and symptoms of death seized me, and agonizing pangs from the poisonous draught. I could be but with difficulty recognized; and the lamentation of Caoilte, on account of my being in that condition, was greater than that he had before given vent to on account of my thirst. The man of the door-post desired Caoilte to go out and bring me a drink from the other fountain. Caoilte obeyed, and

¹ *Bruighean*, pavilion.

brought me the iron vessel brimful. I never underwent so much hardship in battle or conflict as I then suffered, while drinking, in consequence of the bitterness of the draught; but as soon as I put the vessel from my lips, I recovered my own color and appearance, and that gave joy and happiness to my people.

“The man of the house then asked if the hog which was in the boiler was yet cooked. ‘It is cooked,’ replied the giant, ‘and allow me to divide it.’ ‘How will you divide it?’ said the man of the house. ‘I will give one hind quarter to Fionn and his hounds; the other hind quarter to Fionn’s four men; the fore part to myself; the chine and rump to the old man, who sits at the opposite side of the fire, and to the hag in yonder corner; and the giblets to you, and the young woman who is opposite to you.’ ‘I pledge my word,’ said the man of the house, ‘you have divided it very fairly.’ ‘I pledge my word,’ exclaimed the ram, ‘that the division is very unfair, so far as I am concerned, for I have been altogether forgotten.’ And so saying, he immediately snatched the quarter that lay before my four men, and carried it away into a corner, where he began to devour it. The four men instantly attacked the ram all at once with their swords, but, though they laid on violently, they did not affect him in the least, and the blows fell away as from a stone or rock, so that they were forced to resume their seats. ‘Upon my veracity, he is doomed for evil who owns as companions such four fellows as you are, who tamely suffer one single sheep to carry away their food, and devour it before their faces,’ exclaimed the man with the twelve eyes; and at the same time going up to the ram, he caught him by the feet, and gave him a violent pitch out of the door, so that he fell on his back to the ground; and from that time we saw him no more.

“Soon after this the hag started up, and having thrown her ashy-gray coverlet over my four men, metamorphosed them into four withered drooping-headed old men! When I saw that I was seized with great fear and alarm; and when the man at the door-post perceived this, he desired me to come over to him, place my head on his bosom, and sleep. I did so; and the hag got up and took her coverlet off my four men, and, when I awoke, I found then restored

to their own shape, and that was great happiness to me. 'O Fionn,' asked the man of the door-post, 'do you feel surprised at the appearance and arrangement of this house?' I assured him that I never saw anything which surprised me more. 'Well then I will explain the meaning of all these things to you,' said the man. 'The giant carrying the grunting hog between the prongs of the iron fork, whom you first saw, is he who is yonder, and his name is *Sloth*; she who is close to me is the young woman who had been forcing him along, that is *Energy*; and *Energy* compels *Sloth* forward with her; for *Energy* moves in the twinkling of the eye a greater distance than the foot can travel in a year. The old man of the bright eyes yonder signifies the *World*; and he is more powerful than any one, which has been proved by his rendering the ram powerless. That ram, which you saw, signifies the *Crimes* of the men. That hag there beyond is withering *Old Age*, and her clothing has withered your four men; the two wells, from which you drank the two draughts, mean *Falsehood* and *Truth*; for while telling a lie one finds it sweet, but it becomes bitter at the last.

"Cuanna from Innistuil is my own name; I do not reside here, but having conceived a wonderful love for you, O Fionn, on account of your superiority in wisdom and general celebrity, I therefore put these things into the way before you, in order that I might see you. And this story shall be called, to the end of the world, the Hospitality of Cuanna's House to Fionn."

THE CAPTURE OF HUGH ROE O'DONNELL.

From Connellan's translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters.'

The capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, or Red Hugh O'Donnell, was effected in A.D. 1587, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the custom at that time, we are told, to imprison any chieftain, or son of a chieftain, who might in any way contribute to the disturbance of a country already troublesome enough to England. For this purpose all possible stratagems were resorted to, one of which in the following extract is demonstrated.

The fame and renown of Hugh Roe or Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, spread throughout the five provinces of Ire-

land even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, as being distinguished for wisdom, intellect, personal figure, and noble deeds, and all persons in general said that he was truly a prodigy, and that, should he be allowed to arrive at the age of maturity, the disturbance of the whole island of Ireland would arise through him, and through the Earl of Tyrone, should they be engaged on the one side, and that they would carry the sway, being in alliance with each other, as we have before stated; so that it was for these reasons the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin determined in their council what kind of plot they should adopt respecting that circumstance which they dreaded, and the resolution they came to was to fit out in Dublin a ship, with its crew, and a cargo of wine and spirituous liquors, and send it by the left-hand side of Ireland northeastward as if it were they went on traffic, and to take port in some harbor on the coasts of Tirconnell.

The ship afterwards came with a fair wind from the west, without delay or impediment, until it arrived in the old harbor of Suilidh (Lough Swilly, in Donegal), exactly opposite Rath Maolain (Rathmullen), a town which had been formerly founded on the sea-shore by Mac Sweeney of Fauat, the hereditary marshal to the Lord of Tirconnell. This ship having been moored there by her anchors, a party of the crew came to land in a small boat, under the appearance of traffic and a semblance of peace and amity, and they began to spy and observe, and to sell and bargain with the people who were sent to them, and they stated that they had wine and strong drink with them in their ship; and when Mac Sweeney and his people received intelligence of this, they commenced buying and drinking the wine until they were intoxicated. When the people of the adjoining district heard of that ship, they flocked from all quarters to it.

The forementioned Hugh Roe, who was then in his career of careless simplicity, and on his youthful visit and amusement, happened then to be in the neighborhood, and the unthinking playfellows who were along with him prevailed on him to go to that place; his imprudence indeed was excusable at that time, for he had not then completed his fifteenth year, and there was none of his experienced counselors, of his tutors, or of his professors along with him,

to direct him in his proceedings or offer him advice. When the spies heard that he had come to the town they immediately returned back to their ship; this was perceived by Mac Sweeney and the chiefs in general, and they sent servants and attendants for some wine to the ship for the guest who had arrived; the merchants said that they had no more wine with them than what was necessary for the crew, and that they would let no more from them to land for any person; but, however, that if a few chiefs would come to them to their ship, they should get as much wine and strong drink as they required.

When this information was communicated to Mac Sweeney he was ashamed of himself, so that the resolution he came to was to bring Hugh along with him to the ship; and having decided on that resolution, they went into a small boat which was at the verge of the strand, and they rowed it over to the ship; having been welcomed, they were conveyed down to a cabin in the middle of the ship without delay or ceremony, and they were served and administered to until they were cheerful and merry. While they were regaled there, the hatch door was closed behind them, and their arms having been stolen from them, the young son, Hugh Roe, was made a prisoner on that occasion.

The report of that capture having spread throughout the country in general, they flocked from all parts of the harbor to see if they could devise any stratagem against those who had committed that treachery, but that was impossible, for they were in the depth of the harbor, after having weighed their anchor, and they had neither ships nor boats at their command to be revenged of them. Mac Sweeney of the Districts, in common with all others, came to the shore; he was foster-father to that Hugh, and he proffered other hostages and sureties in lieu of him, but it was of no avail to him, for there was not a hostage in the province of Ulster they would take in his stead. With respect to the ship and the crew which were in it, when they had procured the most desirable to them of the inhabitants of the country, they sailed with a full tide until they arrived at the sea, and continued the course of passage by which they had come and landed in the harbor of Dublin.

His arrival after that manner was immediately known

all over the city, and the Lord Justice and the council were delighted at his having come, although indeed it was not for love of him, and they commanded to have him brought before them; having been accordingly brought they discoursed and conversed with him, scrutinizing and eliciting all the knowledge of him they could for a long time; they at length, however, ordered him to be put in a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of the noble sons of the Milesians were in chains and captivity, as well as some of the Fionn Ghaill (Normans or English), whose chief subject of conversation both by day and night was complaining to each other of their injuries and troubles, and treating of persecutions carried on against the noble and high-born sons of Ireland in general.

THE ESCAPE OF HUGH ROE.

From Connellan's translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters.'

Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, son of Manus O'Donnell, remained in imprisonment and in chains in Dublin, after his former escape, till the winter of this year (1592). He and his fellow-prisoners, Henry and Art, the sons of O'Neill, *i. e.* of John, having been together in the early part of the night, got an opportunity of the guards before they had been brought to the dining room, and having taken off their fetters they afterwards went to the privy, having with them a very long rope, by which the fugitives descended through the privy, until they reached the deep trench which surrounded the castle; they afterwards gained the opposite side, and mounted the side of the trench. There was a trusty servant who was in the habit of visiting them, to whom they disclosed their intention, and he met them at that time to direct them; they then proceeded through the streets of the city indiscriminately with others, and no one took notice of them more than of any other person, for the people of the town did not stop to make their acquaintance that time, and the gates of the city were open.

They afterwards passed through every intricate and difficult place until they arrived on the open plain of

Slieve Piol (the Red Mountain, on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow), by which Hugh in his first escape had passed. The darkness of the night and the swiftness of their flight, through dread of being pursued, separated the oldest of them from the others, namely, Henry O'Neill. Hugh was the youngest of them in age, although he was not so in noble deeds. They were much grieved at Henry's separation from them; but, however, they continued their progress, led on by their own man. The night was dropping snow, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without clothes or outside coats, having left their upper garments in the privy through which they had come. Art (O'Neill) became more exhausted by the hasty journey than Hugh, for it was a long time since he had been incarcerated, and he became very corpulent from the length of his residence in the prison; it was not so with Hugh; he did not exceed the age of boyhood, neither did he cease in growth or become corpulent, and his pace and progress were quick and active. When he perceived that Art became exhausted, and that his pace was slow and tardy, he requested him to put his hand on his own shoulder, and the other hand on the shoulder of the servant, and they proceeded in that manner until they crossed the Red Mountain; after which they were fatigued and wearied, and they could not bring Art farther with them; and since they could not convey him with them they stopped there, and stayed under the shelter of a high projecting rock which stood before them.

Having remained there they sent the servant with word to Glenmalure (in Wicklow), where dwelt Fiacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne), who was then at war with the English; that glen was an impregnable stronghold, and a great number of the prisoners of Dublin, when they made their escape, were in the habit of proceeding to that glen, for they considered themselves secure there until they returned to their countries. When the servant arrived at the place of Fiacha he related to him his message, and the condition he left the persons in who had fled from the city, and they would not be overtaken alive unless they came to relieve them at once. Fiacha immediately commanded a number of his friends whom he could rely on to go to them, one man bearing food, another ale and mead.

They accordingly proceeded, and arrived at the place where the men were; but, alas! unhappy and uncomfortable were they on their arrival, for the manner in which they were was that their bodies were covered as it were in beds of white hailstone, like blankets, which were frozen about them, and congealed their thin light dresses, and their thin shirts of fine linen to their skins, and their moistened shoes and leathern coverings to their legs and feet, so that they appeared to the people who came as if they were not actually human beings, having been completely covered with the snow, for they found no life in their members, but they were as if dead; they took them up from where they lay, and requested them to take some of the food and ale, but they were not able to do so, for every drink they took they cast it up immediately, so that Art at length died and was buried in that place.

As to Hugh, he afterwards took some of the mead, and his faculties were restored after drinking it, except the use of his feet alone, for they became dead members, without feeling, having been swelled and blistered by the frost and snow. The men then carried him to the glen which we have mentioned, and he remained in a private house, in the hidden recesses of a wood, under cure, until a messenger came privately to inquire after him from his brother-in-law the Earl O'Neill. After the messenger had come to him he prepared to depart, and it was difficult for him to go on that journey, for his feet could not be cured, so that another person should raise him on his horse, and take him between his two hands again when alighting. Fiacha sent a large troop of horse with him by night, until he should cross the river Liffey, to defend him against the guards who were looking out for him; for the English of Dublin received intelligence that Hugh was in Glenmalure, so that it was therefore they placed sentinels at the shallow fords of the river, to prevent Hugh and the prisoners who had fled along with him from crossing thence into the province of Ulster.

The men who were along with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the river Liffey, near the city of Dublin, which they passed unnoticed by the English, until they arrived on the plain of the fortress. He was accompanied by the persons who had on a former occasion

forsaken him after his first escape, namely, Felim O'Toole and his brother, in conjunction with the troops who were escorting him to that place, and they ratified their good faith and friendship with each other; after bidding him farewell, and giving him their blessing, they then parted with him there. As to Hugh O'Donnell, he had none along with him but the one young man of the people of Hugh O'Neill who went for him to the celebrated glen, and who spoke the language of the foreigners (the English), and who was also in the habit of accompanying the earl, *i. e.* Hugh O'Neill, whenever he went among the English, so that he knew and was familiar with every place through which they passed.

They proceeded on their two very swift steeds along the direct course of the roads of Meath, until they arrived on the banks of the Boyne before morning, a short distance to the west of Drogheda; but they were in dread to go to that city, so that what they did was to go along the bank of the river to a place where a poor fisherman usually waited, and who had a small ferrying curach (cot or small boat). Hugh having gone into the curach, the ferryman left him on the opposite side after he had given him his full payment; Hugh's servant having returned took the horses with him through the city, and brought them to Hugh on the other side of the river. They then mounted their horses, and proceeded until they were two miles from the river, where they saw a thick bushy grove before them on the way in which they went, surrounded by a very great fosse, as if it were a strongly fenced garden; there was a fine residence belonging to an excellent gentleman of the English near the wood, and he was a trusty friend of Hugh O'Neill.

When they had arrived at the ramparts they left their horses and went into the wood within the fosse, for Hugh's faithful guide was well acquainted with that place; having left Hugh there he went into the fortress and was well-received; having obtained a private apartment for Hugh O'Donnell he brought him with him, and he was served and entertained to his satisfaction. They remained there until the night of the following day, and their horses having been got ready for them in the beginning of the night, they proceeded across Sliabh Breagh and through Machaire

Conaill (both in the county of Louth) until they arrived at Traigh-Baile Mic-Buain (Dundalk) before the morning; as the gates of the town were opened in the morning early they resolved to pass through it, and they proceeded through it on their horses until they arrived on the other side, and they were cheerful and rejoiced for having got over all the dangers which lay before them till then.

They then proceeded to the Fiodh (the wood) where lived Torlogh, the son of Henry, son of Felim Piol O'Neill, to rest themselves, and there they were secure, for Torlogh was a friend and connection of his, and he and the Earl O'Neill were born of the same mother; they remained there till the following day and then proceeded across Slieve Fuaid (the Few's Mountains in Armagh), and arrived at Armagh, where they arrived privately that night; they went on the following day to Dungannon, where the earl, Hugh O'Neill, lived, and he was rejoiced at their arrival, and they were led to a retired apartment, without the knowledge of any excepting a few of his trusty people who were attending them, and Hugh remained there for the space of four nights, recovering himself from the fatigue of his journey and troubles, after which he prepared to depart, and took leave of the earl, who sent a troop of horse with him until he arrived at the eastern side of Lough Erne.

The lord of the country was a friend of his and a kinsman by the mother's side, namely, Hugh Maguire, for Nualadh, the daughter of Manus O'Donnell, was his mother. Maguire was rejoiced at his coming, and a boat having been brought to them, into which they went, they then rowed from thence until they arrived at a narrow creek of the lake, where they landed. A number of his faithful people having gone to meet him, they conveyed him to the castle Ath-Seanaigh (Ballyshannon), in which were the guards of O'Donnell his father; he remained there until all those in their neighborhood in the country came thither to pay their respects to him. His faithful people were rejoiced at the arrival of the heir to the chieftaincy, and although they owed him sincere affection on account of his family, they had motives which made him no less welcome to them, for the country up to that time had been plundered a hundred times over between the English and the Irish.

MARY COSTELLO.

"THE author of 'Addie's Husband,' " as Miss Costello prefers to be known, was born at Kilkenny. She has written several novels, the best known of which is the one we have cited. She has contributed to many magazines, including *The Cornhill* and *The Gentleman's*, and she is also a well-known dramatic writer; two of her plays, 'The Plebeian' and 'A Bad Quarter of an Hour,' have attained great popularity. She has collaborated in a dramatization of 'Esmond' with Dr. R. Y. Tyrrell.

The 'Sketch from Dublin Life' is a marvelously true and vivid picture. The "penny numbers" belong to a class of literature for girls which answers to our "dime novel" and "gutter literature" for boys. They are sold by hundreds of thousands in Great Britain, and the type of girl who reads them, and the mental and moral effects of such reading, are here described with rare insight and understanding. Another type of girls who read such literature is admirably portrayed in the never-to-be forgotten "Pomona" of Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange.'

JANE: A SKETCH FROM DUBLIN LIFE.

Jane Corcoran is her name.

She wishes it was Gladys Carruthers, Evelyn Boscawen, or Doreen Featherstonhaugh.

Now and then among her *intimes* she makes a wistful effort to glide into "Janet," which, as every one knows, is a perennial bloom among romance-mongers; but she is chronically ineffective, so the homely monosyllable by which she was individualized in Westland Row Chapel twenty-six years ago remains hers to the end.

After working-hours Jane is a familiar figure of the city. She is to be met strolling through the streets in a large, loosely stitched hat, generally supported by two or three members of her sex, on whose dress, gait, and general mannerisms she models her own.

The initiative is not her line, but she is a daring follower of fashion and has a generous eye for color. She favors cheap sequin trimmings, large chiffon bows, blouses cut low in the neck, glittering waistbands, and cotton-velvet corselets. She wears a terrible peaked fringe, popular in Whitechapel as the "Princess M'y," and though her arms rattle with bangles, and she has suède gloves that reach to

the elbow, there are generally slits in the sides of her boots, and her stockings. . . .

She is not made in proportion. Her feet are large and flat; yet she takes small sixes in gloves, and is very proud of her pale lady-like hands, damp and boneless to the touch. She walks with a mincing slouch and a little toss of the head.

But what is there characteristic in such a sketch? may be asked. Surely that picture of slovenly fashion and swagger is one now as common as the lamp-posts in every street of the British Empire. Dublin has no monopoly of such baggage; she is the daughter of our democratic day.

The answer is that Dublin has a monopoly of Jane, that her outward view is no index to the character of her mind. It is but the clothes and the street-strolling habits which she has in common with Lizer 'Unt and the coster's 'Arriet.

The eyes that meet yours from under the Whitechapel head-dress are those of a gentle, modest, and timid woman; the face when free of its terrible fringe is refined, delicate, prettyish and incapable.

Jane's intellect is bounded by the novelette, and the keynote of her being is one of enervating expectancy.

She is always waiting for something to happen; with empty heart and straining ears, waiting for the prince who does not come.

Every morning she awakes with the misty hope that before the close of the day she is at last to sample one of those thrilling, romantic, delightful, or even awful experiences, which punctuate the life of the average heroine of cheap fiction.

Yet once or twice, when the breath of adventure had stirred her stagnant air, poor Jane had found herself unequipped for the emergency; for instance, had fled in terror when her acquaintance was insidiously claimed in the streets by a mysterious being with fiery eyes, who in every way answered to the fascinating stock villain of romance, the brilliant Italian count or wicked Colonel of the Guards in pursuit of daisy and lily innocence.

Her conduct on a promising occasion of this kind is so abject as to awake a lifelong contempt in the breast of her cousin, Kate Fagan, a sturdy little dressmaker's apprentice of sixteen.

Kate is short, squat, common-looking, without literary tastes or genteel aspirations; but she has "a way with her," a touch of 'Arriet's robust *gaminerie*, and so gets value out of youth.

She does not belong to Jane's set, and is generally to be seen in the society of low-sized youths, a little above the corner-boy class.

Kate's set start company-keeping at fourteen; they remain attired as growing girls, that is, with short skirts and flowing tresses, until they marry or reach the threshold of middle age.

Jane never walks out with a young man at all.

"Isn't it time you were thinking of getting settled, my dear?" Mrs. Fagan remarks periodically to her niece. "The years is gettin' on, you know; and faith, after thirty women can't pick up husbands on every bush. Why, girl alive, what's the matter with ye, that you haven't a young man?—You that nice-lookin', and with nearly every penny you earns goin' on yer back?"

Jane is an orphan. Her mother died in giving her birth, and during various stages of her early girlhood her father, two sisters, and a brother had been carried off in "cold sweats."

She lives with her aunt, Mrs. Fagan, and works as a skirt hand in a cheap drapery establishment off George's Street.

Her business hours are from nine to seven in the evening, and to half-past eight on Saturday; and her wages are 7s. 6d. (say \$2.00) a week, which does not include board of any kind, not even a cup of tea to relieve the long, dreary day.

The custom of the establishment is that each young lady brings her lunch or dinner, as she may term the repast, and consumes it as neatly and as unobtrusively as she can. Jane, who is gentility personified, nibbles a pulpy slice of bread-and-butter, while her eyes devour the close pages of the novelette, which is always to be seen bulging out of her pocket or peeping from the folds of her work.

She is, no doubt, sloppy minded; how could it be otherwise? Slops are the staple diet of her body and brain. She lives on tea, and what her aunt calls "cheap snacks."

Seven-and-sixpence a week allows no margin for butchers' meat when a girl has to keep herself fit to be

seen in the streets, and has, moreover, an appetite for weekly numbers which must be appeased.

Jane's day is one of long, monotonous toil. She lives in a hideous tenement house in Werburgh Street, sharing a bed with two, sometimes three, of her aunt's children. Mrs. Fagan is a young and healthy woman, and there is a new baby in the cradle every year. The wail of sickly or peevish childhood is never out of the girl's ears; discomfort, dirt, evil smells, harsh sounds, and squalor hem her round; and, knowing there is one road away from them all, she can no more pass the news-shop of a Saturday night than a drunkard with a full pocket can pass a public-house.

The poor little penny dram is potent always. It makes a sweet, pulpy muddle of everything. Drowns the discord in the heroic clash of armor, the music of lovers' vows; brings the breath of hot-house flowers, of orange groves, of brine-washed cliffs into the greasy night. Jane cannot give up her "numbers," or be laughed out of her sentimental gentility.

She is held cheaply in the family circle, and is looked upon generally as a failure, which no doubt she is. For her nature is made up of those fine things which lead to no worldly prosperity.

She is tender-hearted, gentle, patient, unselfish, generous, and her gratitude is always absurdly out of proportion to the benefits received.

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE.

(1803—1868.)

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE, the noted wit and popular dramatist, was born at Birr, King's County. He was originally intended for the legal profession, but he abandoned it for the literature of the stage. His first production was 'The Phrenologist,' which was so successful as to ensure an enthusiastic reception for his next plays, 'The Honest Cheats' and 'The Four Lovers.' After devoting some time to journalism he went to London in 1837 with a letter of introduction from W. Carleton to Crofton Croker, and was introduced by him to the editors of *Bentley's Miscellany* and other leading periodicals. In the same year his farce of 'The Queer Subject' was played with success at the Adelphi.

Mr. Coyne now quickly gained both fame and remuneration. Piece after piece came rapidly from his ready pen; 'Presented at Court,' 'A Duel in the Dark,' 'Wanted. One Thousand Milliners,' 'Villikins and his Dinah,' 'Maria Laffarge,' 'The Humors of an Election,' 'Urgent Private Affairs,' 'Married and Settled,' 'Box and Cox,' 'The Pas de Fascination,' 'The Caudle Lectures,' and 'Railway Bubbles' being among the most popular. He also wrote: 'All for Love, or The Lost Pleiad,' 'The Man of Many Friends,' 'The Old Chateau,' 'The Secret Agent,' 'The Hope of the Family,' 'The Signal Valsha,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Queen of the Abruzzi,' 'The Merchant and his Clerks,' 'The Tipperary Legacy,' and 'Helen Oakleigh.' In 1843 his 'World of Dreams,' a spectacular drama, had a run of over eighty nights at the Haymarket, and in the following year it was put upon the stage in Dublin, by Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste.

He occasionally adapted French authors, one of whom returned the compliment by translating his farce 'How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress' into French, and by producing it at the Vaudeville, Paris, under the title of 'Une Femme dans ma Fontaine.' This piece was played also upon the German stage with success.

In his one serious work, 'The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland,' which appeared in 1840, he proved that the land of his birth was not forgotten. He never ceased to be a frequent contributor to the periodicals, and he also wrote some acceptable stories. He was one of the projectors and early proprietors of *Punch*, whose pages often bristled with his wit. In 1856 he was appointed secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society. He died in London, July 18, 1868. Those who knew Mr. Coyne in private life bear testimony to the sterling worth of his character. He was never spoiled by success, always remaining "a modest, retiring, estimable man," seen to best advantage in his own hospitable domestic circle.

His plays number nearly a hundred, and they are for the most part in serio-comic vein, exhibiting much pathos, humor, and dramatic power.

TIM HOGAN'S GHOST.

"What in the world can keep Dermott away from me so long? 'Tis four days since I laid eyes on the scapegrace. I wondher what mischief he's afther now. Fighting or courting somewhere, I'll be bound. Afther all, though he's a quare devil, rollicking and tearing through the country like a wild coult, he has a true and loyal heart to *me*. Isn't there Peggy Mooney would give her new yallow gown for one kind look from his two black eyes; but though she has a couple of pigs, and twenty guineas fortune, she can't coax him from his own poor Norah, that dotes down on the very ground he walks."

Thus soliloquized Norah Connolly, the prettiest *colleen* in the village of Ardrossan. Her spinning-wheel had for several minutes ceased to perform its revolutions, so deeply was she engrossed by her meditations. The object of her solicitude was a young fellow, who, by the proper use of a well-shaped leg, a pair of merry black eyes, and a tongue mellifluous with brogue and blarney, had "played the puck" with half the girls' hearts in the barony.

Dermott O'Rourke, or, to give him his more popular name, "Dermott the Rattler," was the handiest boy at a double-jig or a faction-fight within twenty miles of where he stood. So notorious had he become for his wild pranks, that every act of mischief or frolic that occurred in the parish was laid at his door. Yet, with all this, Dermott's love for Norah Connolly sprang up green and beautiful amidst the errors of an ardent and reckless disposition.

"There's no use fretting," continued Norah, after a long silence. "The Blessed Mother will, I know, watch over and restore my dear Dermott to me."

"To be sure she will, *ma colleen bawn*; and here I am safe and sound, come back to you like a pet pigeon," cried a well-known voice, and at the same time a smacking kiss announced the return of the truant.

"Why, then, Dermott," cried the blushing Norah, "have done now, will you. Sit down and tell me where you have been philandering this week past."

Dermott twirled his stick, looked puzzled and irresolute, and made no reply.

"Ah!" cried Norah, "you have been about some mischief, I know. Tell me, Dermott, what has happened?"

"Why, then, a mighty quare accident has happened to me, sure enough. I 'listed for a sojer at the fair," replied the Rattler.

"'Listed for a soldier, Dermott?" cried Norah, growing deadly pale.

"The divil a doubt of it, Noreen," answered Dermott. "A civil-spoken gentleman, one Sergeant Flint by name, slipt a shillin' into my hand, stuck a cockade in my hat, an tould me that he 'd make me a brigadier or a grenadier, I don't well remember which."

"Oh! Dermott dear, is it going to leave me you are, when you know 't will break my heart?" And the poor girl burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

"Whisth, whisth, Noreen *asthore!* I'll never lave you—I have resigned. I threw up my grenadier's commission, and quitted the army, for your sake; I'm detarmined never to go to heaven with a red coat on my back."

"But if you 'listed, Dermott—if you took the shilling—"

"Pooh! never mind—that's nothing," he replied, quickly. "I'm above such considherations. Make your mind aisy on that subject. But in the mane time, I'd as lieve keep out o' the way of that civil-spoken sergeant, by rason of the shilling, which I forgot to return him, in my hurry coming away."

The fact was, that a recruiting sergeant had fallen in with Dermott at the fair, and, taking a fancy to his light active figure, had endeavored to persuade him that fourpence a day, with the privilege of being shot at in a red coat, was the summit of human glory. Our hero, whose heart was softened by the spirit of the mountain dew, listened to the sergeant's romances of woman, war, and wine with a greedy ear; and when the old crimp, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, whispered to him, "List, list! oh, list!" Dermott's palm closed on the shilling that purchased his liberty for life, and, throwing his *caubeen* into the air, he fancied himself already a victorious general, with a grove of laurel encompassing his brows. The party then repaired to the inn, where a gallon of hot punch was instantaneously ordered to celebrate the introduction of the new recruit to the —th regiment of foot. Several loyal toasts

were proposed by the sergeant, to which Dermott did such ample honor that he soon became oblivious of everything around him.

Consigned by his comrades to bed, our new hero dreamed a troubled dream "of guns, and drums, and wounds," until the first beams of a summer sun, shining through a curtainless window, full upon his face, recalled him to a state of consciousness. Starting up, he rubbed his eyes, and looked around him in indescribable amazement. One of the soldiers, who as well as himself had taken a share of the drink, was reposing in full uniform upon a pallet beside him, with his mouth expanded in a peculiarly favorable manner for catching flies. The gaudy cockade which was fastened in his hat, together with some faint recollection of the events of the preceding night, produced in the Rattler some very uncomfortable sensations; and finding that his military enthusiasm had considerably abated, he resolved to make a hasty retreat, without any unnecessary ceremony. For this purpose he arose softly, and tried to open the door, but discovered, to his mortification, that it was fastened on the outside. He next examined the window, and finding that it was only a single story from the ground, quietly opened it, and dropped from it on the roof of a friendly pig-sty beneath, leaving his friend the sergeant to catch him again when he could.

Norah, being assured by Dermott that there was no chance of his being pursued to Ardrossan by the soldiers, brightened up, and laughed heartily at her lover's adventure.

"Well," said she, "that's the funniest story I ever heard. What a pucker the sojers must have been in when they found you had given them the slip. Ah! Dermott, Dermott, I'm afeard you'll be always the same wild—"

"*Bathershin!*"¹ exclaimed the Rattler, interrupting her, "never mind that. Do you know that this is the evening the cake is to be danced for up at Moll Doran's of the Hill, between the boys and girls of Ardrossan and Kilduff?"

"I heard them say so," answered Norah.

"Well," replied Dermott, "I mean to have a fling there, and you shall be my partner. There will be lashins of company there, and the grandest divarsion ever was seen.

¹ *Bathershin*, it may be so—never mind.

So come along—put on your bonnet and things—come along.”

Norah, who was easily persuaded to appear at the rustic festival, was not long in completing her simple toilette; and with a light-gray cloak hung over her graceful figure, and a smart straw bonnet tied under her chin with a pale-blue ribbon, which contrasted charmingly with her fair neck and fresh complexion, set out, under the protection of her lover, for the village dance.

At the intersection of two remote and rarely frequented roads stood the principal hostelry of the village of Ardrossan, kept by the Widow Doran, who announced to all travelers, by means of a signboard painted black, in large white letters, that she supplied “ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORS,” *with* “GOOD DRY LODGINGS,” to boot.

Adjoining to Mrs. Doran’s hotel, a natural enclosure, presenting a favorable level of about two acres in extent, was the chosen spot where the candidates for dancing fame assembled annually to contend for the cake, which, like the golden apple of old, was often the cause of feuds and heartburnings amongst the rival fair ones of Kilduff and Ardrossan.

At the further end of this plain, a primitive-looking tent was erected, where a plentiful supply of potteen was provided for the spiritually disposed. In front of the tent a churn-dash was fixed, with the handle thrust into the earth, and on the head or flat end the prize cake was placed full in sight of the competitors. A tall, gaunt-looking man, in a rusty wig, and a coat which might once have been termed black, was standing in the midst of a group of attentive auditors, whom he was addressing in a solemn harangue, but with a countenance so full of dry humor, that the effect was irresistibly comic. This was Matt Fogarty, the village schoolmaster, not only venerated as the oracle of wisdom and learning, but also regarded as the unerring arbiter in all matters of etiquette and ceremony by the entire parish.

“And now, boys and girls,” said he, elevating his voice, “as surveyor and directhor of this fantastic and jocular meeting, I direct the demonsthtrations to begin. You all know the rules. The best couple of dancers win the cake.

So take to your partners, and commence your flagitious recreations."

A loud hurrah followed this pithy address; the fiddles began to squeak, and the bagpipes to scream in the agonies of being tuned; and Barney Driscoll, a young, good-looking fellow, who divided the attention of the girls with Dermott the Rattler, stepped with a confident air into the circle, leading by the hand Peggy Flynn, the belle of the rival parish of Kilduff. A loud cheer from Barney's friends greeted his appearance; but before it had subsided, Dermott O'Rourke and Norah Connolly stood beside their competitors, and were hailed by a still more deafening cheer. The schoolmaster, seeing that both parties were prepared, thus addressed the musicians, who were elevated on a temporary dais of turf:

"Now, ye vagabone sons of Orpheus, begin. Mike, your sowl, rosin your bow;—Terence, you divil, inflate your musical appendages, and strike up something lively."

Accordingly, the musical pair struck up with an energy that, in the opinion of the hearers, more than counterbalanced any little discord observable in the harmony. The two couples of dancers, fired by a spirit of emulation, exerted themselves to the utmost; and as the mirth and music waxed louder and louder, the spectators, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, encouraged their respective friends by applauding shouts and vociferous support, until at length, after a severe contest, Peggy Flynn was compelled by exhaustion to give in, leaving Dermott and Norah undisputed victors of the field. A lofty caper, and a hearty smack on his partner's lips, testified the delight of the Rattler, who, knocking the cake from the churn-dash, carried it in triumph to Norah.

Matt Fogarty now advanced, and waving his hand to procure a hearing, again addressed the assembly: "Neighbors all, I announce and promulgate that the cake has been fairly won and achieved by Norah Connolly, *vi et armis*—that means by force of legs and arms. So now, boys, give one cheer for our purty little Noreen, and then hands round for a fling of a dance altogether."

The words were hardly spoken when a hearty hurrah rent the air, a circle was formed, and every person who

could shake a leg joined in a merry dance round the successful pair.

In the full tide of their mirth, a small military party was observed on the brow of the hill, approaching the village at a smart pace.

"The sojers are comin'," cried an old woman, the first who had perceived them.

In an instant the hands that were grasped together in friendly union became unlocked, the joyous circle was broken, and the shouts of laughter which had rung so cheerily among the hills died into solemn silence. Looks of suspicion and alarm were exchanged between the men, who conversed in whispers together; while the unmarried girls by their sparkling eyes showed the pleasure they felt at the sight of the soldiers.

Norah, who participated in this feminine predilection for a bit of scarlet, clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Come, Dermott," cried she, half dragging her reluctant partner towards the road, "come and see the sojers. There—look at them marching down the hill, their swords and bayonets sparkling in the sun. Make haste, or you'll lose the sight."

A single glance was sufficient to convince the Rattler that the party belonged to the regiment which he had so unceremoniously quitted, and, worse still, that his quondam friend, Sergeant Flint, was amongst them. Having no desire to renew his acquaintance with that facetious gentleman, he plucked Norah hastily back, and, whispering in her ear, said:

"By the piper o' war, I'm sowld, Norah! There's that thief of a sergeant that 'listed me amongst the sojers. As sure as the Pope's a gintleman, 't is hunting afther me they are! What in the world am I to do now?"

"Oh! Dermott, dear, run for your life afore he sees you. What a misfortinit girl I was to bring you into this trouble!" replied the now terrified girl.

"Never mind, Norah darling; I'll get out of the way as fast as I can," cried Dermott.

"But if you go home, they'll be sure to find you," said she.

"Divil a doubt of that," replied the Rattler. "I'm too

'cute a fox to be caught that way. Is there not a wake down at Ned Haggerty's?"

"Sure, there is," answered Norah. "Tim Hogan, the ould piper, died last night, and they're waking him in Ned Haggerty's barn."

"Divil jibetther," cried Dermott, snapping his fingers. "I'll go down to poor Tim's wake; they'll never think of searching for me there to-night; and I'll be off to my cousin Tom's in the mountain at cockshout in the morning."

This plan appearing the most feasible he could hit on for avoiding his military friends, Dermott, accompanied by his sweetheart, slipped quietly out of the crowd, and hurried down a by-path through the fields to the barn, where the remains of the defunct piper were laid out.

Meanwhile, the officer in command of the little party, having seen his men disposed as comfortably as the limited accommodation of the village would allow, took up his own quarters in the Widow Doran's hotel, where, being ushered into a small, earthen-floored, white-washed room, he threw himself into a chair, and inwardly cursed the irksome duty that had devolved upon him,—which was, in fact, the very unromantic and harassing one of affording assistance to the excise officers in an extensive "still-hunt" through the mountains in the neighborhood. His meditations were, however, shortly interrupted by the entrance of the landlady.

"Mrs. What's-your-name," said the young soldier, "I—a—suppose there's no kind of amusement to be found in this infernally stupid place?"

"Amusement!" cried the widow, bridling up. "Ardrosan beats the whole world for it. 'Tis a thousand pities your honor was not here yesterday; we had a bit of the finest divarsion you ever seen."

"Indeed! Pray, what was it?"

"Why, the boys cotch a bailiff, and gave him a steeple-chase, sir," replied Mrs. Doran.

"Gave him a steeple-chase! I don't understand you."

"I'll insense your honor, then. You see, sir, a parcel of the boys cotch one o' them vagabone bailiffs trying to serve a writ on the master of the house below. They said it was about some old account he owed a tailor in Dublin, and that they wanted to make him pay it, which your honor

knows is contrary to all sinse and rayson, anyway. Some of the truants was for tarrin' and featherin' him—more of them was for ducking him in the mill-pond; but others were for giving him a steeple-chase across the country first. Well, they all agreed to that, and they started him from the gable-end of Shawn Ruagh's turf-rick, with his coat turned inside out; the boys giving him a good bit of odds, to make the more fun for themselves; for it was settled that if the bailiff could beat them as far as the ould church of Kilduff, he was to be let go free. Well, as I was saying, away they all started like greyhounds afther the bailiff, and maybe he didn't run like mad, jumping over hedges and drains almost as smart as the best of them. Hows'-ever, there was a little fellow among the boys—one Phil Donnelly, a weaver; and though the crathur had legs like a spider, he ran better than any of the others. 'T would have made your honor laugh to see him splashing through the ditches like a fairy, till, bedad, at last he came up with the bailiff, near Tom Delany's haggart, where an ould ancient goose and gandher, with a dozen young ones, wor divartin' themselves in the sun. Well, the weaver grips the bailiff by the neck as bold as brass; but though Phil had a powerful sperrit, he wasn't a match in strength for the bailiff, who cotch him, saving your honor's presence, by the wisband of the breeches, and pitched him like a kitten over the haggart wall into the middle of the goslings.

The ould gandher, of course, wasn't too well plased at Phil dropping in amongst them in such a promiscuous manner, and flew at him in a desperate rage. The poor weaver had no way of escaping but by jumping into a barrel of hogwash that happened to be near him. And there he stood, up to his neck, roaring for the bare life, while the ould thief of a gandher kept walkin' round the barrel, stretching out his long neck, and hissing, as much as to say, 'Come out of that, if you dare, and see what you'll get.' At last, the rest of the boys came up; but when they saw the weaver in the washtub, and the gandher keeping guard upon him, they were ready to drop with the dint of laughing. When they got tired they pulled the weaver out, all dripping with wash, and almost frightened out of his seven sinces. But the delay gave the bailiff time to escape, and so they gave up the chase and returned

home. Wasn't it a murder, sir, you warn't here to see the fun?"

The officer could not exactly perceive the fun of it, and was beginning to express his distaste for such amusements, when a single tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the lieutenant.

The door opened, and Sergeant Flint advanced into the room. As soon as the landlady had quitted it, the lieutenant turned to the sergeant to hear his news.

"We have found him, your honor," said Flint, touching his hat.

"Found whom?"

"The deserter, sir—Dermott O'Rourke—the fellow that gave me the slip last week at the fair of Ballintubber," replied the sergeant.

"Well, you have arrested him?" said the lieutenant.

"No, your honor," replied Flint. "I only caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowd a while ago; and then the fellow disappeared as if he had sank into the earth. However, I determined not to lose him so easily, and by a few careless inquiries amongst the villagers, I have discovered that he sneaked off to the wake of an old piper, a short distance from here."

"Well—aw—sergeant," said the officer, yawning, "you had better order out a corporal's guard and take the rascal prisoner. We must make an example of him."

The sergeant brought his hand to his cap with a military sweep, and marched out of the room.

Meantime, Dermott had reached the barn where they were waking the dead piper. It was a low, thatched house, crowded with persons of both sexes, who were seated on low benches and blocks of wood, ranged on either side along the walls. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke curled up to the dark roof, and partially dimmed the light of the candles, which by means of tin sockets were stuck into the mud walls at respectful distances. The potteen circulated freely, tales were told, and songs were sung; the old crones gossiped, tiddled, and smoked, apart from the others; the steady married folks talked of the crops, the markets, and the *Repale*; while the boys and girls carried on several prosperous courting-matches in remote corners.

In the general enjoyment poor Tim Hogan, who lay

stretched as stiff as old Brian Boru, in a small room, only separated from that in which the company were assembled by a thin partition and a slight door, was left "all alone by himself," forgotten by all his friends, except a knot of elderly ladies, who discussed the merits of the deceased and the quality of the whisky by turns.

"Have you seen the *corp* yet, Biddy Mulcahy?" inquired one of the hags of a visitor who had just joined their group and was in the act of conveying the whisky bottle to her face.

"Troth I have, Nelly, and straight and purty it looks. It's poor Tim would be proud, and well he might, if he could see himself lying there in his dacent white shirt, snug and comfortable, with the blessed candles lighted about him. But is it thrue that, when he was dying, he charged them to bury his pipes along with him?" inquired Biddy.

"The sorra word of lie in it," replied Nelly; "and more betoken, he has his pipes laid on one side of him, and a full bottle of whisky on the other, within there, this very minnit."

"Blessed Saver! what'll he want with whisky and music where he's going?"

"Lord knows! maybe the poor crathur was afeard of being lonesome on the road, and there's no better company than—"

The old woman's harangue was here interrupted by the sudden opening of the barn door, outside which the scarlet uniforms and glittering arms of Sergeant Flint and his party were distinctly visible. The sergeant advanced, and, addressing the people, bade them to be under no apprehension, as he was only in search of a deserter, named Dermott O'Rourke.

"Dermott O'Rourke!" repeated twenty voices, and every eye was turned to the place where Dermott had been sitting beside Norah Connolly at the moment when the soldiers' appearance had thrown the assemblage into confusion. Norah was still in the same place, pale as a wind-ing-sheet, but the Rattler had vanished, no one knew whither.

"I'm positive he was here," said the sergeant.

Every one present knew that the sergeant was right, but all remained silent, and anxiously awaited the result

of a rigorous search, which the soldiers were making. Chairs, tables, and benches were overturned; still the runaway was nowhere to be found.

"What have we in here?" said Flint, approaching the door of the inner room.

"Only the *corp* of the piper, your honor," replied one of the old women.

The sergeant pushed the door open, and peeped in curiously. The room, which was small, had no windows, but narrow loop-holes, like the outer apartment. It was perfectly empty, excepting the ghastly corpse of the piper (rendered still more ghastly by the light of three small candles falling on his rigid features), which lay stretched upon a door, supported by a chair at the head and foot, and decently covered by a large winnowing-sheet, that reached the floor in ample drapery on either side.

Sergeant Flint, though a brave man where a living antagonist was opposed to him, had, like many other brave men, a mysterious horror of the dead; he therefore closed the door hastily, convinced that the defunct Tim was the sole occupant of the room. Dermott's friends, who were even more surprised than the sergeant at his sudden disappearance, now imagined that he had slipped off without being observed by the soldiers, and in order to afford him full time to escape, eagerly pressed Flint and his party not to go away until they had warmed their hearts with a drop, just to show that there was no ill-will between them. The sergeant, who never declined a liberal offer, consented; and the privates, following the example of their officer, sat down with little ceremony, and began to make the punch disappear very rapidly. Jug after jug of the steaming beverage was mixed and emptied; and, at every fresh brewing, the sergeant found himself more loth to quit his present quarters. He was in high spirits, and in the fulness of his heart volunteered to sing a favorite song; but hardly had he begun to clear his throat and pitch his voice, when he was interrupted by a discordant tuning of bagpipes. A general scream from the women followed, and the men started up in undisguised alarm. Sergeant Flint, the natural purple of whose nose had faded to a slaty-blue, endeavored to look unconcerned, and inquired, in a faltering voice, what had occurred.

"Don't you hear," cried an old woman, who had grappled him firmly round the waist, "Sargint, *avourneen*, 't is Tim Hogan's ghost tuning his pipes."

"Nonsense!—let me go;—there 's no such thing. Who ever heard of a ghost playing the bagpipes? Zounds! I say, loose me, woman," cried the sergeant, struggling hard to liberate himself. But while he spoke, a figure, enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, and producing a variety of unmusical sounds from a set of pipes, appeared at the door of the inner room.

"The ghost! the ghost! Tim Hogan's ghost!" shouted the terrified people, who, without waiting to see more, rushed, pell-mell, screaming, swearing, praying, and tumbling over stools and tables to make their escape.

In the *mêlée* the sergeant contrived to be one of the first out of the barn, and without stopping to muster his men, took to his heels, and never cried "halt" till he reached his quarters, leaving his party to follow him at their own discretion.

The wake-house being now summarily cleared, no one would venture to return to it during the night. The following morning, however, a few of the boldest villagers summoned courage to revisit the scene of the preceding night's adventure; but great was their surprise on discovering the unruly piper lying quietly with his pipes beside him, precisely as he had been disposed by the persons who had laid him out. Nothing appeared to have been touched except the bottle of whisky, and that had been drained to the bottom, upon hearing which, Biddy Mulcahy was heard to exclaim—

"Ah! then, I wouldn't doubt poor Tim; dead or alive, he 's not the boy to leave his liquor behind him."

Notwithstanding the frightful stories that circulated through the parish of the appearance of the piper's ghost, and the disappearance of the whisky at the wake, poor Tim was put quietly under the sod in the little churchyard of Ardrossan, with his favorite instrument at his feet, and a full bottle of choice *pottcen* at his head.

Some days after these occurrences, the military party, with Sergeant Flint, quitted Ardrossan, and then Dermott O'Rourke, who had privately withdrawn from the neighborhood, returned to the village, and explained the mys-

tery of the ghost. He said that, in the confusion which took place on the unexpected entrance of the soldiers, he had, unperceived by any one except Norah Connolly (now gay Mrs. O'Rourke), slipped into the room where the piper was laid; but finding there was no means of escape, and being hard pressed, he crept cautiously under the boards which supported the body; after awhile, he ventured to crawl out, and discovered the bottle of whisky, which he tasted so frequently that he became ready for any devilry. In this humor a droll thought struck him of masquerading in the character of the dead piper. With the help of the winnowing-sheet and the bagpipes, he succeeded, as we have seen, in raising a beautiful ruction amongst the villagers, and in effectually frightening away his now unwelcome friend the sergeant.

The truth of Dermott's story was, however, stoutly denied by the majority of those who had been at the wake. Ashamed of being alarmed so ridiculously, they maintained that they could not be mistaken, and that the appearance they had seen on that memorable night was no other than the genuine ghost of Tim Hogan the piper.

MRS. JULIA CRAWFORD.

(1800?—1885?)

THE biographical details respecting the author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and 'Dermot Astore' are scanty. She is said to have been a native of the county of Cavan, and she was educated in Wiltshire. She wrote over a hundred songs, and published in 1840 a volume entitled 'Irish Songs,' set to music by F. Nicholls Crouch, a well-known composer, with whom she collaborated in the issue of several books of song. She was one of the most active contributors to Chapman and Hall's *Metropolitan Magazine*, in which appeared, beginning in 1835, a series of autobiographical sketches, which are, however, singularly barren of definite facts about herself.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

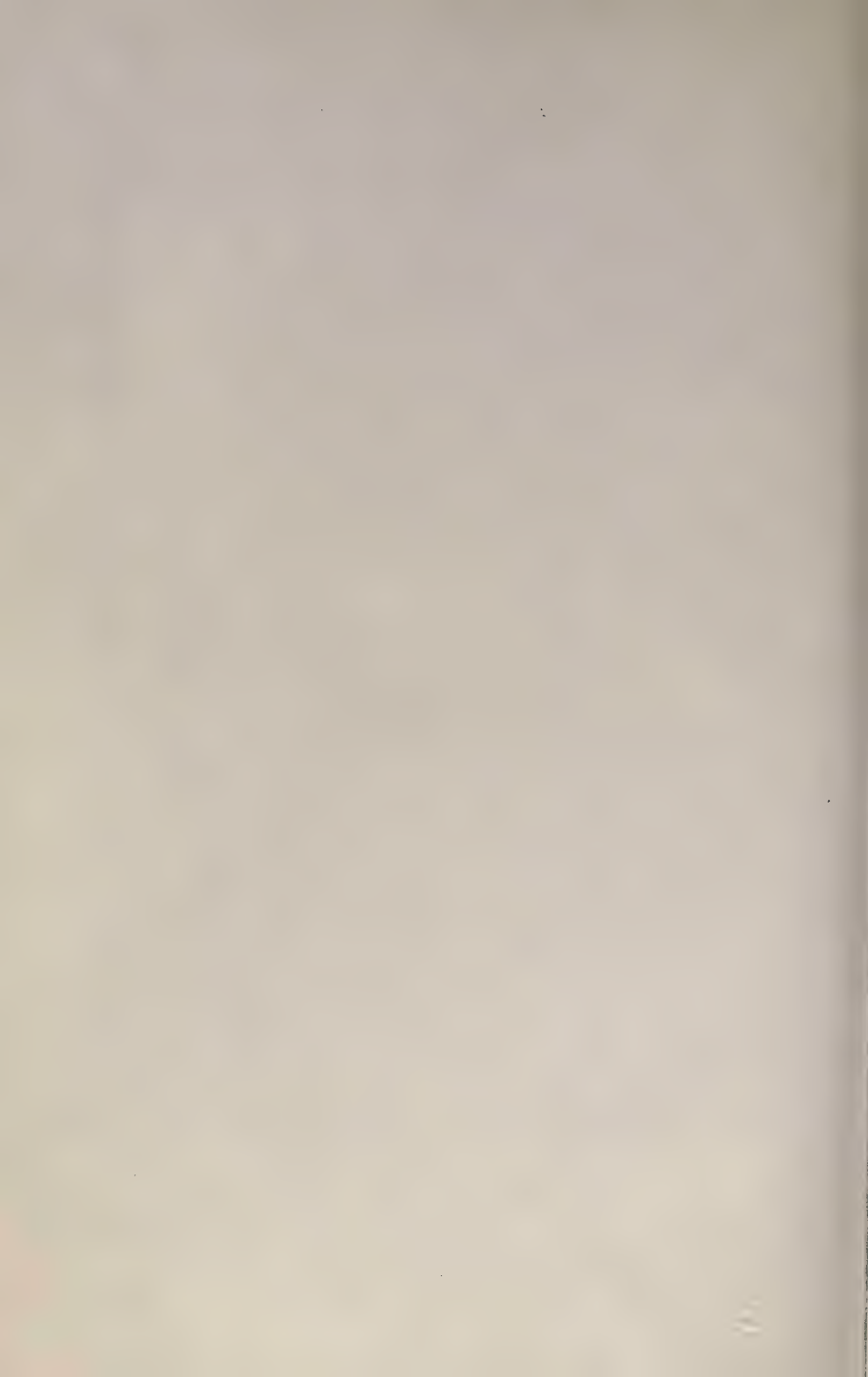
Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

DERMOT ASTORE.

Oh! Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping
I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.



KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN



Oh! tell me, my own love, is this our last meeting?

Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bow'rs,
To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flow'rs?

Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter,

When I met thee by night in the shady boreen,¹

And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter

Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen colleen!"

I know we must part, but oh! say not for ever,

That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;

But I'll cling to the hope, that though now we must sever,

In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.

Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

¹ Boreen, a lane.

MRS. B. M. CROKER.

MRS. CROKER (née Sheppard) is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Croker. She was born at Kilgefin, County Roscommon, and was educated at Rockferry, Cheshire, and at Tours (France). She has spent fourteen years in India and Burmah.

Her novels have attained a very great popularity ; they have all been translated into French and German, and some of them into Norwegian. She has published a score since 'Proper Pride' appeared in 1882. Among the most successful may be named 'Pretty Miss Neville,' 'Diana Barrington,' 'A Bird of Passage,' 'Mrs. Jervis,' 'Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies,' 'The Real Lady Hilda,' 'In the Kingdom of Kerry,' 'Beyond the Pale,' 'Peggy of the Bartons,' 'Terence,' and 'A State Secret.'

OLD LADY ANN.

From 'In the Kingdom of Kerry.'

"So sleeps the pride of former days."—*Moore.*

There are some localities on the north side of Dublin from which fashion has ebbed many years: rows of forlorn, melancholy mansions, that were formerly the town houses of the Irish aristocracy. Showy coaches-and-four once waited at their now battered, blistered doors, crowds of liveried servants trooped up and down their shallow stair-cases; their paneled reception-rooms saw many jovial dances, reckless card-parties, and ceremonious balls. These were in the good old days, when the gentry lived at home and spent their money in Ireland—now it is the last country in the world in which they would choose to reside. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the neighborhood, the street, began to, what is called, "go down"; one or two of the festive, red-faced old lords died, and their heirs promptly abandoned what they considered a gloomy barrack in a back slum of Dublin, and advertised it "to be let or sold." Professional people replaced the nobility and landed gentry. After a long pause, these again found the neighborhood too old-fashioned—too far behind the age; the mansions too large to maintain with a small staff of servants—for they were built in the times when the wages and food of retainers were cheap. When those three terrible golden balls appeared over the door of what had once

been the Earl of Mountpatrick's residence—a door accustomed to hatchments—then, in spite of temptingly low rents, the professional tenants became scared, and fled the locality to a man. The next drop was to lodging-houses, then to cheap tenements, lastly to empty rooms and forlorn hearthstones. The poor old houses were now merely so many dilapidated monuments of fallen greatness, with their shuttered windows and grimy, shattered panes, their rusty railings and cavernous areas—choked with piles of canisters, broken bottles, and all the loose paper that the dusty wind had scattered through the street.

Rank grass sprouted underneath the hall doors, the ragged children of the neighborhood held shops and weddings on their sunken steps. In the interior, the painted ceilings—some from the fair hand of Angelica Kauffmann,—the sculptured mantelpieces of Italian marble, the solid mahogany doors and richly carved balustrades, were ruthlessly stripped years ago, and now adorn various upstart modern residences in Saxon England. One end of Dennis Street was almost submerged; the houses stood gloomy, blind, abandoned; their doors, as it were, closed forever by the hand of pitiless decay. There were still a few tenements, notable for crowds of noisy, dirty children, and strings of ill-washed, ragged garments fluttering from their windows; then came a dozen empty houses, flanked by a once palatial residence which concluded that side of the thoroughfare.

I lodge at the opposite corner. I am a young woman, a journalist—poor, single, self-supporting. I occupy what was once a magnificent drawing-room, with fine, stuccoed walls, carved cornices, and two superb white marble chimney-pieces. For this and attendance I pay the modest sum of six shillings a week. I have portioned my residence into a complete suite of apartments; in the middle is my sitting-room, which displays a square of carpet, a round table, and a couple of chairs; my bedroom stands behind a screen. In one of the windows is my office; here I have placed a big writing-table, a chair, a mat, the inevitable waste-paper basket, and here I work undisturbed. My outlook is on the big corner house, and as I pause and meditate, and search for an elusive idea, I often stare interrogatively at the great blank windows opposite, and

occasionally find myself wondering what has been the history of that splendid mansion—a nobleman's, without doubt.

One afternoon in December, as it was beginning to grow dusk, and I sat pondering with the end of my penholder in my mouth, my gaze abstractedly fixed on the opposite hall door, I suddenly sat up and rubbed my eyes briskly. Was I dreaming, or did I behold that door opening? Yes; very gently, very gradually, and a little, wizened old woman, wearing a black poke bonnet and shawl, and carrying a basket, emerged, and tottered hastily down the steps. She appeared bent and infirm, but nevertheless hurried away at a good pace. I actually lost half an hour watching for her return; the street lamps were lit when she arrived and let herself in, as it were by stealth, but no single glimmer of light subsequently illuminated one of those nineteen windows.

The next morning I cross-examined my landlady. I inquired if she "could tell me anything about the house opposite?" and she, only too pleased to gossip, replied as she folded her arms:

"Oh, faix, then, it was a great house wance; the grandest for gayety and squandering in the whole street. It was Lord Kilmorna as owned it; he had miles of estates in the west, and kep' royal style—outrider's, no less; but he spent all he had, and died wretchedly poor. The family has dwindled out complately—not a soul, nor a sod, nor a stone belonging to it, unless the old house there, and that is in Chancery this forty year and more."

"But are there not people living in it?" I asked.

"I can't rightly tell you, miss. Some will have it that it is haunted by a little old woman; others say a caretaker lives somewhere in the back; but I'm here this ten year, and I never saw no sign of her. No food nor coal ever goes near the place, so how could she keep body and soul together at all? And forby that, the rats would ate her! The door is never opened from year's end to year's end. Look at the grass, ye could feed a horse on them steps! Sure, there is stories about every old house in the street—terrifying stories!"

"Are there, indeed!—what sort of stories?"

"Of murders, and marriages, and duels, and hangings,

and shootings, and gamblings, and runaway matches—" she rattled off with extraordinary volubility. "They say of number thirteen that a man gambled with the ould wan himself—and for the price of his soul. Oh, you'd lose your life with fright at some of the tragedies they put out regarding the street! I don't believe them myself. Anyway, the houses is chape, and well built, and will stand a thousand years yet."

About a fortnight after this interview I was returning home from a weary and bootless expedition. It was a wet, dark night as I got out of the nearest tram, and passing through a narrow street, I stopped at a baker's to buy a cake for my frugal tea. An old woman stood at the counter, and I instantly recognized the bonnet and shawl from opposite. She was saying in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, I came out without my purse—!"

"Faix, you are *always* doing that," was the brusque reply.

"And if you would only trust me with a loaf until to-morrow, I would be so much obliged," she pleaded faintly.

"Now, Miss Seager, I dare say you would indeed, and I'd be obliged if you'd pay me the bill that is running on here month in and month out. How do you think us poor people is to live at all—tell me that—if they have to keep supplying paupers for nothing? And look at the poor rates!"

"I am very sorry indeed," stammered a weak, quavering voice—a lady's, "but we have been disappointed in some payments due to us; we have indeed, or you should have had your money long ago; and the very day we receive our remittances you shall be paid."

"An' that will be Tibb's eve,"—scornfully; "live, horse, and you'll get grass! Anyhow, you'll get no more bread here—sorra a crumb."

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, just trust me—this once!"

"Come, that's enough, and I can't be losing me whole day talking to beggars. Why don't you go into the house?"

Could this be civil Mrs. Bergin, who always had a gay word for me? But, then, *I* was a cash customer! I caught a glimpse of the little, miserable, white face at the bottom of the black poke. Oh, what an expression of want, despair, famine!

On the impulse of the moment I spoke, and said: "I understand that you have left your purse at home. Will you allow me to be your banker for the present. I think we are neighbors; I live just opposite you—at number seventeen, and you can repay me when you please," and I offered her half a crown.

"I have no change," she faltered, almost in tears. "Oh, it's too much to borrow! I may—" and she paused, struggling with emotion.

"You'll never see it again, miss, and so I tell you," volunteered Mrs. Bergin, as she picked out a yesterday's two-penny loaf.

"I will pay you; indeed I will," resumed the old lady in a firmer voice. "Mrs. Bergin, I will take a stale two-penny, a pound of oatmeal, and three rusks."

As she turned to choose them, I nodded good-night, and stepped out once more into the dark street. Two days later Mrs. Grogan flung open the door of my suite, saying, as she wiped the suds from her bare, red arms:

"A person to see you, miss," and the old lady from opposite shuffled into the room. She was shrunken, small, frail, and, oh, so shabby! How her shawl was held together by darns, her thin shoes patched, her gloves (odd ones)—I refrain from describing these, for they represented the very last gasp of expiring gentility.

"I brought you the money you kindly advanced me," she said, tendering the half-crown, which was neatly wrapped in paper, "and I am vastly obliged to you."

"Won't you sit down?" I said, offering her my one spare seat.

"I am much obliged to you," she reiterated in a formal manner, "but I never pay calls now; we don't visit; I only just stepped across—" She hesitated. I saw her wandering eye fixed on my fat, brown teapot, and instantly—guiltily—withdrawn. That timid glance had told a tale. I was determined to take no denial—accept no excuse.

"You must stay and have a cup of tea with me," I urged. "Indeed, I shall be quite hurt if you decline. I am so lonely—it will be a great favor if you remain and keep me company. See, my teapot is on the hob."

"Well—really—since you are so pressing," she murmured, slowly seating herself, and proceeding to draw off

her gloves—a proceeding which demanded the most cautious manipulation. I noticed her hands—they were beautifully shaped, but emaciated and worn with hard, coarse work, precisely like the hands of a charwoman.

“Let me see,” she said, looking about her with a familiar air. “It is fifty years since I was in this drawing-room—not since the old judge’s time. He was a great wit and a great card-player.”

“There have been changes in the neighborhood since then, have there not?” I remarked.

“Changes! Indeed, you may well say so! and I have seen them. I recollect when six titled people lived in this very street. I am close on ninety—too old, my dear! I hope you may never live to such an inhuman age—and I hope it in all kindness.”

Ninety! Yes, her face was wrinkled beyond anything imaginable—a wrinkle for a year; but the features were refined, not to say aristocratic, and her eyes were bright and animated. I made haste to pour her out a good cup of tea; and handed her some buttered toast (my own especial luxury). How she relished the tea, poor old soul! With what tremulous avidity she put it to her lips and swallowed every drop! Surely it was months since she had tasted the woman’s comforter and friend. A second cup had the effect of loosening her tongue and thawing her heart completely.

“My childie, you are very good to me,” she said with a timid smile. “Have you no one belonging to you, and how long have you lived here?”

“I have lived here more than a year. I have no relations in this country, but I have a brother in Australia, who is married.”

“And why do you live here, dearie, in God-forgotten Dennis Street?”

“Because it suits my purse,” I frankly replied. “I am very poor.”

“Poor?”—with a queer little laugh. “Darling child, I don’t suppose *you* know what poverty means! How do you pass your time?”

“I work for my living; I write for magazines and papers.”

“You write! Well, times are altered! In my young

days people would have been shocked to see a personable young woman living alone and writing for the papers. You have seen better days, dear?"

"No, not much better," I candidly replied. "My father was a poor curate; he had a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and no private means. There was my mother, my brother, and myself. It was not much, when my brother had to be educated and put out in the world."

"No. And where did you live?"

"At Carra, in the West."

"Ah, the West, with its seas and sunsets!"—and her old eyes glowed. "I was reared out there, before your father was born. I have seen better days—carriages and outriders, liveried servants, a pack of hounds; why, we burned wax candles in the kitchen, and kept eleven gardeners. But I'm sure you think me a doddering old idiot to talk like this! Well, *we* have come down in the world sadly—Ann and I—Lady Ann—and I.—Yes," lowering her voice, "she is my first cousin; we were always like sisters; we live in the house opposite. Don't breathe it, dear, but we have been there this five years. We keep as quiet as mice. It is the old family town house, and we may as well be there as anywhere; no one wants it. Hush! and I'll whisper it. Lady Ann's father was the Earl of Kilmorna. My father was his brother—I am his niece, Lucinda Seager. Now," drawing herself up, "who would think it? We two old bodies are the last of the line. The earl, my uncle, kept great state, even when he was a ruined man. His son gambled and drank—and—died abroad—imbecile. Ann was never what you may call bright; she had a moderate fortune, and she and I lived in a small way out West. We had a neat little place too, and nice neighbors, and Ann was made a good deal of. However, troubles came; our small investments were swept away; and whilst we traveled to Dublin, to see about them, our belongings were seized and sold up, and we were ashamed to go back. We had a few pounds left, and some old heirlooms, and we stayed in town until we—we had no money at all, and then we came and crept into the old house; we had the keys, you see, and we pretend that we are dead. Oh, God Almighty knows I wish we were—!" And she broke down and sobbed—hard, chill, tearless sobs.

It is the saddest thing in the world to see an old woman cry! "We have no income at all," she resumed, "only eleven pounds a year—interest in the funds; it dies with me: but with medicine and food, and firing, it does not go far."

"Have you no friends?" I inquired somewhat timidly.

"No one—we have outlived them all: you see, dear, it is not always a blessing to grow old."

"The clergyman," I suggested, almost in a whisper.

"Do you think we would let any one know that Lady Ann, an earl's daughter, was brought so low? Ann is proud—oh, terribly proud! She has a few things that, if she would only part with them, would fetch money, but she says she will have them buried in her coffin."

"Can you not persuade her to dispose of them?"

"I've tried and tried times and again, but it's no use. My things went long ago; but she has an old gold watch and chain, and silver bowl, and spoons and forks, some lace and pearls—but what is the good of thinking of them, dear? She would *give* them to a friend, with a heart and a half, but would never take money for them, never. She would die sooner than sell them."

"And I suppose you have no books, or papers, or flowers, or anything, and rarely go out?"

"Books! papers! My child, I haven't seen one for months. The world is as dead to us as we are to the world; as to flowers, I almost forget the look of them, and, oh! we were so fond of them and had such a lovely little garden! All our time is spent in trying to sleep, to keep ourselves warm, and to obtain a little food; and we go over old days in the dark, by the hour. I think the thought of what we once were keeps life in us still."

"Have no letters ever come to you?"

"One or two, but we always sent them to the dead-letter office. We could not, for shame's sake, let people dream we had fallen so low—and two penniless old women are soon forgotten. Now you know our secret. Your kind face, and your warm hospitality, have opened my lips, and"—rising as she spoke—"I must go, with a thousand thanks."

"If you would like my paper any day," I said, "you are most welcome to it."

"Oh yes, if you would slip it in the letter-box, after dark, what a pleasure it would give us!"

"And here is a *Graphic* you can take and keep, and I am sure I can send you over some books."

"Oh, you are far too good, too good! I am ashamed to be under such obligations to you. God bless you!" And she tottered downstairs and across the street.

About a week later I received a three-cornered note, written on a half-sheet of yellow paper; it proved to be an invitation—a rare occurrence for me—and ran as follows:—

"Lady Ann and Miss Lucinda Seager request the pleasure of Miss Smith's company at tea, at six o'clock, at 75 Dennis Street."

Could I believe my eyes? Of course, I would accept with pleasure. At six o'clock to the second, I went over and rang the bell; how rusty it was, and stiff! I heard it clanging and echoing through the empty house, and then feeble steps coming slowly along a passage.

Presently the door was opened by Miss Lucinda, with a dip-candle in her hand. She beamed upon me as she said:

"I coaxed her to dispose of one or two small things, and we are better off now. She's in the library."

Miss Lucinda ushered me across a hall (out of which rose a ghostly stone staircase), along a corridor, and into an immense back room, extremely lofty. There was a candle, a tiny fire, a sofa, a little furniture, and, in a very imposing chair, an imposing old lady—thin, fragile, dignified, and considerably younger than my acquaintance. She wore a priceless yellow lace scarf over an exceedingly shabby old gown. Tea was laid on a small table, with a newspaper for cloth; I noticed a sixpenny cake and some dry toast.

"My cousin has mentioned you to me," said Lady Ann, "and I thought I should like to make your acquaintance, and thank you for the papers"—with an air of easy patronage. "You have given us great entertainment. We are two lonely gentlewomen who live quite out of the world. Lucinda"—peremptorily—"you can make the tea."

Lucinda was evidently her cousin's slave. She waited on Lady Ann as if she were a queen, and attended to all her

Observations with what seemed to me unreasonable deference. Lady Ann did the honors as if presiding at a royal banquet, whilst we sipped our tea and nibbled at our stale sponge-cake. She prattled incessantly, and I feasted my eyes on the massive old snuffers and spoons, also on a superbly embossed jug and sugar-bowl. Why, the silver on the table was probably worth forty shillings an ounce, and these proud people preferred to starve rather than part with the family heirlooms. Then, as we drew round the scanty fire, they began to ply me with eager questions. The two shrill old voices often rose simultaneously on either hand, demanding news of the outer world. What had become of the Roxcrofts? Was her ladyship dead? Had Marion Lascelles married? Who lived in Grandmore Castle? Who won the great Lynch lawsuit, and who had come in for old Sir Corrie's money? I could not answer half of these interrogations. I was, however, able to impart many items of more general news. Royal weddings, deaths, births, wars, new inventions, new literary lights, ay, and new fashions. I discoursed for the best part of an hour, and gradually unfolded the latest intelligence of the present day, whilst they, on their part, recalled many stories of the past. How I longed for a note-book or a good memory! I heard all particulars of the grand ball that had been given in the house on Lady Ann's sixteenth birthday; of the routs and dinners among their own set; of the runaway match from number twenty-two, and the duel fought with small-swords at number five.

This was not my last visit by any means. I went over to see my old ladies about once a week (not to tea). Generally there was a fire—always a dip-candle. I was permitted to explore the house. I shudder now when I recall the ghostly double drawing-room, with an immense mirror, casting weird reflections—a fixture in the wall. I shiver when I think of the vast empty rooms, the dark passages and mysterious powder-closets, the awful underground regions, the dripping damp kitchens, the crumbling stables, and the decaying pear-tree, that in a storm sullenly lashed itself against the library windows, as much as to say, "Let me come in."

Ultimately I became a favorite with Lady Ann. I brought her news, books, and papers—she had marvelous

sight. I also ventured to present her with fruit, a down cushion, knitted mittens, and a shawl. These she accepted with an air of lofty condescension that had a humbling effect on me; however, that she did accept them was satisfactory, even though I was sensible that every additional unworthy offering was an additional liberty.

One afternoon I noticed an air of mysterious importance in Miss Lucinda's manner as she admitted me.

"Ann wants to see you particularly," she said. "This is her birthday—her eighty-fourth,—and she is giving herself a little treat."

This little treat, I was soon made aware, was to take the form of a presentation to *me*.

"My dear Jessie," said Lady Ann, embracing me, "we want to make *you* a trifling present in honor of the day—it is the only pleasure that it is now in our power to enjoy. Here is my birthday gift," handing me a good-sized, untidy paper parcel, containing some hard substance. "It belonged to my grandfather—Louis XVI. gave it to him—and I present it to you."

I opened the package carefully and discovered the silver jug—richly worked, and embossed with lilies and the royal arms of France. Miss Lucinda had evidently given it a polish for the occasion.

My first impulse was to return it on the spot, but second thoughts prevailed, and I kissed Lady Ann, and offered her my warmest thanks. "It was ten thousand times too good of her," I declared, "and I valued it more than I could express."

But Miss Lucinda and I subsequently conferred together on the subject in the cold outer hall. "Of course I don't mean to keep it. I shall get a great price for it, and bring you the money," I whispered eagerly.

"Of course you *will* keep it," cried Miss Lucinda. "It's not as if we had any heirs. I was delighted when she thought of it. She can't bear being under a compliment, and, besides, she is so fond of you. Kilmorna always used it for his punch—for the hot water. It's a handsome jug."

"It is. Nevertheless I intend to dispose of it as I have said."

"And is that how you treat our present? Are we fallen

so low that you'll sell our little gift and give us back the money in charity?" And she burst out crying.

"Now, Miss Lucinda—my dear Miss Lucinda," I pleaded, putting my arm round her neck. "I look to you to be sensible. Lady Ann is simply wickedly generous. You both want, oh! so many things, and you have suffered so much—so much—"

"God Almighty only knows how much!" she sobbed.

"And whilst you have no blankets, no fire, and scarcely food, Lady Ann gives an heirloom to a stranger that is worth fifty pounds. If I may not have my own way, I shall take it back to her this instant. Now, dear Miss Lucinda," I coaxed, "be reasonable; you shall give me some little gift, but I would be a mean, dishonorable, abominable wretch—if I accepted the Louis Seize jug."

It took a long time to convince Miss Lucinda. We stood and argued face to face for twenty minutes in that vault-like hall. In the end I conquered, and she relented; and in the course of a week I brought her by stealth no less a sum than thirty pounds. I had hoped for more, but to Miss Lucinda it seemed a fortune.

"How am I to account for it?" she demanded. "Just think of all the lies I must tell! What am I to say? She knows I have only ninepence in the whole wide world."

"Say it's restitution money!" was my glib reply. "And so it is. I am restoring you your own."

"Well, childie, 't is you that are clever! I'd never have thought of that—and it's no lie. Many and many a twenty pound was clipped from us in the old days, and we never missed it. Ann will easily credit that the priests, or people's own consciences, have worked on them, and they have sent us back our own."

Luckily for me, Lady Ann proved easily deceived, and received the restitution money with sobs of delight. I now learnt that she was a true Kilmorna. If she had had her will, that thirty pounds would have been squandered in three days. She talked of black silk dresses, of papering and painting the house, and a box at the theater!

I really began to fear that the money had turned her poor brain, till Miss Lucinda assured me privately "that Ann had very extravagant ideas, and as long as she was

mistress of one shilling, she was always ready to lay out a thousand."

Miss Seager and I made a joint expedition to the shops on the strength of that same restitution money. We invested in a cheap screen, as a shelter from draughts from the door. We honorably paid the baker. We laid in no less than a whole ton of coals. We also purchased a square of drugget, a lamp, a table-cover, blankets, tinned soups, tea, candles, and various other luxuries. In the course of time—that is to say, within the space of twelve months—I had been affectionately endowed with a lace scarf, a gold repeater, six two-pronged forks, and a set of seals; and my two old ladies—thanks to restitution money—were in comparatively affluent circumstances.

Mrs. Grogan, my landlady, "could not make out what sort of a fancy," as she expressed it, "I had taken to the old beggar of a caretaker, who, it appeared after all, *did* live opposite," but I neither noticed her hints, nor gratified her curiosity.

"Ann loves you," Miss Seager assured me, "but you must never breathe our secret to a soul—the mere idea of such a thing, the hint you gave her of writing to our lawyer, nearly brought on a paralytic stroke. We can do finely now. I have what will carry me on for many months, and in great style. We can afford a bit of meat sometimes—I toast it at the fire on a fork—and eggs, and soups, and port wine, and it's all thanks to you, dear, and your cunning restitutions. The old pearls, and her mother's rings, and miniature, and a rose-diamond brooch, are almost all Ann has left, and she will never give them away, not even to you, whilst the breath is in her; but they are bequeathed to you in her will. There are still the spoons, and we can live on them for a good while, if they fetch the same fine prices, dear. Now that money is off my mind, there is another load on my heart, and it frightens me. If I was to die—and I'm ninety-one, and a wonder for my age—what will happen to Ann? Who is to cook for her, and do for her? Keep her in spirits and company, and care for her? It—will have to be—*you*." And she nodded her head at me with solemn emphasis. "Look now what a burden you have brought on yourself, and all through lending me half a crown! Well, my heart, God in heaven

will have it all in store for you for what you have been—and done, for two poor old women.” . . .

A few days after this conversation I unexpectedly found myself on board one of the Orient liners *en route* for Australia. My brother's wife was dead, and he had telegraphed for me to come to him immediately. That startling little slip of pink paper, how suddenly it had changed my life and my plans!

I remained eighteen months in the Antipodes, nursing my brother through a tedious illness. After his death, I turned my face homewards, with his little orphan girl, to whom I was guardian. I was no longer a poor journalist. I need not work for my daily bread, nor live in such a “low” quarter as “Dennis Street.” I was an heiress now.

I had written to my two old ladies, to a prearranged address, but received no reply. This, however, caused me no uneasiness. I knew that they feared discovery and the postman, and had suffered their art of letter-writing to be lost. The morning I arrived in Dublin my very first visit was to them. I walked from the tram straight to number seventy-five, and knocked and rang—no answer—saving the echoes. Knock, knock, knock—dead silence—an oppressive, expressive silence. Then I repaired to my old quarters and interviewed Mrs. Grogan. After a warm and effusive reception—

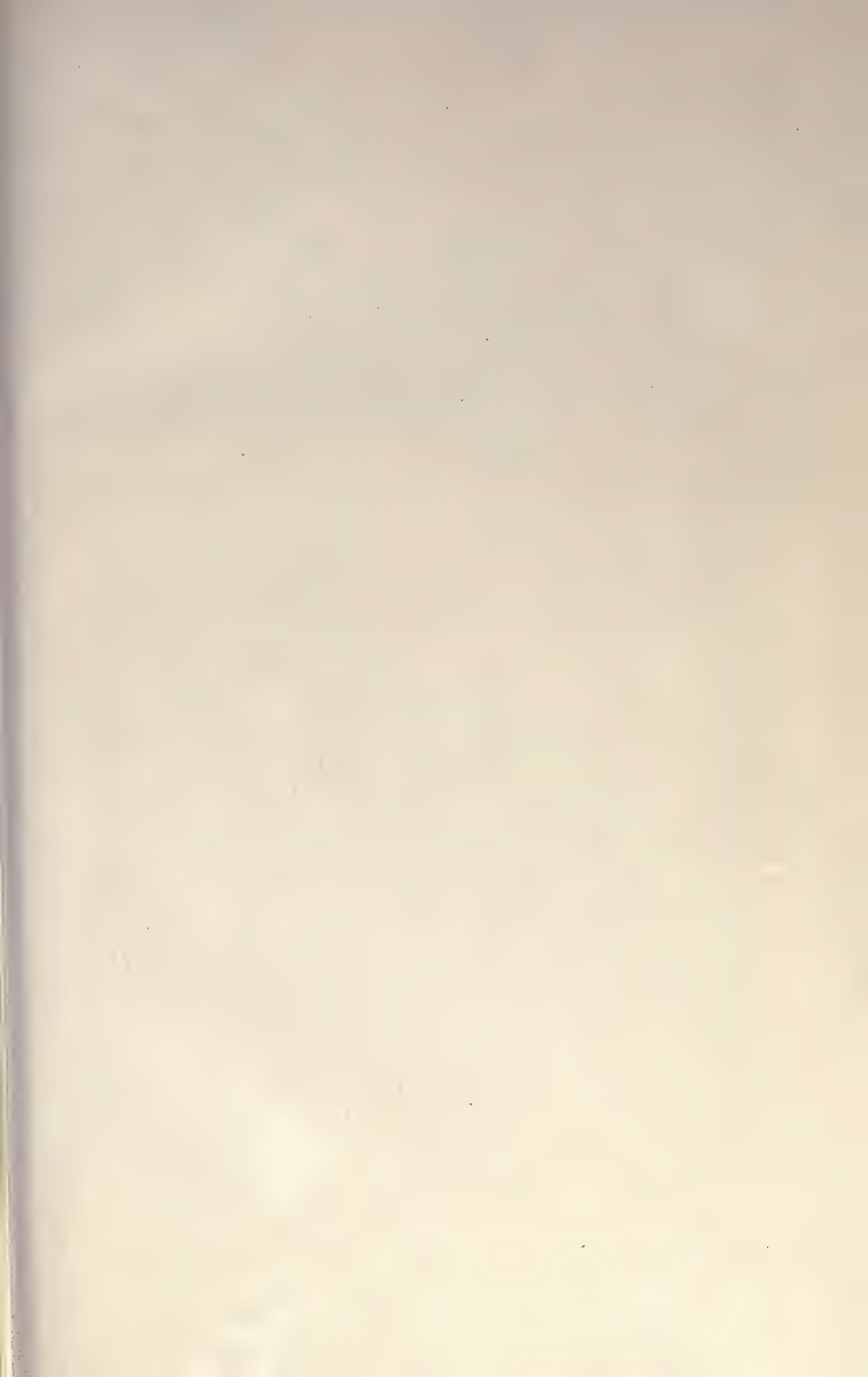
“So you are looking for those old people, are you? Oh!” she said, “sure, they are both dead—the creatures!”

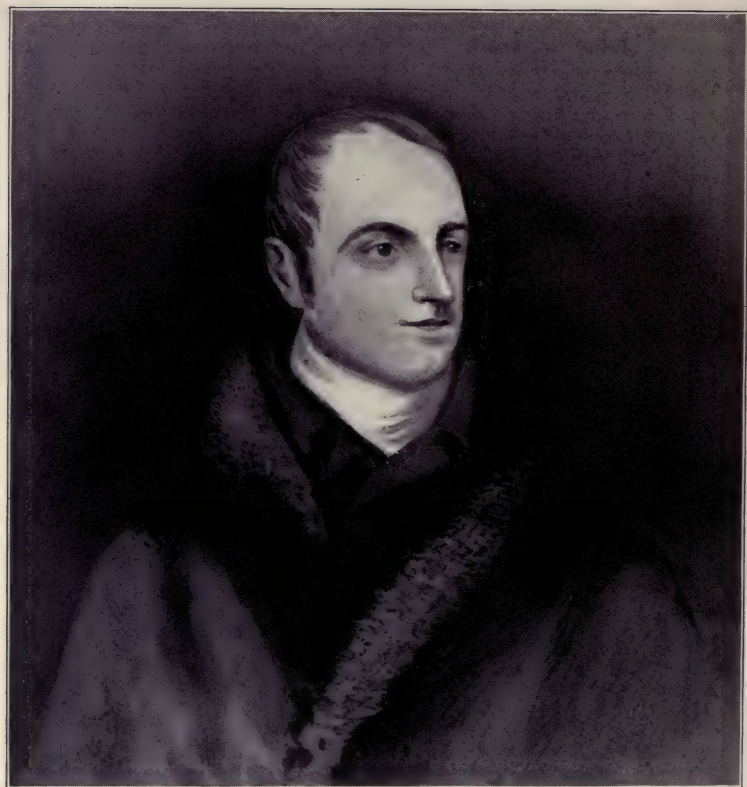
“Both dead!” I repeated incredulously.

“Why, yes; the little old woman was run over by a car, and taken to Jervis Street Hospital. She was terribly anxious about a hand-bag she had with her—she said it was full of valuables—pearls and rings; but the deuce a bit of it was to be found—if she ever had it; and she was in an awful state about her cousin, Lady Ann, who lived over here in this street. They thought the poor old body was raving mad; but anyhow she died, calling with her last breath for Lady Ann!

“Some people suspicioned there might be something in what she said, and looked up the house after a couple of days, and found there, sure enough, an aged woman, starving and crazy. She declared she was Lady Ann—a

queer sort of Lady Ann! There was nothing to eat, nor a sign of a copper in the place, and as she had no one owning her, they just took her off to the union. She was raging; and went screaming through the streets that she was an earl's daughter! but sure no one minded her, the poor, unfortunate, cracked creature! They put her in the infirmary, she was so miserable and feeble, not fit to scrub or to do a hand's turn. They were kind folks, and humored the bothered old beggar, and called her 'your ladyship,' for that was the only thing that seemed to ease her mind at all. She died about six weeks ago, and was buried as a pauper—old *Lady Ann!*"





JOHN WILSON CROKER

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

(1780—1857.)

JOHN WILSON CROKER, one of the founders and an editor of *The Quarterly Review*, a son of the Surveyor-General of Ireland, was born in Galway, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish bar in 1802. While still a youth he produced a satirical composition, entitled 'Familiar Epistles to F. E. Jones, Esq.,' and in 1807 he became Member for Downpatrick. He represented in Parliament several constituencies in succession—Dublin, Yarmouth, Athlone, and Bodmin. Meantime his pen was incessantly active, and among his works at that time may be mentioned: 'An Intercepted Letter from Canton,' a vigorous satire on the city of Dublin; 'Songs of Trafalgar,' 'A Sketch of Ireland Past and Present,' and 'Stories from the History of England.'

As Secretary to the Admiralty, during twenty years he kept the affairs of the office in a state of efficiency not very common in olden days. In Parliament he was a frequent and effective debater, though the strong party spirit, the occasional bitterness, and a certain arrogance of tone in his speeches, procured him the strong enmity of his opponents. Croker and Lord Macaulay were constantly at war, and throughout the lives of both passages at arms between them were frequent and usually fierce.

When the Reform bill of 1832, which he bitterly opposed, was passed, he retired from Parliamentary life and never returned to it. From the editorial chair of *The Quarterly Review*, which he then occupied, he continued to exercise a powerful influence upon political as well as upon literary affairs. His articles were like his speeches, full of information, graphic, and powerful, but blemished by exhibitions of blind party spirit, and weakened by violence of epithets. The typical reviews of the two Quarterlies of this period,—and Croker was responsible for many of them—were of the "cut and slash" order, which, while it may have been productive of good in some instances, has had a very malign influence in others.

'The Battle of Talavera,' 'Letters on the Naval War with America,' 'The Suffolk Papers,' 'Harvey's Memoirs of the Court of George the Second,' and 'Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther,' were published during this period, as also his translation of 'Bassompierre's Embassy to England'; while several of his essays in *The Quarterly Review* were reproduced in book form. The publication of his edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' on which he had bestowed the greatest care, provoked the most bitter of many quarrels between him and Macaulay, who published in *The Edinburgh Review* an essay on the book, which was one of the most powerful and the severest that ever appeared from his pen.

Croker in his turn was the critic and Macaulay the author; but his attack on the famous 'History of England' will perhaps be best remembered by Sydney Smith's definition of it as an attempt at murder which ended in suicide. The readiness of Croker to recog-

nize the abilities of his opponent, however, contrasts not unfavorably with the uniform and untiring bitterness of Macaulay toward him. In addition to the works already mentioned, Croker published editions of 'Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford,' 'Lady Hervey's Letters,' and 'The History of the Guillotine,' which is a piece of his best literary work, as well as several poems. He was associated with the Marquis of Hertford, the wealthy and profligate, heartless, and tyrannical nobleman who stood for the "Marquis of Steyne" in 'Vanity Fair' and "Lord Monmouth" in 'Coningsby.' Croker is alluded to cursorily in 'Vanity Fair,' but he was the original of "Rigby" in 'Coningsby,' one of Lord Beaconsfield's most finished and most biting portraits. After the publication of Disraeli's novel in 1844, the nickname never left Croker. He died at Hampton, Aug. 10, 1857, after some years of seclusion and retirement.

THE GUILLOTINE IN FRANCE.

From 'The History of the Guillotine.'

The guillotine remained in the Place de la Révolution till the eighth of June, 1794, when the inhabitants of the streets through which these batches (*fournées*), as they were called, of sufferers used to pass, became at last tired of that agreeable sight, and solicited its removal. This would probably have been not much regarded; but there was a more potent motive. Robespierre seems at this time to have adopted a new policy, and to have formed some design of founding a dictatorial authority in his own person on the basis of religion and morals. On the seventh of June he made his famous report acknowledging "l'Être Suprême," and appointing the twentieth of June for the great fête in the garden of the Tuileries, which was to celebrate this recognition.

Of this fête Robespierre was to be the Pontifex Maximus, and it can hardly be doubted that it was to remove the odious machine from the immediate scene of his glorification that it was—the day after the decree and ten days before the fête—removed to the Place St. Antoine, in front of the ruins of the Bastile; but that a day might not be lost, it was removed on a Decadi, the republican Sabbath. It stood, however, but five days in the Place St. Antoine, for the shopkeepers even of that patriotic quarter did not like their new neighbor; and so, after having in these five days executed ninety-six persons, it was removed still

further to the Barrière du Trône, or, as it was called in the absurd nomenclature of the day, Barrière Renversée.

There it stood from the ninth of June to the fall of Robespierre, 9th Thermidor (July 27; 1794). So say all the authorities; but an incident in the trial of Fouquier-Tinville seems to prove that, in the early part of July at least, the scaffold stood in the Place de la Révolution, and that the instrument was dismounted every evening. A lady, the Marquise de Feuquières, was to be tried on the first of July; the whole evidence against her was a document which had been placed under the seals of the law at her country house near Versailles, and Fouquier sent off the night before a special messenger to bring it up; the messenger was delayed by the local authorities, and could not get back to Paris till half-past four on the evening of the first, when, "on arriving at the Place de la Révolution, he found the executioner dismounting the engine, and was informed that the Marquise de Feuquières had been guillotined an hour before,"—having been tried and condemned without a tittle of any kind of evidence; and this fact, attested by his own messenger, Fouquier could not deny—though we cannot reconcile it with the other evidence as to the locality of the guillotine at that particular period. In all the lists *des Condamnés* Madame de Feuquières and twenty-three other persons are stated to have suffered on the first of July at the Barrière du Trône.

In the forty-nine days in which it is said to have stood at the Barrière du Trône it dispatched one thousand two hundred and seventy persons of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, and it became necessary to build a kind of sanguiduct to carry off the streams of blood; and on the very last day, when the tyrant had already fallen, and that the smallest interruption would have sufficed to have stopped the fatal procession, forty-nine persons passed almost unguarded through the stupefied streets to the place of execution. And here we have the last occasion to mention Sanson; and it is to his credit, as indeed all the personal details related of him seem to be. On the 9th Thermidor there was, about half-past three in the afternoon, just as the last batch of victims was about to leave the Conciergerie, a considerable commotion in the town, caused by the revolt against Robespierre. At that moment Fou-

quier, on his way to dine with a neighbor, passed through the courts where the prisoners were ascending the fatal carts. Sanson, whose duty it was to conduct the prisoners to execution, ventured to stop the Accusateur Public to represent to him that there were some rumors of a commotion, and to suggest whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution till at least the next morning. Fouquier roughly replied that the law must take its course. He went to dinner, and the forty-nine victims went to the scaffold, whither in due time he followed them!

The next day the guillotine was removed back to the scene of its longest triumphs—the Place de la Révolution—where on the twenty-eighth of July it avenged humanity on Robespierre and twenty-one of his followers; on the next day sixty-nine, and on the day after thirteen more of his associates fell, amongst whom were most of the judges, juries, and officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and a majority of the Commune of Paris—greater monsters, if possible, than the members of the Tribunal. . . .

Of the operations of the guillotine in the departments during the Parisian Reign of Terror we have very scanty information. We only know that in most of the great towns it was in permanent activity, and that in some remarkable instances, as at Avignon, Nantes, and Lyons, its operations were found too slow for “the vengeance of the people,” and were assisted by the wholesale massacres of fusillades and noyades. At Nantes, and some other places, the Conventional Proconsuls carried M. de Clermont Tonnerre’s principle to the extreme extent of ostentatiously inviting the Executioner to dinner.

For some months after the fall of Robespierre the Parisian guillotine was, though not permanently, yet actively, employed against his immediate followers; and, subsequently, against the tail (as it was called) of his faction, who attempted to revive the Reign of Terror; but we have no distinct details of these proceedings; the numbers, though great, were insignificant in comparison with the former massacres, and no one, we believe, suffered who did not amply deserve it—Fouquier-Tinville himself and the remainder of his colleagues, the judges and jury of the tribunal, included. His and their trial is the most extraordinary document that the whole revolution has produced,

and develops a series of turpitudes and horrors such as no imagination could conceive. But that does not belong to our present subject, and we must hasten to conclude.

Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, we do not find that any immoderate use was made of the guillotine;—the very name had become intolerably odious, and the ruling powers were reluctant to use it even on legitimate occasions. During the Restoration it was rarely employed, and never, as far as we recollect, for any political crime. When occasion for its use occurred, it was brought forth and erected in the Place de Grève, and removed immediately after the execution; and we ourselves can bear witness—though we could not bring ourselves to see it—that one of these tragedies, which occurred while we happened to be in Paris, appeared to throw a kind of gloom and uneasiness over the whole city, that contrasted very strongly and very favorably with our recollection of the events of twenty years before.

After the accession of Louis Philippe, for whom the guillotine must have been an object of the most painful contemplation, sentences of death were also very rare, and certainly never executed where there was any possible room for mercy. The executions, too, when forced upon him, took place at early hours and in remote and uncertain places; and every humane art was used to cover the operations of the fatal instrument with a modest veil, not only from motives of general decency and humanity, but also, no doubt, from national pride and personal sensibility. What Frenchman would not wish that the name and memory of the guillotine could be blotted from the history of mankind? “The word Guillotine,” says the author of “*Les Fastes de l’Anarchie*,” “should be effaced from the language.” But the revolutionary horrors which France is naturally so anxious to forget, it the more behooves us and the rest of Europe to remember and meditate. Such massacres as we have been describing will probably never be repeated; they will, no doubt, stand unparalleled in the future, as they do in the former annals of the world; but they should never be forgotten as an example of the incalculable excesses of popular insanity.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

(1798—1854.)

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Ireland's pioneer folk-lorist, was born in Cork, Jan. 15, 1798. Though intended for a business career, he early strayed into the paths of literature and art, and his leisure hours were spent in rambles in company with a Quaker gentleman of tastes similar to his own, making sketches as they went. In these excursions he gained that intimate knowledge of the people, their ideas, traditions, and tales, which he afterward turned to such good account. A poem translated from the Irish, which appeared in *The Morning Post*, first brought him into notice, the poet Crabbe, among others, being favorably impressed with it. To Tom Moore, who at this time was collecting airs for his songs, Croker supplied a great number, which service the poet gratefully acknowledged.

Croker exhibited in the Fine Art Exhibition of Cork in 1817. As an artist he had a place in *The Literary Examiner*, a periodical which had a short-lived existence in Cork. In this publication it was Irish antiquities which worthily furnished subjects for his pencil. For his sketch of Sunday's Well, Cork, Father Prout wrote the verses :

“ In yonder well there lurks a spell,
It is a fairy font ;
Croker himself, poetic elf,
Might fitly write upon 't.

“ The summer day of childhood gay
Was spent beside it often ;
I loved its brink, so did, I think,
Maginn, Maclise, and Crofton.

“ There is a trace time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim ;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim.”

In 1818 he went to London, and obtained a post in the Admiralty. Three years afterward he visited Ireland, and the result was the production, in 1824, of his ‘Researches in the South of Ireland,’ a volume which contains a large quantity of valuable information respecting the manners and superstitions of the Irish peasantry, scenery, architectural remains, etc. ‘Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland’ appeared in 1825. It was published in German with the title of ‘Irische Elf-Märchen.’ In a few days the first edition was disposed of, and Mr. Murray, the publisher, advised the author to depart for Ireland forthwith, “to glean the remainder of the fairy legends and traditions which he suspected were still to be found lurking among its glens . . . making the most

of my time hunting up and bagging all the old 'gray superstitions' I could fall in with."

Mr. Croker was at this time a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and in 1828 he was elected President. 'Barney Mahoney,' 'My Village versus Our Village,' both of which appeared in 1832, though published in Croker's name, were, we are told by his son, written by his wife; she, with wifely affection, insisting that the stories should be put to the credit of her husband.

Mr. Croker took active part in the formation of two literary associations, namely, the Camden Society, founded in 1839, and the Percy Society, in 1840; and 'Historical Songs of Ireland, with an Introduction and Notes by T. Crofton Croker' formed part of the third year's issue by the former of those two learned bodies.

'The Popular Songs of Ireland' appeared in 1839: 'The Memoir of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in '98,' edited from the original MS. in the possession of Sir William Bentham, next appeared. In 1844 the 'Tour of M. Boullaye le Gouz through Ireland' was published. Mr. Croker also contributed sixteen drawings to the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's 'Ireland.' An 'Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick,' from a manuscript in the possession of Lord Brooke—published as the May issue for 1848 of the Percy Society—and a lost play, supposed to be the production of Massinger, also issued by the same society in 1849, were both edited by Mr. Croker.

Mr. Croker retired in 1850 on a pension of £580 (\$2,900) a year. He died in 1854, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery.

Croker's reputation rests upon the important pioneer work he did in gathering up the fairy and traditional tales of Ireland. More recent collectors have been more exact in their reproductions of the folk stories and have not attempted, as Croker did, "to invest "them with artistic merit," but, as Mr. W. B. Yeats says, Croker has "caught the very voice of the people, the very pulse of life—giving what was most noticed in his day. Croker, full of the ideas of harum-scarum Irish gentility, saw everything humorized. His work is touched everywhere with beauty—a gentle Arcadian beauty."

THE CONFESSIONS OF TOM BOURKE.

Tom Bourke lives in a low, long farmhouse, resembling in outward appearance a large barn, placed at the bottom of the hill, just where the new road strikes off from the old one, leading from the town of Kilworth to that of Lismore. He is of a class of persons who are a sort of black swans in Ireland: he is a wealthy farmer. Tom's father had, in the good old times, when a hundred pounds were no inconsiderable treasure, either to lend or spend, accommodated his landlord with that sum, at interest; and obtained as a return for his civility a long lease, about

half-a-dozen times more valuable than the loan which procured it. The old man died worth several hundred pounds, the greater part of which, with his farm, he bequeathed to his son Tom. But besides all this, Tom received from his father, upon his death-bed, another gift, far more valuable than worldly riches, greatly as he prized and is still known to prize them. He was invested with the privilege, enjoyed by few of the sons of men, of communicating with those mysterious beings called "the good people."

Tom Bourke is a little, stout, healthy, active man, about fifty-five years of age. His hair is perfectly white, short and bushy behind, but rising in front erect and thick above his forehead, like a new clothes-brush. His eyes are of that kind which I have often observed with persons of a quick but limited intellect—they are small, gray, and lively. The large and projecting eyebrows under, or rather within, which they twinkle, give them an expression of shrewdness and intelligence, if not of cunning. And this is very much the character of the man. If you want to make a bargain with Tom Bourke you must act as if you were a general besieging a town, and make your advances a long time before you can hope to obtain possession. If you march up boldly, and tell him at once your object, you are for the most part sure to have the gates closed in your teeth. Tom does not wish to part with what you wish to obtain; or another person has been speaking to him for the whole of the last week. Or, it may be, your proposal seems to meet the most favorable reception. "Very well, sir;" "That's true sir;" "I'm very thankful to your honor," and other expressions of kindness and confidence greet you in reply to every sentence; and you part from him wondering how he can have obtained the character which he universally bears, of being a man whom no one can make anything of in a bargain. But when you next meet him the illusion is dissolved; you find you are a great deal further from your object than you were when you thought you had almost succeeded; his eye and his tongue express a total forgetfulness of what the mind within never lost sight of for an instant; and you have to begin operations afresh, with the disadvantage of having put your adversary completely upon his guard.

Yet, although Tom Bourke, is, whether from supernatural revealings, or (as many will think more probable) from the tell-truth experience, so distrustful of mankind, and so close in his dealings with them, he is no misanthrope. No man loves better the pleasures of the genial board. The love of money, indeed, which is with him (and who will blame him?) a very ruling propensity, and the gratification which it has received from habits of industry, sustained throughout a pretty long and successful life, have taught him the value of sobriety, during those seasons, at least, when a man's business requires him to keep possession of his senses. He has, therefore, a general rule, never to get drunk but on Sundays. But in order that it should be a general one to all intents and purposes, he takes a method which, according to better logicians than he is, always proves the rule. He has many exceptions; among these, of course, are the evenings of all the fair and market-days that happen in his neighborhood; so also all the days in which funerals, marriages, and christenings take place among his friends within many miles of him. As to this last class of exceptions, it may appear at first very singular, that he is much more punctual in his attendance at the funerals than at the baptisms or weddings of his friends.

This may be construed as an instance of disinterested affection for departed worth, very uncommon in this selfish world. But I am afraid that the motives which lead Tom Bourke to pay more court to the dead than the living are precisely those which lead to the opposite conduct in the generality of mankind—a hope of future benefit and a fear of future evil. For the good people, who are a race as powerful as they are capricious, have their favorites among those who inhabit this world; often show their affection by easing the objects of it from the load of this burdensome life; and frequently reward or punish the living according to the degree of reverence paid to the obsequies and the memory of the elected dead.

Some may attribute to the same cause the apparently humane and charitable actions which Tom, and indeed the other members of his family, are known frequently to perform. A beggar has seldom left their farmyard with an empty wallet, or without obtaining a night's lodging, if

required, with a sufficiency of potatoes and milk to satisfy even an Irish beggar's appetite; in appeasing which, account must usually be taken of the auxiliary jaws of a hungry dog, and of two or three still more hungry children, who line themselves well within, to atone for their nakedness without. If one of the neighboring poor be seized with a fever, Tom will often supply the sick wretch with some untenanted hut upon one of his two large farms (for he has added one to his patrimony), or will send his laborers to construct a shed at a hedge-side, and supply straw for a bed while the disorder continues. His wife, remarkable for the largeness of her dairy, and the goodness of everything it contains, will furnish milk for whey; and their good offices are frequently extended to the family of the patient, who are, perhaps, reduced to the extremity of wretchedness, by even the temporary suspension of a father's or a husband's labor.

If much of this arises from the hopes and fears to which I above alluded, I believe much of it flows from a mingled sense of compassion and of duty, which is sometimes seen to break from an Irish peasant's heart, even where it happens to be enveloped in a habitual covering of avarice and fraud; and which I once heard speak in terms not to be misunderstood: "When we get a deal, 't is only fair we should give back a little of it."

It is not easy to prevail on Tom to speak on those good people, with whom he is said to hold frequent and intimate communications. To the faithful, who believe in their power, and their occasional delegation of it to him, he seldom refuses, if properly asked, to exercise his high prerogative when any unfortunate being is *struck* in his neighborhood. Still he will not be won unsued: he is at first difficult of persuasion, and must be overcome by a little gentle violence. On these occasions he is unusually solemn and mysterious, and if one word of reward be mentioned he at once abandons the unhappy patient, such a proposition being a direct insult to his supernatural superiors. It is true that, as the laborer is worthy of his hire, most persons gifted as he is do not scruple to receive a token of gratitude from the patients or their friends *after* their recovery. It is recorded that a very handsome gratuity was once given to a female practitioner in this occult science,

who deserves to be mentioned, not only because she was a neighbor and a rival of Tom's, but from the singularity of a mother deriving her name from her son. Her son's name was Owen, and she was always called *Owen sa vauher* (Owen's mother). This person was, on the occasion to which I have alluded, *persuaded* to give her assistance to a young girl who had lost the use of her right leg; *Owen sa vauher* found the cure a difficult one. A journey of about eighteen miles was essential for the purpose, probably to visit one of the good people who resided at that distance; and this journey could only be performed by *Owen sa vauher* traveling upon the back of a white hen. The visit, however, was accomplished; and at a particular hour, according to the prediction of this extraordinary woman, when the hen and her rider were to reach their journey's end, the patient was seized with an irresistible desire to dance, which she gratified with the most perfect freedom of the diseased leg, much to the joy of her anxious family. The gratuity in this case was, as it surely ought to have been, unusually large, from the difficulty of procuring a hen willing to go so long a journey with such a rider.

To do Tom Bourke justice, he is on these occasions, as I have heard from many competent authorities, perfectly disinterested. Not many months since he recovered a young woman (the sister of a tradesman living near him), who had been struck speechless after returning from a funeral, and had continued so for several days. He steadfastly refused receiving any compensation, saying that even if he had not as much as would buy him his supper, he could take nothing in this case, because the girl had offended at the funeral of one of the good people belonging to his own family, and though he would do her a kindness, he could take none from her.

About the time this last remarkable affair took place, my friend Mr. Martin, who is a neighbor of Tom's, had some business to transact with him, which it was exceedingly difficult to bring to a conclusion. At last Mr. Martin, having tried all quiet means, had recourse to a legal process, which brought Tom to reason, and the matter was arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and with perfect good-humor between the parties. The accommodation took place after dinner at Mr. Martin's house, and he invited

Tom to walk into the parlor and take a glass of punch, made of some excellent *potteen*, which was on the table; he had long wished to draw out his highly endowed neighbor on the subject of his supernatural powers, and as Mrs. Martin, who was in the room, was rather a favorite of Tom's, this seemed a good opportunity.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Martin, "that was a curious business of Molly Dwyer's who recovered her speech so suddenly the other day."

"You may say that, sir," replied Tom Bourke; "but I had to travel far for it: no matter for that now. Your health, ma'am," said he, turning to Mrs. Martin.

"Thank you, Tom. But I am told you had some trouble once in that way in your own family," said Mrs. Martin.

"So I had, ma'am; trouble enough: but you were only a child at that time."

"Come, Tom," said the hospitable Mr. Martin, interrupting him, "take another tumbler"; and he then added: "I wish you would tell us something of the manner in which so many of your children died. I am told they dropped off, one after another, by the same disorder, and that your eldest son was cured in a most extraordinary way, when the physicians had given him over."

"T is true for you, sir," returned Tom; "your father, the doctor (God be good to him, I won't belie him in his grave), told me, when my fourth boy was a week sick, that himself and Dr. Barry did all that man could do for him; but they could not keep him from going after the rest. No more they could, if the people that took away the rest wished to take him too. But they left him; and sorry to the heart I am I did not know before why they were taking my boys from me; if I did, I would not be left trusting to two of 'em now."

"And how did you find it out, Tom?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"Why, then, I'll tell you, sir," said Bourke. "When your father said what I told you, I did not know very well what to do. I walked down the little *bohoreen* you know, sir, that goes to the riverside near Dick Heafy's ground; for 't was a lonesome place, and I wanted to think of myself. I was heavy, sir, and my heart got weak in me, when I thought I was to lose my little boy; and I did not well

know how to face his mother with the news, for she doted down upon him. Besides, she never got the better of all she cried at his brother's *berrin*¹ the week before. As I was going down the *bohereen* I met an old *bocough*, that used to come about the place once or twice a year, and used always to sleep in our barn while he stayed in the neighborhood. So he asked me how I was. 'Bad enough, Shamous,'² says I. 'I'm sorry for your trouble,' says he; 'but you're a foolish man, Mr. Bourke. Your son would be well enough if you would only do what you ought with him.' 'What more can I do with him, Shamous?' says I; 'the doctors give him over.' 'The doctors know no more what ails him than they do what ails a cow when she stops her milk,' says Shamous; 'but go to such a one,' telling me his name, 'and try what he'll say to you.'"

"And who was that, Tom?" asked Mr. Martin.

"I could not tell you that, sir," said Bourke, with a mysterious look; "howsoever, you often saw him, and he does not live far from this. But I had a trial of him before; and if I went to him at first, maybe I'd have now some of them that's gone, and so Shamous often told me. Well, sir, I went to this man, and he came with me to the house. By course, I did everything as he bid me. According to his order, I took the little boy out of the dwelling-house immediately, sick as he was, and made a bed for him and myself in the cow-house. Well, sir, I lay down by his side in the bed, between two of the cows, and he fell asleep. He got into a perspiration, saving your presence, as if he was drawn through the river, and breathed hard, with a great *impression* on his chest, and was very bad—very bad entirely through the night. I thought about twelve o'clock he was going at last, and I was just getting up to go call the man I told you of; but there was no occasion. My friends were getting the better of them that wanted to take him away from me. There was nobody in the cow-house but the child and myself. There was only one half-penny candle lighting it, and that was stuck in the wall at the far end of the house. I had just enough of light where we were lying to see a person walking or standing near us: and there was no more noise than if it was a churchyard, except the cows chewing the fodder in the stalls.

¹ *Berrin*, burying. ² *Shamous*, James.

"Just as I was thinking of getting up, as I told you—I won't belie my father, sir, he was a good father to me—I saw him standing at the bedside, holding out his right hand to me, and leaning his other on the stick he used to carry when he was alive, and looking pleasant and smiling at me, all as if he was telling me not to be afear'd, for I would not lose the child. 'Is that you, father?' says I. He said nothing. 'If that's you,' says I again, 'for the love of them that's gone, let me catch your hand.' And so he did, sir; and his hand was as soft as a child's. He stayed about as long as you'd be going from this to the gate below at the end of the avenue, and then went away. In less than a week the child was as well as if nothing ever ailed him; and there isn't to-night a healthier boy of nineteen, from this blessed house to the town of Ballyporeen, across the Kilworth mountains."

"But I think, Tom," said Mr. Martin, "it appears as if you are more indebted to your father than to the man recommended to you by Shamous; or do you suppose it was he who made favor with your enemies among the good people, and that then your father—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Bourke, interrupting him; "but don't call them my enemies. 'T would not be wishing to me for a good deal to sit by when they are called so. No offense to you, sir. Here's wishing you a good health and long life."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Martin, "I meant no offense, Tom; but was it not as I say?"

"I can't tell you that, sir," said Bourke; "I'm bound down, sir. Howsoever, you may be sure the man I spoke of and my father, and those they know, settled it between them."

There was a pause, of which Mrs. Martin took advantage to inquire of Tom whether something remarkable had not happened about a goat and a pair of pigeons, at the time of his son's illness—circumstances often mysteriously hinted at by Tom.

"See that, now," said he, turning to Mr. Martin, "how well she remembers it! True for you, ma'am. The goat I gave the mistress, your mother, when the doctors ordered her goats' whey?"

Mrs. Martin nodded assent, and Tom Bourke continued:

"Why, then, I'll tell you how that was. The goat was as well as e'er goat ever was, for a month after she was sent to Killaan to your father's. The morning after the night I just told you of, before the child woke, his mother was standing at the gap leading out of the barnyard into the road, and she saw two pigeons flying from the town of Kilworth off the church down towards her. Well, they never stopped, you see, till they came to the house on the hill at the other side of the river, facing our farm. They pitched upon the chimney of that house, and after looking about them for a minute or two, they flew straight across the river, and stopped on the ridge of the cow-house where the child and I were lying. Do you think they came there for nothing, sir?"

"Certainly not, Tom," returned Mr. Martin.

"Well, the woman came in to me, frightened, and told me. She began to cry. 'Whist, you fool! says I; 't is all for the better.' 'T was true for me. What do you think, ma'am? the goat that I gave your mother, that was seen feeding at sunrise that morning by Jack Cronin, as merry as a bee, dropped down dead without anybody knowing why, before Jack's face; and at that very moment he saw two pigeons fly from the top of the house out of the town, towards the Lismore road. 'T was at the same time my woman saw them, as I just told you."

"'T was very strange, indeed, Tom," said Mr. Martin; "I wish you could give us some explanation of it."

"I wish I could, sir," was Tom Bourke's answer; "but I'm bound down. I can't tell but what I'm allowed to tell, any more than a sentry is let walk more than his rounds."

"I think you said something of having had some former knowledge of the man that assisted in the cure of your son," said Mr. Martin.

"So I had, sir," returned Bourke. "I had a trial of that man. But that's neither here nor there. I can't tell you anything about that, sir. But would you like to know how he got his skill?"

"Oh! very much indeed," said Mr. Martin.

"But you can tell us his Christian name, that we may know him better through the story," added Mrs. Martin.

Tom Bourke paused for a minute to consider this proposition.

"Well, I believe that I may tell you that, anyhow; his name is Patrick. He was always a smart, 'cute boy, and would be a great clerk if he stuck to it. The first time I knew him, sir, was at my mother's wake. I was in great trouble, for I did not know where to bury her. Her people and my father's people—I mean their friends, sir, among the good people, had the greatest battle that was known for many a year, at Dunmanwaycross, to see to whose churchyard she'd be taken. They fought for three nights, one after another, without being able to settle it. The neighbors wondered how long I was before I buried my mother; but I had my reasons, though I could not tell them at that time. Well, sir, to make my story short, Patrick came on the fourth morning and told me he settled the business, and that day we buried her in Kilcrumper churchyard, with my father's people."

"He was a valuable friend, Tom," said Mrs. Martin, with difficulty suppressing a smile. "But you were about to tell how he became so skillful."

"So I will and welcome," replied Bourke. "Your health, ma'am. I'm drinking too much of this punch, sir; but, to tell the truth, I never tasted the like of it; it goes down one's throat like sweet oil. But what was I going to say? Yes—well—yes—Patrick, many a long year ago, was coming home from a *berrin* late in the evening, and walking by the side of a river, opposite the big inch,¹ near Ballyhefaan ford. He had taken a drop, to be sure; but he was only a little merry, as you may say, and knew very well what he was doing. The moon was shining, for it was in the month of August, and the river was as smooth and as bright as a looking-glass. He heard nothing for a long time but the fall of the water at the mill weir about a mile down the river, and now and then the crying of the lambs on the other side of the river. All at once there was a noise of a great number of people laughing as if they'd break their hearts, and of a piper playing among them. It came from the inch at the other side of the ford, and he saw, through the mist that hung over the river, a whole crowd of people dancing on the inch. Patrick was as fond

¹*Inch*, low meadow ground near a river.

of a dance as he was of a glass, and that 's saying enough for him; so he whipped off his shoes and stockings, and away with him across the ford. After putting on his shoes and stockings at the other side of the river he walked over to the crowd, and mixed with them for some time without being minded. He thought, sir, that he 'd show them better dancing than any of themselves, for he was proud of his feet, sir, and a good right he had, for there was not a boy in the same parish could foot a double or treble with him. But pwah! his dancing was no more to theirs than mine would be to the mistress' there. They did not seem as if they had a bone in their bodies, and they kept it up as if nothing could tire them.

“Patrick was 'shamed within himself, for he thought he had not his fellow in all the country round; and was going away, when a little old man, that was looking at the company bitterly, as if he did not like what was going on, came up to him. ‘Patrick,’ says he. Patrick started, for he did not think anybody there knew him. ‘Patrick,’ says he, ‘you 're discouraged, and no wonder for you. But you have a friend near you. I 'm your friend, and your father's friend, and I think worse¹ of your little finger than I do of all that are here, though they think no one is as good as themselves. Go into the ring and call for a lilt. Don't be afeared. I tell you the best of them did not do it as well as you shall, if you will do as I bid you.’ Patrick felt something within him as if he ought not to gainsay the old man. He went into the ring, and called the piper to play up the best double he had. And sure enough, all that the others were able for was nothing to him! He bounded like an eel, now here and now there, as light as a feather, although the people could hear the music answered by his steps, that beat time to every turn of it, like the left foot of the piper. He first danced a hornpipe on the ground. Then they got a table, and he danced a treble on it that drew down shouts from the whole company.

“At last he called for a trencher; and when they saw him, all as if he was spinning on it like a top, they did not know what to make of him. Some praised him for the best dancer that ever entered a ring; others hated him because he was better than themselves; although they had good

¹ *Worse, more.*

right to think themselves better than him or any other man that ever went the long journey."

"And what was the cause of his great success?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"He could not help it, sir," replied Tom Bourke. "They that could make him do more than that made him do it. Howsomever, when he had done, they wanted him to dance again, but he was tired, and they could not persuade him. At last he got angry, and swore a big oath, saving your presences, that he would not dance a step more, and the word was hardly out of his mouth when he found himself all alone, with nothing but a white cow grazing by his side."

"Did he ever discover why he was gifted with these extraordinary powers in the dance, Tom?" said Mr. Martin.

"I'll tell you that too, sir," answered Bourke, "when I come to it. When he went home, sir, he was taken with a shivering, and went to bed; and the next day they found he had got the fever, or something like it, for he raved like as if he was mad. But they couldn't make out what it was he was saying, though he talked constant. The doctors gave him over. But it's little they knew what ailed him. When he was, as you may say, about ten days sick, and everybody thought he was going, one of the neighbors came in to him with a man, a friend of his, from Ballinlacken, that was keeping with him some time before. I can't tell you his name either, only it was Darby. The minute Darby saw Patrick he took a little bottle, with the juice of herbs in it, out of his pocket, and gave Patrick a drink of it. He did the same every day for three weeks, and then Patrick was able to walk about, as stout and as hearty as ever he was in his life. But he was a long time before he came to himself; and he used to walk the whole day sometimes by the ditchside, talking to himself, like as there was some one along with him. And so there was, surely, or he wouldn't be the man he is to-day."

"I suppose it was from some such companion he learned his skill," said Mr. Martin.

"You have it all now, sir," replied Bourke. "Darby told him his friends were satisfied with what he did the night of the dance; and though they couldn't hinder the fever, they'd bring him over it, and teach him more than

many knew beside him. And so they did. For you see all the people he met on the inch that night were friends of a different faction; only the old man that spoke to him, he was a friend of Patrick's family, and it went again his heart, you see, that the others were so light and active, and he was bitter in himself to hear 'em boasting how they'd dance with any set in the whole country round. So he gave Patrick the gift that night, and afterwards gave him the skill that makes him the wonder of all that know him. And to be sure it was only learning he was at that time when he was wandering in his mind after the fever."

"I have heard many strange stories about that inch near Ballyhefaan ford," said Mr. Martin. "'T is a great place for the good people, isn't it, Tom?"

"You may say that, sir," returned Bourke. "I could tell you a great deal about it. Many a time I sat for as good as two hours by moonlight, at th' other side of the river, looking at 'em playing goal as if they'd break their hearts over it; with their coats and waistcoats off, and white handkerchiefs on the heads of one party, and red ones on th' other, just as you'd see on a Sunday in Mr. Simming's big field. I saw 'em one night play till the moon set, without one party being able to take the ball from th' other. I'm sure they were going to fight, only 't was near morning. I'm told your grandfather, ma'am, used to see 'em there too," said Bourke, turning to Mrs. Martin.

"So I have been told, Tom," replied Mrs. Martin. "But don't they say that the churchyard of Kilcrumper is just as favorite a place with the good people as Ballyhefaan inch?"

"Why, then, may be you never heard, ma'am, what happened to Davy Roche in that same churchyard," said Bourke; and turning to Mr. Martin, added: "'T was a long time before he went into your service, sir. He was walking home, of an evening, from the fair of Kileumber, a little merry, to be sure, after the day, and he came up with a *berrin*. So he walked along with it, and thought it very queer that he did not know a mother's soul in the crowd but one man, and he was sure that man was dead many years afore. Howsomever, he went on with the *ber-rin* till they came to Kilcrumper churchyard, and, faith, he

went in and stayed with the rest, to see the corpse buried. As soon as the grave was covered, what should they do but gather about the pier that *come* along with 'em and fall to dancing as if it was a wedding. Davy longed to be among 'em (for he hadn't a bad foot of his own, that time, whatever he may now); but he was loth to begin, because they all seemed strange to him, only the man I told you that he thought was dead. Well, at last this man saw what Davy wanted, and came up to him. 'Davy,' says he, 'take out a partner, and show what you can do, but take care and don't offer to kiss her.' 'That I won't,' says Davy, 'although her lips were made of honey.' And with that he made his bow to the *purtiest* girl in the ring, and he and she began to dance. 'T was a jig they danced, and they did it to the admiration, do you see, of all that were there. 'T was all very well till the jig was over; but just as they had done, Davy, for he had a drop in, and was warm with the dancing, forgot himself, and kissed his partner, according to custom. The smack was no sooner off his lips, you see, than he was left alone in the churchyard, without a creature near him, and all he could see was the tall tombstones. Davy said they seemed as if they were dancing too, but I suppose that was only the wonder that happened him, and he being a little in drink. Howsomever, he found it was a great many hours later than he thought it; 't was near morning when he came home; but they couldn't get a word out of him till the next day, when he awoke out of a dead sleep about twelve o'clock."

When Tom had finished the account of Davy Roche and the *berrin*, it became quite evident that spirits, of some sort, were working too strong within him to admit of his telling many more tales of "the good people." Tom seemed conscious of this. He muttered for a few minutes broken sentences concerning churchyards, riversides, leprechans, and *dina magh*,¹ which were quite unintelligible, perhaps to himself, certainly to Mr. Martin and his lady. At length he made a slight motion of the head upwards, as if he would say, "I can talk no more;" stretched his arm on the table, upon which he placed the empty tumbler slowly, and with the most knowing and cautious air; and rising from his chair, walked, or rather rolled, to the parlor door.

¹ *Daine maithe*, the good people.

Here he turned round to face his host and hostess; but after various ineffectual attempts to bid them good-night, the words, as they rose, being always choked by a violent hiccup, while the door, which he held by the handle, swung to and fro, carrying his unyielding body along with it, he was obliged to depart in silence. The cow-boy, sent by Tom's wife, who knew well what sort of allurements detained him, when he remained out after a certain hour, was in attendance to conduct his master home. I have no doubt that he returned without meeting any material injury, as I know that within the last month he was, to use his own words, "as stout and hearty a man as any of his age in the County Cork."

THE SOUL CAGES.

From 'Fairy Legends and Traditions.'

Jack Dogherty lived on the coast of the County Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where anybody could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such-like things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and

many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! everybody knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured, jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea-gulls for next-door neighbors. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses of the country, with the *God-sends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy in her own quiet way bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family

that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow that, only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half-hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea-gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had only been dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more"; he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day before he got to the point whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's

eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honor knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if my mother had only reared me on brandy, 't is myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing! he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," said Jack, "since your honor lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honor has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world. On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honor has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curosimy* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt-sea ocean? Sure, I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pinkeen*?¹ Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide

¹ *Pinkeen*, a small fish.

open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you 'll see what you 'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they 'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles, as he thought, below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with traveling so fast through the water. He looked about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" said the Merrow: "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humored grin; "but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along and let's see what they've got for us to eat?"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know

what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine cellar, well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty? Eh! may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no tablecloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the country on a fast-day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and sturgeons, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds, were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then, taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honor's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd that as long as we've been acquainted I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring."

Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung

several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

“ Rum dum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dumdoo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob!”

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song nowadays.

At length said he to Jack, “ Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I’ll show you my *curositities*!” He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster-pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

“ Well, Jack, how do you like my *curositities*?” said old Coo.

“ Upon my *sowkins*,¹ sir,” said Jack, “ they’re mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster-pots are?”

“ Oh! the Soul Cages, is it?”

“ The what, sir?”

“ These things here that I keep the souls in.”

“ *Arrah!* what souls, sir?” said Jack in amazement; “ sure, the fish have got no souls in them?”

“ Oh! no,” replied Coo, quite coolly, “ that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors.”

“ The Lord preserve us from all harm!” muttered Jack, “ how in the world did you get them?”

“ Easily enough. I’ve only, when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for them, poor souls, to get into such good quarters?”

Jack was so thunderstruck he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room,

¹ *Sowkins*, by my soul.

and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then, as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

"Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, "but take a *duc an durrus* before you go; you've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you came down in; and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Feascor*¹ was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster-pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then

¹ *Feascor*, the evening star,

to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day-dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place. The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good-morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the daylight."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dresed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready, they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack, thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy, and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'Tis to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster-pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck

him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *potteen*, as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then, is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet? I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Anything in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last says he, "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *potteen*?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," said Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 't is not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *potteen* was the right sort. It was first-rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted: he drank and he sung *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again; and he laughed and danced, till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a churchyard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priests had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or air. Having now done all that he could do for them he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right,

the wrong way; but when he got out he found the water so high over his head that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done.

But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na-helah*¹ on the table before her,—“Here’s a pretty job!” said she; “that blackguard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they’ve been drinking all the *poteen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honor.” Then hearing an outlandish kind of a grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table. “The blessed Virgin help me,” shouted she, “if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I’ve often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink! Oh hone, oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?”

With such-like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls.

¹ *Thrie-na-helah*, mixed up.

Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack wakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 't was many a good man's case; said it all came of his not being used to the *poteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best of friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equaled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another, still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

There are few people who have not heard of the Mac Carthies, one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south; as the Mac Carthy-more, and the Mac Carthy-reah, and the Mac Carthy of Muskerry; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justin Mac Carthy, of Ballinacorthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty

welcome for every one who should share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Ballinacarthly was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins of wine, and long rows of pipes, and hogsheads and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr. Mac Carthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get any one to fetch his wine from the cellar, we might every one of us have grown gray in the house, and lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'Tis a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacarthly to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry. "'Tis a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master, long life to him, would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine-cellar."

Young Leary accordingly watched for what he conceived to be a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr. Mac Carthy went into his stableyard rather earlier than usual, and called loudly for the groom to saddle his horse, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr. Mac Carthy repeated the question.

"Is it William, please your honor?" returned Jack; "why, then, to tell the truth, he had just *one* drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr. Mac Carthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorry a know I know," said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the *laste taste* in life of whisky. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask your honor one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Why, then, does your honor want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one," returned his master, with the smile of good-humor upon his countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr. Mac Carthy, with some surprise.

"Exactly so," answered Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial."

"Long may your honor reign over us, and the Lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary, with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length, "Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 't is not Jack now, but Mr. John, the butler"; and with an air of becoming consequence he strode out of the stableyard towards the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many an affectionate pat on the head, was spurned from him with a kick and an "Out

of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by this sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceding week by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr. Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which you will wait on them at table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr. John, having a tolerably quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner he had seen his predecessors in office perform these mysteries, and really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are considered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

For instance, few of Mr. Mac Carthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whisky; and, with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in company preferred the port which Mr. Mac Carthy put on his table to the less ardent flavor of claret, a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing near midnight when Mr. Mac Carthy rung the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ire-

land; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgment and true taste.

The grandfather of Mr. Mac Carthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacarthy upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in the construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of the solid rock in former times as a place of retreat and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices; and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs with a single light; indeed, two lights did not much improve the matter, for though the breadth of the shadow became less, the narrow crevices remained as dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind, for it was before the days of Bramah's patent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck against each other: in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock would have shook it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to have known very clearly himself: but what he told the cook next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the

pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he thought every one would have been staved in, and that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

When Leary recovered he made his way back as well as he could to the dining-room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr. Mac Carthy in an angry voice; "and where is the wine? I rung for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently; "I hope 't is not all lost."

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy in a still more angry tone: "why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about him, and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Carthy to his guests, "this is too much. When I next see you to dinner I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from BallinacCarthy; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it to-morrow. But wine you shall have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupefied servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

When he arrived at the door, which he found open, he thought he heard a noise, as if of rats or mice scrambling over the casks, and on advancing perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon a pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder. Raising the lantern, Mr. Mac Carthy contemplated the little fellow with wonder: he wore a red night-cap on his head; before him was a short leather apron, which now, from his attitude, fell rather on one side; and he had stockings of a light blue color, so long as nearly to cover the entire of his leg; with shoes, having huge silver buckles in them, and with high heels (perhaps out of vanity to make him appear taller). His face was like a

withered winter apple; and his nose, which was of a bright crimson color, about the tip wore a delicate purple bloom, like that of a plum; yet his eyes twinkled

——“like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights—”

and his mouth twitched up at one side with an arch grin.

“Ha, scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy, “have I found you at last? disturber of my cellar—what are you doing there?”

“Sure, and master,” returned the little fellow, looking up at him with one eye, and with the other throwing a sly glance towards the spigot on his shoulder, “ain’t we going to move to-morrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Cluricaune¹ Naggeneen behind you?”

“Oh!” thought Mr. Mac Carthy, “if you are to follow me, Mister Naggeneen, I don’t see much use in quitting Ballinacarthy.” So filling with wine the basket which young Leary in his fright had left behind him, and locking the cellar door, he rejoined his guests.

For some years after Mr. Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labor of these journeys, the worthy lord of Ballinacarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death that same conviviality had nearly emptied his wine-cellar; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so often visited, the revels of Master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he had been sometimes seen going about with hardly a *skreed* (rag) to cover him.

¹ *Cluricaune*. See the article on ‘Fairy and Folk Tales.’

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

"I can't stop in the house—I won't stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it! and then, if I'm angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won't stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under."

This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. "I'll not stop here," said John; "and that ends the matter."

"Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you."

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass when he heard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

"Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house: "do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and 't is time you had the cloth laid."

"Lord bless us! there's more of it!—I'll never stay another day here," repeated John.

"Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jervois about the spoons."

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say, "Who are you? come here and let me see you, if you are a man;" but he received in reply only a

laugh of unearthly derision, which was followed by a "Good-bye—I'll watch you at dinner, John!"

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all! I'll watch you at dinner! maybe you will! 't is the broad daylight, so 't is no ghost; but this is a terrible place, and this is the last day I'll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons? if he tells it I'm a ruined man! There was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it? I can't tell for the world! But what's that I see there at the corner of the wall! 't is not a man! oh, what a fool I am! 'T is only the old stump of a tree! But this is a shocking place—I'll never stop in it, for I'll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colors, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonized well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gayety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which surrounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The ballroom, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments, were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, boy as I was, and full of boyish life and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom—their extent, too, terrified me; nor could the merriment of my two schoolfellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-

hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all seated at the table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

"Ho, ho, ho! Mr. Pratt, won't you give poor Teigue some dinner? ho, ho! a fine company you have there, and plenty of everything that's good; sure you won't forget poor Teigue?"

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

"Who is that?" said Mr. Pratt's brother, an officer of the artillery.

"That is Teigue," said Mr. Pratt, laughing, "whom you must often have heard me mention."

"And pray, Mr. Pratt," inquired another gentleman, "who is Teigue?"

"That," he replied, "is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it."

"It is very extraordinary," exclaimed several of the company.

"But," remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, "your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?"

"When he asks for some dinner we put it outside the window and go away; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone."

"How does he know that you are watching?"

"That's more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlor, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, 'Ho, ho, ho! Master James and Robert and Henry, give poor Teigue a

glass of whisky.' James went out of the room, filled a glass of whisky, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. 'Here, Teigue,' said he, 'come for it now.'—'Well, put it down, then, on the step outside the window.' This was done and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho! you are watching Teigue! go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned, the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day it was on the stone step under the window, and there were crumbs of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket; from that time he has not been heard till to-day."

"Oh," said the colonel, "I'll get a sight of him; you are not used to these things; an old soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a Quaker long ago. Ho, ho; Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy! a pretty Quaker you were; and now you're no Quaker, nor anything else: ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes: to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat. And there's Mr. Cole: did you ever see such a fellow? A pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried Quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow Lane, and a drinking exciseman from the Coal Quay, to meet the great thundering artillery general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colonel, "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed to the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows. "Come on, colonel," said Mr. Bell; "let us catch this impudent rascal."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, here I am—here's Teigue—why don't

you catch him? Ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did anybody harm."

"Let us see your face, you scoundrel," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, Colonel Pratt? you'll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner."

"If you're upon the earth, I'll find you, you villain!" said the colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building.

"He's round that corner," said Mr. Bell, "run, run."

They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout—

"Ho, ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now? do you hear him? Ho, ho, ho! you're a fine colonel to follow the wind."

"Not that way, Mr. Bell—not that way; come here," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are; do you think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But colonel, follow me if you can: you a soldier! ho, ho, ho!" The colonel was enraged: he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit (Mr. Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out); until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the colonel out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed, "Now, Colonel Pratt, now, if you're a soldier, here's a leap for you! Now look at Teigue—why don't you look at him? Ho, ho, ho! Come along; you're warm, I'm sure, Colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself; Teigue is going to have a swim!"

The voice seemed as if descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. "Now, colonel,

have you courage to take the leap? Ho, ho, ho! what a pretty solider you are. Good-bye; I'll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house—look at your watch, colonel: there's a dive for you;" and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag.

"Well, did you see Teigue?" said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.

"Give me some wine," said the colonel. "I never was led such a dance in my life; the fellow carried me all round and round till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he'd be here in ten minutes; 't is more than that now, but he's not come."

"Ho, ho, ho! colonel, isn't he here? Teigue never told a lie in his life: but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good-night to you all, for I'm tired; and that's the colonel's doing." A plate of food was ordered; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

"Ah! Mr. Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue? Make every one go away from the windows, and Master Henry out of the tree, and Master Richard off the garden wall."

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and "Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt! 't is a good dinner, and there's the plate, ladies and gentlemen. Good-bye to you, colonel!—good-bye, Mr. Bell! good-bye to you all!" brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES?

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. Maybe he stuck more to it than he ought to have done; but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories, many more did not believe them; but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbors who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible, that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources, nay, that some of them had been told by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well, then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the youngers were too

sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old crony of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have anything more to do with a pair of jackanape puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggy, red-snouted, prating prigs (“not,” added he, “however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose”), they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

He rode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaunbuie could powder away over the limestone. “Drat it!” hiccuped he, “Lord pardon me for swearing! the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy! and I would give up five as good acres as ever grew apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?”

He looked and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the country, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its center, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it brightly. If I were a poet, like Mr. Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments, and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough; but as I am not a poet I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion.

The company was large. Some spread out far beyond

the farthest boundary of the shadow of the oak's branches, some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves, some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk, some no doubt were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see anything more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed with infinite delight their diversified gambols. By looking long at them he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move.

He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue; but no matter now. I shall just turn bridle about and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they think themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done; and Jack was back again as if upon the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two collegians.

"Halloo!" said he, "young Flatcaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare, and I shall give you *oc-oc-ocular* demonstration of the truth of what I was saying."

Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack; "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered the Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered: but no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story; how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballinghassig; he described their beautiful dresses of shining

silver; their flat-crowned hats, glittering in the moonbeams; and the princely stature and demeanor of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground. "Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" cried Jack; "but I will not promise that you will find them there; for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak; and the moon, by this time, having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed. "Look there," he cried, exultingly; for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horsewhip; "look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing, "true it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over I shall go among them;" and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah, Tom! Tom!" cried Jack, "stop, man, stop! what are you doing? The fairies—the good people, I mean—hate to be meddled with. You will be pinched or blinded; or your horse will cast its shoe; or—look! a willful man will have his way. Oh! oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him! for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree, and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to yourself. Your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup," said Jack, who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly, "what do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms" (as indeed they were); "and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, stag-

gered back to his horse without saying a word and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughers at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, ay, and five parishes round, called him nothing but Musharoon Jack, such being their pronounciation of mushroom.

I should be sorry if all my fairy stories ended with so little dignity; but—

——“ These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air.”

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

The ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the encroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water, as they sailed over the clear green sea of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well-known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea-side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a County Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage. “ Connor Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh,” as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whisky between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta; and were

I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea: so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment, and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Everything was as it should be; all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and, according to the family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore, with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another, and at last Connor Crowe was left alone. He then pulled out his whisky bottle, his drop of comfort, as he called it, which he required, being in grief; and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful. He whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.

"If 't was near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet country, I was," said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, "one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion and silent comforter, the whisky bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 't was the dismal sounding waves working

through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam? Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy-looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well, then, anyhow," said Connor, after a pause, "is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching. He caught himself more than once in the act of nodding, when suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sinking into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea. He listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain!

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low, plaintive wail. As it ended Connor beheld a number of strange and, in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures emerge from the sea, and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet hollow tone.

"True," replied another, with a voice still more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Durfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

"When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the unearthly being, "the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices. Farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away, and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old churchyard, and never since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyheigh, for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

THE BANSHEE OF THE MAC CARTHYS.¹

The day had nearly arrived on which the prophecy was if at all, to be fulfilled. Charles Mac Carthy's whole ap-

¹ *The Banshee* is an aristocratic specter that attaches itself to great families. It appears, wailing, before the death of any member of the family to which it is attached.

pearance gave such promise of a long and healthy life, that he was persuaded by his friends to ask a large party to an entertainment at Spring House, to celebrate his birthday. But the occasion of this party, and the circumstances which attended it, will be best learned from a perusal of the following letters, which have been carefully preserved by some relations of his family. The first is from Mrs. Mac Carthy, to a lady, a very near connection and valued friend of hers, who lived in the county of Cork, at about fifty miles' distance from Spring House.

“ TO MRS. BARRY, CASTLE BARRY.

“ *Spring House, Tuesday morning,
October 15th, 1752.*

“ MY DEAREST MARY,

“ I am afraid I am going to put your affection for your old friend and kinswoman to a severe trial. A two days' journey at this season, over bad roads and through a troubled country, it will indeed require friendship such as yours to persuade a sober woman to encounter. But the truth is, I have, or fancy I have, more than usual cause for wishing you near me. You know my son's story. I can't tell you how it is, but as next Sunday approaches, when the prediction of his dream, or vision, will be proved false or true, I feel a sickening of the heart, which I cannot suppress, but which your presence, my dear Mary, will soften, as it has done so many of my sorrows. My nephew, James Ryan, is to be married to Jane Osborne (who, you know, is my son's ward), and the bridal entertainment will take place here on Sunday next, though Charles pleaded hard to have it postponed for a day or two longer. Would to God—but no more of this till we meet. Do prevail upon yourself to leave your good man for *one* week, if his farming concerns will not admit of his accompanying you; and come to us, with the girls, as soon before Sunday as you can.

“ Ever my dear Mary's attached cousin and friend,

“ ANN MAC CARTHY.”

Although this letter reached Castle Barry early on Wednesday, the messenger having traveled on foot over

bog and moor, by paths impassable to horse or carriage, Mrs. Barry, who at once determined on going, had so many arrangements to make for the regulation of her domestic affairs (which, in Ireland, among the middle orders of the gentry, fall soon into confusion when the mistress of the family is away), that she and her two young daughters were unable to leave until late on the morning of Friday. The eldest daughter remained to keep her father company, and superintend the concerns of the household. As the travelers were to journey in an open one-horse vehicle, called a jaunting-car (still used in Ireland), and as the roads, bad at all times, were rendered still worse by the heavy rains, it was their design to make two easy stages—to stop about midway the first night, and reach Spring House early on Saturday evening. This arrangement was now altered, as they found that from the lateness of their departure they could proceed, at the utmost, no farther than twenty miles on the first day; and they, therefore, purposed sleeping at the house of a Mr. Bourke, a friend of theirs, who lived at somewhat less than that distance from Castle Barry. They reached Mr. Bourke's in safety after a rather disagreeable ride. What befell them on their journey the next day to Spring House, and after their arrival there, is fully recounted in a letter from the second Miss Barry to her eldest sister.

*“Spring House, Sunday evening,
20th October, 1752.*

“DEAR ELLEN,

“As my mother's letter, which encloses this, will announce to you briefly the sad intelligence which I shall here relate more fully, I think it better to go regularly through the recital of the extraordinary events of the last two days.

“The Bourkes kept us up so late on Friday night that yesterday was pretty far advanced before we could begin our journey, and the day closed when we were nearly fifteen miles distant from this place. The roads were excessively deep, from the heavy rains of the last week, and we proceeded so slowly that, at last, my mother resolved on passing the night at the house of Mr. Bourke's brother (who lives about a quarter of a mile off the road), and

coming here to breakfast in the morning. The day had been windy and showery, and the sky looked fitful, gloomy, and uncertain. The moon was full, and at times shone clear and bright; at others it was wholly concealed behind the thick, black, and rugged masses of clouds that rolled rapidly along, and were every moment becoming larger, and collecting together as if gathering strength for a coming storm. The wind, which blew in our faces, whistled bleakly along the low hedges of the narrow road, on which we proceeded with difficulty from the number of deep sloughs, and which afforded not the least shelter, no plantation being within some miles of us. My mother, therefore, asked Leary, who drove the jaunting-car, how far we were from Mr. Bourke's? 'T is about ten spades from this to the cross, and we have then only to turn to the left into the avenue, ma'am.' 'Very well, Leary; turn up to Mr. Bourke's as soon as you reach the cross roads.' My mother had scarcely spoken these words, when a shriek, that made us thrill as if our very hearts were pierced by it, burst from the hedge to the right of our way. If it resembled anything earthly it seemed the cry of a female, struck by a sudden and mortal blow, and giving out her life in one long deep pang of expiring agony. 'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed my mother. 'Go you over the hedge, Leary, and save that woman, if she is not yet dead, while we run back to the hut we have just passed, and alarm the village near it.' 'Woman!' said Leary, beating the horse violently, while his voice trembled, 'that's no woman; the sooner we get on, ma'am, the better;' and he continued his efforts to quicken the horse's pace. We saw nothing. The moon was hid. It was quite dark, and we had been for some time expecting a heavy fall of rain. But just as Leary had spoken, and had succeeded in making the horse trot briskly forward, we distinctly heard a loud clapping of hands, followed by a succession of screams, that seemed to denote the last excess of despair and anguish, and to issue from a person running forward inside the hedge, to keep pace with our progress. Still we saw nothing; until, when we were within about ten yards of the place where an avenue branched off to Mr. Bourke's to the left, and the road turned to Spring House on the right, the moon started suddenly from behind a cloud, and enabled us to

see, as plainly as I now see this paper, the figure of a tall, thin woman, with uncovered head, and long hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak or a sheet thrown hastily about her. She stood on the corner hedge, where the road on which we were met that which leads to Spring House, with her face towards us, her left hand pointing to this place, and her right arm waving rapidly and violently as if to draw us on in that direction. The horse had stopped, apparently frightened at the sudden presence of the figure, which stood in the manner I have described, still uttering the same piercing cries, for about half a minute. It then leaped upon the road, disappeared from our view for one instant, and the next was seen standing upon a high wall a little way up the avenue on which we purposed going, still pointing towards the road to Spring House, but in an attitude of defiance and command, as if prepared to oppose our passage up the avenue. The figure was now quite silent, and its garments, which had before flown loosely in the wind, were closely-wrapped around it. 'Go on, Leary, to Spring House, in God's name!' said my mother; 'whatever world it belongs to, we will provoke it no longer.' 'T is the Banshee, ma'am,' said Leary; 'and I would not, for what my life is worth, go anywhere this blessed night but to Spring House. But I'm afraid there's something bad going forward, or *she* would not send us there.' So saying, he drove forward; and as we turned on the road to the right, the moon suddenly withdrew its light, and we saw the apparition no more; but we heard plainly a prolonged clapping of hands, gradually dying away, as if it issued from a person rapidly retreating."

THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS.

Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been exchanged by "fairies' theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy had become shriveled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all

the neighbors, by way of comforting her, said that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs. Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy. She, therefore, could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red-hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the roadside, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or Gray Ellen). She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning, Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as 'by your leave' or 'ask your pardon,' and an ugly bony bit of a shriveled-up fairy put in his place; no wonder, then, that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said Ellen Leah, "but are you sure 't is a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough I am to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and, after a pause, she added, "but maybe you'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued: "Put down the big pot, full of water, on

the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new-laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red-hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling at such a rate, that if ever water was red-hot, it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer, without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, a *vick*" (my son).

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating; so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I'm brewing, a *vick*," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy: what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, a *vick*," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before!" The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan,

seizing it, ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up without much loss of time and went to the cradle, intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep; one of his soft round arms rested upon the pillow—his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth, which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.¹

From 'The Amulet' (1827).

Many years ago there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose-trees of the garden, and there never was anything that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird.

And the holy man rose up from his knees where he was kneeling at his prayers to listen to its song; for he thought he never in all his life heard anything so heavenly.

And the little bird, after singing for some time longer on the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it to listen to its singing, for he felt as if he would never be tired of listening to the sweet song it was singing out of its throat.

And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for a while, and then to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever further and further away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther, and farther, and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colors that were ever seen

¹ T. C. Croker wrote this, he says, word for word as he heard it from an old woman at a holy well.

in the world, and when he came into the convent, it was nightfall.

And he was quite surprised at everything he saw, for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery that he had never seen before, and the very place itself, and everything about it, seemed to be strangely altered; and, altogether, it seemed entirely different from what it was when he had left in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotion when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

And while he was wondering at all he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him, "Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?"

And the monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the change since morning? for, sure, there was no change; that all was just as before. And then he said, "Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before."

So upon this the holy man told his name, and said that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning before he had wandered away from the garden listening to the song of a little bird that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before, but that what was become of him was never known.

And while he was speaking, the holy man said, "My hour of death is come; blessed be the name of the Lord for all His mercies to me, through the merits of His only-begotten Son."

And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, "Brother, take my confession, for my soul is departing."

And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubims or seraphims; and that was the way the Almighty

was pleased in His mercy to take to Himself the soul of that holy man.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

From 'Fairy Legends.'

The lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 't is said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hushed to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of luster, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essayed
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wandered and watched by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth:
Then smiled; and abashed as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 't was the dawning of love,
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought, through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;
The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wreck concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain pursued;
Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretched over the land.
'T was an isle of enchantment! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly-born isle
Softly faded away from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the storm;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

“Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!
Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

“Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:
One cause can detain me—one only—'t is death!”

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!—
For see all around, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
And grottoes with vapor and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief:
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

GEORGE CROLY.

(1780—1860.)

GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin in 1780. He was trained for and entered holy orders, but preferment came slowly and he turned his attention to literature. His first story, 'Colonna the Painter,' appeared in *Blackwood's* and attracted considerable attention. He wrote rapidly a number of other tales, many of which are now forgotten. He also published a volume of verse, 'Paris in 1815, and other Poems,' which was received with favor, 'The Modern Orlando,' 'Poetical Works,' and 'Beauties of English Poets'; then followed a series of works on political subjects, of which 'The Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke' and 'Historical Sketches, Speeches, and Characters' are the most ambitious. Of a kindred nature are 'The Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics' and 'Personal History of King George the Fourth.' With the self-confidence and versatility of which he gave so many proofs, Crolly also tried his hand at play-writing, and produced the tragedy of 'Catiline' and the comedy of 'Pride Shall Have a Fall,' both of which met with a fair reception.

In 1835 he was made rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London. His pen continued in active employment, though it now sought other themes. In 1847 he was appointed afternoon preacher at the Foundling-Hospital, and he became one of the most popular pulpit orators of London. In private life he was amiable and charitable; and his conversation, rich in information and pointed anecdote, made his company much sought after. His death, Nov. 24, 1860, was very sudden. His story 'Salathiel' was brought out in 1901 under the title of 'Tarry Thou till I Come,' with a preface by Gen. Lew Wallace, and was very successful in this country.

THE FIRING OF ROME.

From 'Salathiel the Immortal.'

Intelligence in a few days arrived from Brundisium of the Emperor's landing, and of his intention to remain at Antium on the road to Rome, until his triumphal entry should be prepared. My fate now hung in the scale. I was ordered to attend the imperial presence. At the vestibule of the Antian palace my careful centurion deposited me in the hands of a senator. As I followed him through the halls, a young female richly attired, and of the most beautiful face and form, crossed us, light and graceful as a dancing nymph. The senator bowed profoundly. She

beckoned to him, and they exchanged a few words. I was probably the subject; for her countenance, sparkling with the animation of youth and loveliness, grew pale at once; she clasped both her hands upon her eyes, and rushed into an inner chamber. She knew Nero well; and dearly she was yet to pay for her knowledge. The senator, to my inquiring glance, answered in a whisper, "The Empress Poppæa."

A few steps onward, and I stood in the presence of the most formidable being on earth. Yet whatever might have been the natural agitation of the time, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the first sight of Nero. I saw a pale, undersized, light-haired young man sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity. But for the regal furniture of the cabinet, I should have supposed myself led by mistake into an interview with some struggling poet. He shot round one quick glance on the opening of the door, and then proceeded to give lessons to his bird. I had leisure to gaze on the tyrant and parricide.

Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty. The features of the human monster before me were mild and almost handsome; a heavy eye and a figure tending to fullness gave the impression of a quiet mind; and but for an occasional restlessness of brow, and a brief glance from under it, in which the leaden eye darted suspicion, I should have pronounced Nero one of the most indolently tranquil of mankind.

He remanded the parrot to his perch, took up his lyre, and throwing a not unskillful hand over the strings, in the intervals of the performance languidly addressed a broken sentence to me. "You have come, I understand, from Judea;—they tell me that you have been, or are to be, a general of the insurrection;—you must be put to death;—your countrymen give us a great deal of trouble, and I always regret to be troubled with them.—But to send you

back would only be encouragement to them, and to keep you here among strangers would only be cruelty to you.—I am charged with cruelty: you see the charge is not true.—I am lampooned every day; I know the scribblers, but they must lampoon or starve. I leave them to do both. Have you brought any news from Judea?—They have not had a true prince there since the first Herod; and he was quite a Greek, a cut-throat, and a man of taste. He understood the arts.—I sent for you to see what sort of animal a Jewish rebel was. Your dress is handsome, but too light for our winters.—You cannot die before sunset, as till then I am engaged with my music master.—We all must die when our time comes.—Farewell—till sunset may Jupiter protect you!”

I retired to execution! and before the door closed, heard this accomplished disposer of life and death preluding upon his lyre with increased energy. I was conducted to a turret until the period in which the Emperor's engagement with his music master should leave him at leisure to see me die. Yet there was kindness even under the roof of Nero, and a liberal hand had covered the table in my cell. The hours passed heavily along, but they passed; and I was watching the last rays of my last sun, when I perceived a cloud rise in the direction of Rome. It grew broader, deeper, darker, as I gazed; its center was suddenly tinged with red; the tinge spread; the whole mass of cloud became crimson: the sun went down, and another sun seemed to have risen in his stead. I heard the clattering of horses' feet in the courtyards below; trumpets sounded; there was confusion in the palace; the troops hurried under arms; and I saw a squadron of cavalry set off at full speed.

As I was gazing on the spectacle before me, which perpetually became more menacing, the door of my cell slowly opened, and a masked figure stood upon the threshold. I had made up my mind; and demanding if he was the executioner, I told him “that I was ready.” The figure paused, listened to the sounds below, and after looking for a while on the troops in the courtyard, signified by signs that I had a chance of saving my life. The love of existence rushed back upon me. I eagerly inquired what was to be done. He drew from under his cloak the dress of a

Roman slave, which I put on, and noiselessly followed his steps through a long succession of small and strangely intricate passages. We found no difficulty from guards or domestics. The whole palace was in a state of extraordinary confusion. Every human being was packing up something or other: rich vases, myrrhine cups, table services, were lying in heaps on the floors; books, costly dresses, instruments of music, all the appendages of luxury, were flung loose in every direction, from the sudden breaking up of the court. I might have plundered the value of a province with impunity. Still we wound our hurried way. In passing along one of the corridors, the voice of complaining struck the ear; the mysterious guide hesitated; I glanced through the slab of crystal that showed the chamber within. It was the one in which I had seen the Emperor, but his place was now filled by the form of youth and beauty that had crossed me on my arrival. She was weeping bitterly, and reading with strong and sorrowful indignation a long list of names, probably one of those rolls in which Nero registered his intended victims, and which in the confusion of departure he had left open. A second glance saw her tear the paper into a thousand fragments, and scatter them in the fountain that gushed upon the floor.

I left this lovely and unhappy creature, this dove in the vulture's talons, with almost a pang. A few steps more brought us into the open air, but among bowers that covered our path with darkness. At the extremity of the gardens my guide struck with his dagger upon a door; it was opened: we found horses outside; he sprang on one; I sprang on its fellow; and palace, guards, and death, were left far behind.

He galloped so furiously that I found it impossible to speak; and it was not till we had reached an eminence a few miles from Rome, where we breathed our horses, that I could ask to whom I had been indebted for my escape. But I could not extract a word from him. He made signs of silence, and pointed with wild anxiety to the scene that spread below. It was of a grandeur and terror indescribable. Rome was an ocean of flame.

Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows

burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

Hostile to Rome as I was, I could not restrain the exclamation:—"There goes the fruit of conquest, the glory of ages, the purchase of the blood of millions! Was vanity made for man?" My guide continued looking forward with intense earnestness, as if he were perplexed by what avenue to enter the burning city. I demanded who he was, and whither he would lead me. He returned no answer. A long spire of flame that shot up from a hitherto untouched quarter engrossed all his senses. He struck in the spur, and making a wild gesture to me to follow, darted down the hill. I pursued; we found the Appian choked with wagons, baggage of every kind, and terrified crowds hurrying into the open country. To force a way through them was impossible. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

We turned back, and attempted an entrance through the gardens of the same villas that skirted the city wall near the Palatine. All were deserted, and after some dangerous leaps over the burning ruins we found ourselves in the streets. The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces: but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on.

We now passed under the shade of an immense range

of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard,—a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheater of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage with its inflammable furniture was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Mad-dened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, died raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheater. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous

canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below: a solitary sovereign with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

I was forced away from this absorbing spectacle, and we once more threaded the long and intricate streets of Rome. As we approached the end of one of these bewildering passages, scarcely wide enough for us to ride abreast, I was startled by the sudden illumination of the sky immediately above; and, rendered cautious by the experience of our hazards, called to my companion to return. He pointed behind me, and showed the fire bursting out in the houses by which we had just galloped. I followed on. A crowd that poured from the adjoining streets cut off our retreat. Hundreds rapidly mounted on the houses in front, in the hope by throwing them down to check the conflagration. The obstacle once removed, we saw the source of the light—spectacle of horror! The great prison of Rome was on fire. Never can I forget the sights and sounds—the dismay—the hopeless agony—the fury and frenzy that then overwhelmed the heart. The jailers had been forced to fly before they could loose the fetters or open the cells of the prisoners. We saw those gaunt and woe-begone wretches crowding to their casements, and imploring impossible help; clinging to the heated bars; toiling with their impotent grasp to tear out the massive stones; some wringing their hands; some calling on the terrified spectators by every name of humanity to save them; some venting their despair in execrations and blasphemies that made the blood run cold; others, after many a wild effort to break loose, dashing their heads against the walls, or stabbing themselves. The people gave them outcry for outcry; but the flame forbade approach. Before I could extricate myself from the multitude a whirl of fiery ashes shot upwards from the falling roof; the walls rent into a thousand fragments; and the huge prison with all its miserable inmates was a heap of red embers.

Exhausted as I was by this restless fatigue, and yet more by the melancholy sights that surrounded every step, no fatigue seemed to be felt by the singular being that governed my movements. He sprang through the burning ruins,—he plunged into the sulphurous smoke,—he never

lost the direction that he had first taken; and though baffled and forced to turn back a hundred times, he again rushed on his track with the directness of an arrow. For me to make my way back to the gates would be even more difficult than to push forward. My ultimate safety might be in following, and I followed. To stand still and to move were equally perilous. The streets, even with the improvements of Augustus, were still scarcely wider than the breadth of the little Italian carts that crowded them. They were crooked, long, and obstructed by every impediment of a city built in haste, after the burning by the Gauls, and with no other plan than the caprice of its hurried tenantry. The houses were of immense height, chiefly wood, many roofed with thatch, and all covered or cemented with pitch. The true surprise is that it had not been burned once a year from the time of its building.

The memory of Nero, that hereditary concentration of vice, of whose ancestor's yellow beard the Roman orator said, "No wonder that his beard was brass, when his mouth was iron and his heart lead,"—the parricide and the poisoner—may yet be fairly exonerated of an act which might have been the deed of a drunken mendicant in any of the fifty thousand hovels of this gigantic aggregate of everything that could turn to flame.

We passed along through all the horrid varieties of misery, guilt, and riot that could find their place in a great public calamity: groups gazing in woe on the wreck of their fortunes, rushing off to the winds in vapor and fire; groups plundering in the midst of the flame; groups of rioters, escaped felons, and murderers, exulting in the public ruin, and dancing and drinking with Bacchanalian uproar; gangs of robbers trampling down and stabbing the fugitives to strip them of their last means; revenge, avarice, despair, profligacy, let loose naked; undisguised demons, to swell the wretchedness of this tremendous infliction upon a guilty and blood-covered empire.

Still we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot.

SCENE FROM 'CATILINE.'

(*In the Senate.*)

Cicero. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemned to exile?

(*CATILINE comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.*)

Cicero (turning to CATILINE). Here I repeat the charge,
to gods and men,

Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received dispatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard:—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline (rising calmly). Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cicero (interrupting him). Deeds shall convince you!
Has the traitor done?

Catiline. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? (*looking round*).

To fling your offices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cicero. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?

Fathers, you know their lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscriptions have been handed round,
 In which your general properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

(A cry is heard without—"More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for CICERO; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate. CATILINE is strongly perturbed.)

Cicero. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
 Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted traitor! go from Rome!

Catiline (haughtily rising). Come, consecrated lictors,
 from your thrones: *(To the Senate.)*

Fling down your scepters:—take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Cicero (interrupting him). Give up the record of his banishment. *(To an officer.)*

(The officer gives it to the CONSUL.)

Catiline. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 Banished—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you: here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.
 Your Consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

(The Consul reads):—"Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Catiline (furious). "Traitor!" I go—but I return.

This—trial!

Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—this hour's work

Will breed proscriptions:—look to your hearths, my lords!

For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,

And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

(The Senators rise up in tumult and cry out,)

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cicero. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

Catiline (struggling through them. I go, but not to leap
the gulf alone.

I go—but when I come, 't will be the burst

Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!

You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood

Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! *(To the lictors.)*—I
will return! *(He rushes out.)*

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

"For at that time the Atlantic Sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you Pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Lybya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the continent which borders on this Atlantic Sea. . . . But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth; and the Atlantic island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared."—*Plato's Timæus.*

Oh! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,

Thou wilderness of waves,

Where all the tribes of earth might sleep

In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster of them all,
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning's beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream:

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the night-bird's love—
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that wave.

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
There scoffed at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment-thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
Its doom was sealed.

Now on his halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

MAY CROMMELIN.

MAY CROMMELIN, whose full name is May de la Cherois Crommelin, is a descendant of Louis Crommelin, the Huguenot founder of the linen trade in Ulster, and was born in Carrowdore Castle, County Down. She was educated at home and spent her early years in Ireland. Later she went to London and has since traveled extensively in South America, the West Indies, Syria, Palestine, etc. She made a hit with her first two novels, 'Queenie' and 'My Love She's but a Lassie.' Since then she has written 'A Jewel of a Girl,' 'Black Abbey,' 'Miss Daisy Dimity,' 'Orange Lily,' 'Joy,' 'In the West Countrie,' 'Brown Eyes,' 'Goblin Gold,' 'Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.,' 'Midge,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Herries,' 'For the Sake of the Family,' 'Love Knots,' 'Dead Men's Dollars,' 'Bay Ronald,' 'Dust Before the Wind,' 'Half Round the World for a Husband,' 'Divil-May-Care,' 'Kinsah, a Daughter of Tangier,' 'Bet-tina,' 'The Luck of a Lowland Laddie,' 'A Woman-Derelict,' and 'Over the Andes,' a volume of travel.

THE AMAZING ENDING OF A CHARADE.

From 'The Luck of a Lowland Laddie.'

The hours flew by till the next evening came. Both lovers pretended to avoid each other meantime, though their eyes met furtively, then shone like stars. With the memory of yesterday evening hot in their hearts, and sweet as new wine on their lips, they could be happy without much speech together. Also it was wiser.

Neither had reasoned their love-affair out. They only felt. Elsie was rosy and utterly happy, seeming to tread on air, to love all the world; while Jock was very pale with the exalted look of one who sees ahead trouble which he means to face and win through to gain the golden paradise beyond.

So the unexpected night darkened down. A crowd of carriages made deep snow-ruts before the door; the foot-lights were lit; and an assembled throng of all the neighbors, magnates, lesser lairds, farmers, and domestics were seated in the large saloon before the miniature stage. At last the curtains drew up.

Elsie was revealed in the neatest of print gowns and muslin kerchief, dusting merrily. She looked so smiling

and bonny over the work that a hearty burst of applause greeted the most popular girl in the country, at which she bridled and lilted two lines of a ballad with gleeful daring. In stumbled Jock, carrying a tray for breakfast. And his real nervousness on the stage seemed excellent acting, as Mary Ann scoffed at Clumsy Thomas. When she leant her pretty chin on the end of her long brush-handle and archly eyed him, asking, "What's the matter with you?" Jock felt his soul drawn through his eyes to her, and stammered in desperation so naturally:

"You!--You are the matter with me!" ending in so audible a catch of his breath, that the room rang with clapping.

"Capital, capital! 'Pon my honor," said old Lady Sneeshin, her head trembling with approbation.

"He, he," tittered MacGab, who was as always the greatest busybody and tattler in the country, both detested and civilly treated, for feeble folk all held, "it was better to have him for a friend than an enemy."

"He, he," repeated the malicious creature, turning round to grin at all the people near him, and whispering loudly behind his hand.

"Young Ramsay acts with all his heart, doesn't he? Charming part for a young man. Shouldn't mind making love to the young lady myself."

"Who is that talking? O—MacGab, excuse me, I didn't know it was you," growled Mr. Stirling. He knew perfectly well whence the interruption came, seeing that MacGab was next to Lady Sneeshin on his right hand.

The first scene over, the principal actors came on, encouraged by the success of Elsie and Jock; yet the interest of the audience cooled at once to politeness. Once or twice Lord Gowan's absurd jokes and capers, young Hay's strenuous efforts to be heroic roused faint enthusiasm. And certainly Moyna was clever—very clever. All agreed in that, thinking in their hearts, "If only she had not such sticks to act with."

Once or twice Moyna in flaming desperation hustled Elsie on the stage.

"Go in, dear—*do!* Save the situation! You must keep them in a good temper. O, say *anything!* That you have lost something, a glove, or your temper, or a lover."

So Elsie tripped forward and Moyna literally pushed shy Thomas after.

"Follow her, Mr. Ramsay,—Go!"

So Jock stumbled on: stood still; stared.

"And what are you doing, pray?" pertly asked Mary Ann.

"Doing—? I am *following you*," stammered Thomas, gazing at her so hopelessly, being stage-shy, that again the audience roared with mirth and clapped vociferously.

When the climax of the piece came and the heroine accepted Hay after various misunderstandings, while Lord Gowan consoled himself in the background by dancing a breakdown between the hunting damsel and her of the nimble feet and waving skirts, everybody applauded civilly. Then the whole audience called as one voice:

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann! Thomas."

"*What must I say?*" asked Jock nervously from the background. Then somebody whispered back—(Afterwards each and all denied uttering the words himself, or herself)—Anyhow, some one prompted—

"Say it's a good example. Ask her to follow it." The leading ladies and gentlemen drew to one side, in mimic converse, pretending not to notice the shy footman and saucy chambermaid who advanced to the footlights.

"I say," quoth Thomas, sheepishly enough, it must be owned, "your lady and my governor have set us a good example. Shall we follow it? Like mistress, like maid, eh?"

"What do you want me to do?" So Mary Ann coquetishly dissembled. "Say it out first; then I'll see."

"I'll take you for my wife; that's it," cried Thomas, suddenly catching her hands with the desperate boldness of timidity. "Say you'll have me."

An uneasy sensation thrilled through the hall, especially among the farmers' benches. One could have heard a pin drop.

"Well—I don't mind taking you for my man, Thomas," faltered Elsie, toying with her apron.

The actors all waited in a group for applause. Not a sound was heard in the saloon but the isolated claps of some four foolish, unenlightened folk, who ceased, unsupported.

A dead silence lasted for a few surprised seconds.

Then every one seemed to draw a breath and murmurs were audible among the servants and tenants. On the front bench old Stirling sat still staring. He was always slow of comprehension. MacGab saw his, or some one's duty, clear.

"Stirling! Hallo! Stirling!—I say!" he eagerly cried, bending forward so close in front of Lady Sneeshin she drew back her aquiline nose.

"*Did you hear?* Bless my soul! Your daughter and young Ramsay have taken each other for man and wife, and before witnesses. They have!" The meddler's clean-shaven wrinkled face was alive with uncharitable joy, his eyes gleamed though he tried to pull down the corners of his mouth.

"Eh, eh? Stop—all of you on the stage there!" roared old Stirling. "Stop this tomfoolery."

The actors stood as if turned to statues in amazement.

"O, man, it's no use stopping them *now*. It's done!—It's a marriage!¹ That's a fact," mourned MacGab louder, the hypocrite, every one hearing him. Old Stirling glared round an awed ring of faces and foamed. He rose in his front place and shook his fist at Jock, who stood close above him.

"How dare you? You d—d impertinent young dog! Out of my house, and never let me set eyes on you again."

"What have I done, sir?" asked Jock, clear and resolute. He had dropped the Thomas and was himself again.

"Done? O Lord! You've played this mean trick to try and marry my girl, to catch an heiress—before witnesses. A beggar like you. That's what you've done."

"I have played no trick, none!"

"I say you HAVE. Don't—don't—don't dare to contradict me, you fortune-hunting jackanapes."

The blood rushed to Jock's face, he folded his arms and gazed defiantly down at his stammering, gesticulating enemy, and the hearts of the spectators went out to the lad.

"Stirling, be calm; it's not a real marriage. They only took each other by their play-acting names. In any case it can be undone by private act of Parliament," hastily interposed old Lord Lovall as peacemaker.

¹ This is so, according to Scottish law.—[Ed.]

"Yes, yes, Francis. Do be calm," urged poor Mrs. Stirling, in thin-voiced hysterical accents. "Elsie, like a good child, tell your father that you do not mean to marry Jock, and that you won't have him. Do you hear, dear?"

Elsie meanwhile stood still with amazed blue eyes that widened each second. But now they gleamed.

"*Jock!*" she uttered. And at the one word all listened with hushed attention, for there was a thrill in Elsie's voice that is only heard when a woman feels her life or her fate at stake. Every young heart there vibrated in response with instinctive recognition. Aye! and some old ones who remembered days long past.

"*Jock!*" she breathed again, in trembling but clear tones. "I know you never meant this—you could not do a dishonorable act even for my sake, although you do—love me. So, before my father and mother, and all my friends here, I declare that I am ready to abide by this and to take you—John Ramsay—to be my husband before any other in the world."

"I forbid it! Hush—Stop, girl, I command——" shouted Stirling.

"And I take you, Elsie Stirling, for my wife; Heaven being witness I love yourself, not your fortune," answered Jock in a voice like a trumpet call.

A smothered burst of hand-clapping and stamping came from the back benches filled with servants, retainers, and tenants, who idolized Elsie as they disliked and dreaded her father. Not a man or woman but was ready on the spot to stand up for the brave lassie they had loved from a toddling bairn. Incoherent with fury, Stirling turned to shake his fist at them.

"Silence; I dismiss the lot of you! I turn you all out—all!" Then forcing his way through the crowded chairs, stumbling over his guests' dresses and toes, while every one made way for him as if a wild boar were charging through their midst, he prepared to storm the stage by the steps at the side.

Meantime, to the general admiration, Mrs. Stirling in a marvelous way, considering her feebleness, fluttered up before him and withdrew Elsie into the actors' "green-room," clasping her daughter's arm with both hands.

"Don't make a scene, darling. Not in public—it's such

bad taste," the little mother falteringly entreated. "Jock, dear, *please go* away quietly like a good boy. Do, for my sake! you know how fond I always was of you."

Jock Ramsay obeyed. As Mr. Stirling mounted the platform on one side of the stage, with old Hay and Lord Lovall holding him back by either arm, young Ramsay bowed to him and said:

"Good-bye, sir, for the present. I leave your house now, but I shall return to claim my bride," and he leapt lightly over the footlights, while Nigel Hay with chivalrous feeling accompanied him as a true comrade.

Gowan hesitated a second or two; he had turned pale. But he also followed Jock. . . .

"A pretty kettle of fish!" sneered MacGab, as the guests murmured like an excited hive of bees round the supper table, to which Howlands, acting as deputy host, authoritatively invited them. Meanwhile their carriages were hastily ordered, while it was understood that Mr. Stirling had been led off to his own room, almost foaming with rage, by Lord Lovall; who had more influence with him than any other man living. Mrs. Stirling and Elsie had disappeared.

"After all, young Ramsay is in the direct male succession to the estate. The Stirlings only came in through the female line," so Howlands expounded, being strong in county-family history.

"And, 'pon my word, he's a fine young fellow, and the girl might do vastly worse," reiterated Lady Sneeshin testily. For she hated two neighbors, and these were her host and the MacGab.

Jock, the hero of the hour, was meantime walking silently down the snow-covered glen with his mother holding tight by his arm, to the minister's manse. On Mr. Stirling's descent from the stage his eye roving round for an object of attack fixed on Jock's mother, midmost of an agitated group.

"Madam," he thundered, "I'll thank you to take yourself and your son out this house, and I wish to God you had never entered it."

"Believe me, Mr. Stirling, we have no wish to stay an hour longer, while you are in your present frame of mind,"

replied Mrs. Ramsay with sweet dignity. "My son and I will endeavor to leave to-night."

"The manse is near at hand. May I, as a minister of the Gospel, offer the shelter of my roof?" interposed the Rev. Dugald Dalgleish, who had grown white-haired in the glen.

"Yes, that will be fitting, and cause no ill blood," approved Lord Lovall in a whisper, as he moved after Mr. Stirling like a noble gray collie herding a quarrelsome ram bent on charging somebody.

Several ladies surrounded Mrs. Ramsay with kindly offers. But Lady MacTaggart it was who accompanied her upstairs, helped to pack her hand-bag and smothered her in wraps. Enthusiastic, sentimental, and gushing over with admiration for Jock, Elsie, and Jock's mother, she yet remembered Mrs. Ramsay's slippers and overcame her fear of Francis Stirling.

JULIA CROTTY.

JULIA CROTTY, whose remarkable books have attracted much attention, was born in Lismore, County Waterford. She received her education from the Presentation Nuns there, and from Miss Lizzie Fitzsimon, now Mrs. Walsh, editress of the *Providence Visitor*, a Rhode Island newspaper. Miss Crotty's girlhood was spent in the lifeless atmosphere of an Irish country town, where she received impressions which are rendered, sometimes with appalling faithfulness, in her books 'Neighbors' and 'The Lost Land.' She has lived for some time in this country.

Her output is small but noteworthy. She is no Irish idealist, and is not afraid of making the black really black and not merely the dimmed white of a dusty angel. She is one of the few writers since Carleton who has shown fearless realism in her portrayal of Irish character, and that does not mean that she does not love her people and deal tenderly with them as well.

A BLAST.

From 'Neighbors.'

In the pleasant July morning it was cheerful to hear the fishwoman's loud call, "Fresh—aloive! Fresh—aloive!" coming down the street. For a month the Innisdoyle people had been living on tea—tea-breakfasts, tea-dinners, tea-suppers—until they felt dyspeptic and withered and nervous. And now, "all of a sudden," the new potatoes had come in, and, to crown the feeling of plenty, here were the fresh herrings and mackerel. Rose Ellen, blowsy, and fresh as a salt-water breeze, drew rein opposite the gooseberry-woman's stand and jumped from the car.

"Yerrah, Peggy Dee, woman dear," she cried, "what in the world ails your poor face? 'Tis the size of half a barrel—the Lord save us! And that shiny redness upon it—'t is terrible dangerous-looking someway—"

"Ah, you may well say 't is dangerous-looking, an' the feeling of it is worse. 'T is a face, Rose Ellen, that will be the finishing o' me I'm thinking."

"But how did it come on you at all—sure, you never had the like before—an' what is it?"

"Oh, what would it be, an unnatural thing like it, but"—in a whisper and with a fearful glance around—"a blast!"

Rose Ellen blessed herself and looked at the stricken one with awe.

"'Tis nothing else in life," went on Peggy, "an' I got it of an evening three weeks ago. I was out gethering a bit o' dandeline, for I was bothered a good while with a kind of sickly all-overishness, an' the dandeline is great for that, when just at the burying-ground gate I suddenly felt a sting o' pain in the jaw that nearly lifted the head off o' me. An hour's aise hasn't blessed me since."

"She's a torminted cr'ature, that's the Heaven's truth," put in Mick Dee.

His wife glared at him. "Lave the talking to me," she said, "you that could sleep rings round you while your poor misfortunate wife has to be tossing and turning in her misery. Ah, if I couldn't give a sorrowful histry of myself since this struck me!"

"But didn't you see the doctor about it at all, Peggy?" asked Rose Ellen.

"The doctor! Ah, the blaggard, sure 't was no use! But I went to him through the fair depth o' misery, an' he commenced feeling and examining the lump, till I thought I'd fall out o' my standing.

"'How long is this growing, ma'am?' says he.

"I told him. I said nothing about it being a blast, though, mind you, for 't is to bu'st out laughing in my face he would, maybe.

"'And you did nothing for it—saw nobody about it all the time?' he says. 'You neglected it.'

"That maddened me." ["An' why wouldn't it?" said Mick Dee. "She that saw a nation of people about it, an' took every one o' their advice! Bedad! 't was nothing but concoctions in saucepans——"] "Will you let me go on with my story, you common, ignorant vulgarian? 'Neglected it?' says I. 'I to neglect a jaw like that! I'd be long sorry. There isn't a blisither or a powllice or a stouping that I'm not afther applying to it. Fly-blisthers, musthard-l'aves, horse-reddish, ky-in-pepper, ground cloves, hot roasted onions, cowl'd b'iled turnips, stewed figs, mashed potatoes, linsid-male, rice-an'-flour, soap-an'-sugar, march-malices,¹ ground ivy, camimile flowers, eldher, ellum bark—a hundred things—I'm the remains of 'em all, an' still,

¹ *March-malices*, marsh-mallows.

doctor,' says I, 'look at the jaw I have! Nothing of all that I tried suited it at all; it got worse an' worse.' "

["That 's what it did," said Mick. "You could compare it to nothing but a house a-fire. An' her appetite is gone; a fly would ait a bigger brekwist."] "Can't you keep aisy, you talkative disciple, an' l'ave me explain to the woman?"

" 'Doctor,' says I, 'can you tell me at all what 's the nature o' the ailment? There's a b'ating in it like the hammers-o'-death, an' you see yourself 'tis more like a pudden than a Christian f'ature.' "

" 'What would be the use, ma'am, of telling you the name and title of it?' says the limb. "'T is a bad jaw, an' if you want relief you must submit to an operation——' "

" 'But I wouldn't stand that,' interrupted Mick Dee. " 'If ye want carving an' experiminting,' says I, 'thry it on them without well-wishers. I daar ye to touch Peggy! ' "

" 'Who wanted you to intherfere?' " cried the patient angrily. "Wasn't I able to do my own talking and take my own part? "

" 'The allusion to the operation,' she resumed, "gave me a sort of a sinking in the inside——"

" 'An' why not, you poor soul? " said Rose Ellen. "Sure, every one knows that an operation is the last resource."

" 'Oh, dochtor,' says I, when I could ketch my breath, 'what would you be for doing to me at all? Is it to scarify and lance the gums you'd be wanting, or to cut a piece o' the jaw off o' me, an' l'ave me an *object* all the rest o' my days? ' "

" 'All I have to say, ma'am, for I'm busy and can't waste words, is to repeat that if you want relief—for a time—you must place yourself in my hands.' "

" 'Rose Ellen, I may look like a fool, but I'm not one.' ["Faith, you're not, Peggy," said the fishwoman heartily.] "An' I took good notice of what he said about relieving me 'for a time.' 'Well, then,' says I to him, 'if that 's all you can do for me, let us part, in the name o' God! I suppose my days are numbered, an' if so, I'll go to my Creator as I came from His hands, without being hacked, or hewed, or dismimbered.' "

"Bully for you, Peggy! That was the way to talk to

that rogue of a fellow with his knives an' saws for the poor human frame."

"It was Christian talk, at any rate, Rose Ellen Doyle," said Peggy, who prided herself on her theological as well as other knowledge. "'I'll take medical treatment for the jaw, if *you* plaze,' says I, an' by that token he knew that he had no slack customer to deal with.

"'Very well,' says he, pretending to yawn, but p'aceable enough, for 't is aisy to terrify the like o' em if they see you're knowledgable, 'come in any day when the dispensary is open and you'll get some drugs.'

"Up with me next day, an' 't was that blaggard of an assistant of his that was there. What did he do but give me a bottle o' stuff as black as my shoe. I'm no hand at all at swallowing boluses, an' so I tould him. 'Give me a few good strong pills,' says I, 'instead of all that hedjus wash.' 'T is the bottle was ordered for you by the doctor,' says the impident jackeen, 'an' that's all you'll get.'

"Paddy Donnelly, my own second cousin, was there with an impression on his chest, an' he was afther getting a box o' pills.

"'Bad luck to 'em,' says he; 'sure I can't get the like down at all only by *chewing* 'em, an' the divilish brat wouldn't give me a draught of some kind that would be no trouble at all to me.'

"That was my chance. 'Paddy,' says I, explaining it to him, 'we're both under constitutional thratement, an' therefore our medicines are interchangeable. What's sauce for the goose, you know, is sauce for the gander. Give me the pills an' take the bottle with you.'

"'All right,' says he; 'sure, "exchange is no robbery." We're both suiting ourselves.'

"Well, would you believe it, I took the whole box of 'em, and never a stir did they put in me, although, in addition to 'em, I took the two dozen pills that poor Tom Brown, the car-boy, left when he was took so sudden, God rest him! I swallowed all that two dozen—" ["Except the three or four you gave me the night I had a touch o' the colic," corrected Mick Dee.] "An' notwithstanding, an' nevertheless, the jaw kept gethering an' gethering."

"You didn't take enough of 'em, I suppose, Peggy,"

said a neighbor; "people have to take a regular *coorse* of constitutional medicine."

"I knew that," said Peggy, "an' so I went to the dispensary to get Paddy's box renewed, but when I made my request you never heard the like o' the language of that onmannerly scamp of an assistant. He was black in the face with timper. 'Bedad,' says he, 'for one farthing I'd hand you over to the peelers for a case of attempted deliberate self-slaughter!'"

"They're vinimous cats, thim doctors, an' they had it in for me for refusing the operation, so I said to myself I'd avoid 'em for a while. Look, Rose Ellen, at that for a surge o' cowl'd perspiration all over me!"

"You're very wake entirely, Peggy. Come over with me to O'Dell's, an' we'll have a little drop in comfort."

"Oh, no, Rose Ellen, I thank you kindly, but whisky, wine, or porter would be the complete ruination o' me."

"Yerrah, sure, my mother mentioned that when she was here with the fish lately ye had three or four glasses of punch apiece—"

"But that was when I was taking James Hagarty's advice to drink all the stimilants I could get to build me up against the wasting o' the lump. But Johnny Ryan—an' he's an expariansed man, for 't was a boil between the shoulders that killed his son—tould me that every drop o' that kind was adding poison to the jaw. I left off the drink on that account."

"Well, you're a terrible sufferer, there's no doubt about that, Peggy, a terrible sufferer, poor sowl. I have some grand fresh herrings there in the cart, an' you must take a couple home for yer tay."

"I'm obliged to you, Rose Ellen, an' I'll take one with thanks for Mick Dee, but as for myself I daarn't touch 'em. By Norry Lane's advice I was eating everything that came my way, for she said 't was a great thing to feed a swelling up to the point or seppuration, but Mrs. Goldrick, the pinsioner's wife, that knows a bit of everything, for she's a thraveled woman, declared to me I was fairly 'digging my grave with my teeth,' an' she said 't was lowness of living suited a lump of any kind. So I gave over the ating too. I'm living now on a cup of tay, an'," with sad resignation, "I'aving everything in the Lord's hands."

The two women looked impressed and sympathetic.

"But there's one comfort in it all," went on Peggy, "there isn't one that passes the way without the kindest inquiries."

"Oh, begor! that's the truth," said Mick Dee. "'T is nothing but axing her all about it. 'T is a great wonder of a face to 'em."

"Well, listen to that! Wouldn't any one think, to hear that mass of ignorance that 't is out of mere curiosity the people queshtion me about my affliction, when 't is through the very height of respect an' goodwill? But that was his way ever an' always, to lessen by his ignorance the dacent, hard-working cr'ature that for thirty years is afther standing between him an' the Poorhouse—"

"But I did my share, Peggy," Mick Dee was beginning with feeble remonstrance.

"Your share? How?" scornfully.

"With the donkey, sure, hauling an' carrying."

"At ninepence a day! Yerrah, go to grass, man! You an' your once-a-week jobs, what a help they were to support you an' your son! Go, you man o' misfortune, an' tackle the donkey so that I can go home an' rest on my bed, an' be out o' the sighth an' hearing of you for a while!"

Mick Dee shuffled off obediently.

"God help him!" said Rose Ellen; "he's feeling purty blue these times."

"Ah, but if you saw an' heard him Tuesday night when I was making my will—"

"Making your will? Were you that bad, Peggy?"

"I was so bad in my head an' mind an' feelings in general, that no one but the Lord an' myself knows it. I had no other prospect before me but that the morning would see me launched into Eternity. 'T is a solemn thought, an' one that a person of a right conscience an' understanding can't forget in a hurry. An' so with death staring me in the face, I called out as well as my weakness would let me. 'Mick Dee!' says I. 'Yes, Peggy,' says he, coming over from the dresser, where he had his head in among the plates, groaning an' sobbing. 'What is it, Peggy?' says he. 'I'm going to make my last will an' testament,' says I. With that you never heard such a cry as they all sot up,

for although I hadn't a blood-relation among that houseful o' neighbors, still they all knew me an' respected me, an' grieved for my sad case. 'That double-shawl o' mine,' says I, 'that Father Mulrenin gave me last Christmas twelve years, give that to my cousin Mary at the Pill. She's the only one o' my father's people left in Ireland now, an' although she's rich an' I'm poor—although she can come here with her three pounds' worth of fish at a time, while I have no better stock than a few gallons o' gooseberries, or a bag o' apples, or a box o' sprats, an' although she never once had the kind heart to say "Peggy, are you in want of a male of vittles or a shilling?" still, I wouldn't like Father Mulrenin's token o' respect to go out o' the family. So give it to Mary Bree,' says I, 'an' long may she wear it! Give my linsey gownd,' says I, 'to the neighbor that'll lay me out, an' if 't is too long or too short I'm willing to have her change it to suit herself. My hooded cloak that I brought from home with me nine-and-twenty year ago when I married Mick Dee, I give and bequathe to Rose Ellen Doyle—'

"To me, Peggy?" cried Rose Ellen with a kind of choke.

"Give it to Rose Ellen," says I to Mick, 'as soon as I'm sthretched in my long rest, for I love an' like her, and I'd wish her to remimber me. An', besides, she'll give the cloak the care an' respect that a cloak should have.'

This triple-barreled compliment made Rose Ellen speechless for some moments, with a mixture of pleasurable and sad surprise.

"I hope 't will be many a long day before I'll be wearing it, Peggy," she said softly then.

"Ah, no, Rose Ellen, as I tould the neighbors last night, I'm a doomed woman. Well, when Mick Dee heard me giving these directions, he began to bawl for dear life. 'An' what'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he."

"No wonder," said Rose Ellen, "you were the good partner for him."

"I was. I stood by him through thick and thin, kept a roof over him, a whole coat to his back, an' he was never without his warm male of vittles when he'd face home of a night. An' if I reminded him now and then of my seven generations an' their dacency, I only did it for the good of

his sowl and to keep down the sthrake of impident defiance that's in Mick Dee by nature. He can't help his natural lowness, an' I'm not finding fault with him for it. Where I'm facing we must forgive an' forget; an', besides, poor Mick has his own good points. 'What'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he. 'I'll tell you what you'll do,' says I. 'Make sale o' the donkey,' says I, 'an' of every thrap in the place; put the money in Mrs. O'Dell's hands for safe keeping for your berryin', an' go up to the Workhouse. *I'll look afther you there,*' says I."

There was a pause after that, during which the woman buying fish took a pinch of snuff and blew her nose vigorously, and Rose Ellen sniffed a little.

"God help the poor!" said the woman.

The telegraph-boy, who had gone into O'Dell's a few minutes before, came out now, and immediately the clerk began to put up the shop-shutters.

"I wonder who's dead belonging to the O'Dells?" said Rose Ellen with concern. "I'd be sorry to the heart for that kind family's trouble."

The servant-girl running across the street was stopped and questioned.

"Oh, don't be delayin' me," she cried. "I'm sent for some vinegar in a hurry for the missis. They're burnin' feathers under her poor nose, for she's in a dead wakeness. Her niece that was taken with a stitch in the side this morning an' left seventeen little orphans after her."

"Seventeen? Murdher, she's a great loss! That's frightful bad news for the kind woman over."

"Don't fret about it; she'll get over it aisy enough, never fear," said Peggy grimly. "They took it mighty calm when O'Dell's brother went so unexpected last June twelvemonths—"

"But he was a wrack from the drink, an' 't was an actial relief to have him at rest. They were half killed from him—"

"Oh, that's all very well, but human beings ought to have some feeling, especially them that's no great shakes at the soberness themselves, an' I didn't hear a single sigh or moan from one of 'em at his funeral."

"Mrs. O'Dell was crying under her veil, an' so were the little girls, an' sure there couldn't be deeper black than

they all wore for a good twelvemonths," said the neighbor.

"What matther is a few tears? Sure, a stranger would shed 'em over a poor fellow taken before his time. An' as for the crape an' bombazine, as my mother used to say, there's no great grief in mourning."

"Well, they have the shutters up an' the blinds all down now. 'T is a sorrowful-looking house—"

"'T is aisy to pull down blinds an' put up shutters, but I'll bet you a pinny that not more than four of 'em will go down to Belfast to the funeral! An' that's the sign that I go by. 'The proof of the pudden is in the aiting.' I believe in the grief that proves itself in a big an' respectable an' feelin' funeral. And the people who'd be-gredge to spend a few pounds on their relations' burying are people to be mistrusted an' doubted—"

"Well," said Rose Ellen a little impatiently, "four out of one family won't be a small share to travel so far into the Black North—people with a business that can hardly spare 'em. An', Peggy, they were always kind to you, and in the day o' their trouble it would be dacent and good-hearted to remimber that."

"Oh, 'kind'! Of course they were; but didn't I explain their r'ason for it? It was because 'they couldn't help having a respect an' a veneration for me, an' when people wish to do a good turn they'll do it for the best-deserving person they know. Ah, there's Mick Dee with the donkey. Here, put in my chair an' the basket of gooseberries while I'm going over for the cowld vittles to O'Dell's. Good-bye, Rose Ellen. Say a few prayers for me, for as sure as I'm talking, we won't have many another shake-hands in this w'ary and sinful world. But we'll meet in a better one, plaze God, for we're a pair o' women that sthriv always to do the very best we could!"

HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

(1800—1876.)

HENRY G. CURRAN was a son of J. P. Curran, and was born about 1800. He was a barrister, and subsequently a resident magistrate in King's County. He was an intimate friend of his half-brother, W. H. Curran.

He is well known in literature as a translator from the Irish and author of some original pieces. In Hardiman's collection of Irish poetry there are many of his translations, as also in H. R. Montgomery's collection of "native" poetry. To *The Citizen*, Dublin, 1842, he contributed a poem given in Duffy's 'Ballad Poetry.' It was signed "C.," and is entitled 'The Fate of the Forties.' He died in 1876.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

One blessing on my native isle, one curse upon her foes!
While yet her skies above me smile, her breeze around me
blows:

Now, never more my cheek be wet, nor sigh nor altered mien,
Tell the dark tyrant I regret the Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land, my parents loved you well, they sleep within your
breast;

With theirs—for love no words can tell—my bones must
never rest;

And lonely must my true love stray, that was our village
queen,

When I am banished far away for the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear 't would break my heart to see;
And sweetly sleep, my parents dear, that cannot weep for me.
I'll think not of my distant tomb, nor seas rolled wide be-
tween,

But watch the hour that yet will come for the Wearing of
the Green.

O I care not for the thistle and I care not for the rose!

For when the cold winds whistle neither down nor crimson
shows;

But like hope to him that's friendless, where no gaudy
flower is seen,

By our graves, with love that's endless, waves our own true-
hearted Green.

O sure God's world was wide enough and plentiful for all,
 And ruined cabins were no stuff to build a lordly hall!
 They might have let the poor man live, yet all as lordly been,
 But Heaven its own good time will give for the Wearing of
 the Green.

A LAMENT.¹

From the Irish of John O'Neachtan.

Dark source of my anguish! deep wound of a land
 Whose young and defenseless the loss will deplore;
 The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
 Still stretched the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee! the fair glossy braid,
 The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow;
 The bright form, and the berry that dwelt and could fade
 On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows, she moved in her grace,
 Snow-white were her limbs, and with beauty replete,
 And time on that pure brow had left no more trace
 That if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

Whatever of purity, glory, hath ever
 Been linked with the name, lovely Mary, was thine;
 Woe, woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever
 The tie which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Cæsar of hosts—the true darling of Rome,
 Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met,
 The virgin, the saint—though heav'n's radiance illume
 Their brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison, the plagues that distil
 Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust,
 The rapt bard with the glory the nations shall fill,
 With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
 With its light the full fame of our loved ones hath shone,

¹ This poem is a lament for Mary D'Este, Queen of James II. She died at St. Germain, April 26, 1718. Her son, called James Francis Edward, was the Chevalier De St. George, so much beloved by the Irish,

The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
That hath hurled them, the pride of our hearts, from their
throne.

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—
And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the tomb,
Bids the old and the young bend in agony there!

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the seared yellow lawn!
And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray!
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are gone,
For the princess we honored is laid in the clay.

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,
By the shore in mute agony wanders the Gael,—
And sad is my spirit, and clouded my dream,
For my king, for the star, my devotion would hail.

What woe beyond this hath dark fortune to wreak?
What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurled?
They turn them to Rome! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag in defeat and defection is furled.

Though our sorrows avail not, our hope is not lost—
For the Father is mighty! the highest remains!
The loosed waters rushed down upon Pharaoh's wide host,
But the billows crouch back from the foot He sustains.

Just Power! that for Moses the wave did'st divide,
Look down on the land where thy followers pine;
Look down upon Erin, and crush the dark pride
Of the scourge of thy people, the foes of thy shrine.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

(1750—1817.)

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN is remembered as the greatest forensic orator of a day when eloquent advocates were more plentiful than ever since; and as a great wit, among great wits. He was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, a conspicuous member of the Irish Parliament, the most brilliant ornament in Irish society, the most popular man at the Irish bar, a fearless advocate, and a true patriot.

His last years were overclouded with domestic sorrow; his great genius drooped into melancholy, and, hopeless and depressed, he saw his beloved Ireland, "like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider."

Before he was forty years of age he was offered a judgeship and a peerage if he would take the Government side in the Regency debate in the Irish Parliament, but he resolutely refused to sell himself, his principles, and his honor. "There never was so honest an Irishman," said the great O'Connell. Throughout his life he was uncorruptible among the corrupt and dishonest; his last speech in Parliament, in 1797, was devoted to an endeavor to effect some reform in the administration, and to stay the flood of venality, intrigue, and jobbery that so soon debauched the Irish legislature. His speeches at the bar are familiar to most readers; his jokes and witticisms are daily recounted, as fresh at present as when they were uttered.

Byron's opinion of Curran is superlative in its laudation: "Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination! There never was anything like it that ever I saw or heard of. His published life, his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time. The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I heard him speak more poetry than I have ever seen written. I saw him presented to Madame de Staël, and they were both so ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences."

"His imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable," says one who had a long and close intimacy with him, "and his person was mean and decrepit, very slight, very shapeless—spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow and furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary; yet," continues the writer, Sir Jonah Barrington, "I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years."

Personal defects amounting to deformity were no depreciation of the meteoric eloquence and marvelous wit. The flat yellow face was redeemed by his wondrous dark lustrous eyes.

But he was not alone a master of eloquence and wit—a great barrister and politician—he was a song-writer as well. His "The



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

Deserter's Meditation' was founded on a chance encounter and conversation with a deserting soldier whom he met on a journey. It has been described as a "cry like the wind in a ruined house." He once asked Godwin what he thought of a certain jury-speech, not a brilliant one, he had made at the Carlow assizes, and Godwin said: "I never did hear anything so bad as your prose, Curran, except your poetry," a harsh misjudgment of both.

The Currans, we are told, were, in the semi-legendary history of Ireland, "eminent as poets and men of learning. They filled the positions of bards and historians in Leitrim, and poets in Breffni." His father was "seneschal of the Manor Court" (a species of town-bailiff) of Newmarket, a small village now, of 1,000 inhabitants, in the county of Cork; and here John Philpot Curran was born on July 24, 1750. He was educated out of charity by the rector of the town (who discerned in the lad mental capacity and power beyond those of the ordinary youth), and was subsequently sent to a school in Middleton, a town not far distant. He matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1769, with the intention of entering the Church. His college career was rather distinguished—he obtained his scholarship in 1770—and in 1773, the intention to join the Church having been relinquished, he was admitted at the Middle Temple; and, while a student there, married his cousin, a Miss Creagh.

"Stuttering Jack Curran," "Orator Mum," these were the nicknames bestowed upon him, and they prove that he had many natural difficulties to overcome before he could earn fame. He was called to the Irish bar in 1775, and though in his earlier years at the profession his abilities were unacknowledged and unrecompensed, chiefly because he had had no opportunity of displaying them, once having been heard, he rapidly earned the reputation that grew with each succeeding year of practice. His progress is exhibited by his changes of residence: Redmond's Hill, Fade Street, St. Andrew Street, Ely Place (now No. 4), and 80 Stephen's Green, were his successive dwellings. He rapidly also became popular in society, and a favorite among the members of his own profession. He was one of the "Order of St. Patrick," or "The Monks of the Screw," whose charter-song he wrote. Curran was returned to the Irish Parliament as Member for Kilbeggan in 1783, Flood being his colleague in the representation of that village borough; and he joined the Opposition, his politics being the liberalism of Grattan. He was also (1786–1797) M.P. for Rathcormac, another village borough. He retired from Parliament in May, 1797.

His greatest fame was earned by his defense of those who were charged with complicity in the rebellion of 1798. Of his speech on behalf of Hamilton Rowan, Lord Brougham said it was "the greatest speech of an advocate in ancient or modern times." Among other noteworthy speeches may be mentioned those in defense of the Rev. William Jackson, the brothers Sheares, Finnerty, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Tone, and that against the Marquis of Headfort, who had eloped with a clergyman's daughter. On the arrest of Emmet, who had formed an attachment to his daughter, Curran was himself under suspicion, but nothing could be found against

him. His undaunted advocacy of the rebels led, on one occasion, to Lord Carleton, the Chief Justice, threatening to deprive him of his silk gown. He was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland and made a Privy Councilor by Pitt, in 1806, and from that time he seems to have declined mentally and physically. He contested Newry for a seat in the Imperial Parliament in 1812, and was defeated by two votes; in the following year he resigned the Mastership of the Rolls, and went into retirement on a pension. Most of his time while he held the judicial office, and after his retirement, was spent in traveling, in the endeavor to regain his old vigor of mind and body, and to shake off the melancholy and depression that were overwhelming him. He died in London, Oct. 14, 1817—from the effects of a paralytic stroke with which he had been attacked at Moore's dinner-table—and was buried in the vaults of Paddington Church, whence, in 1837, his remains were removed to Glasnevin. There they repose under a magnificent tomb, a facsimile of that of Scipio Barbatus opposite the Baths of Caracalla in Rome—a fitting and enduring monument. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, there is, surmounted by a life-like bust by C. Moore, also a monument to his memory, which was erected in 1842 by a public subscription.

The kaleidoscopic view of Curran's life is varying and attractive. A rough Irish-speaking poor country lad who rose to be the welcome guest of princes; a wit whose presence charged the atmosphere with gaiety, and in whose train followed laughter loud and hearty, he at last wore out a weary life in peevish, dismal melancholy. He, it is narrated, left the severe paths of respectability on one occasion, disguised as a tinker, and, throwing in his lot with a band of tramps, abandoned himself to the careless freedom of tinker life. Contrast this episode with that in which we see an enthusiastic populace cheering him to the echo, carrying him in triumph to his home, because he was the dauntless champion of freedom, the eloquent advocate of the oppressed. His great intellect overcame great obstacles. He was at the outset without influential friends, and a poor man—the chief furniture of his rooms was his offspring; he was endowed with a contemptible personal appearance, a stuttering tongue, an enfeebling nervousness, yet he was the greatest and most successful and most popular orator at the Irish bar, in the early days of the century in which the Irish bar was renowned for its eloquence.

A feeling of sadness at the decline of a great spirit, somewhat similar to that evoked by a consideration of the final scene of Sheridan's life, is present also in regard to the final days of Curran. How brilliant and celebrated he was in the senate and at the bar, for his wit and eloquence, is well known. Courted and flattered he was, like Sheridan in his heyday, while he could amuse; and yet he died in obscurity, broken down by domestic sorrows, wretched from the depression of settled melancholy; "he burst into tears and hung down his head" upon an allusion to Irish politics a few days before his death; the eloquence was turned to prosi-ness, the wit to grossness, the ready repartee and flashing sarcasm to the drowsy inanities of hopeless imbecility—forgotten—neg-

lected! Yet his talents and pure patriotism were alike creditable to Ireland, and he is fully deserving of Byron's eulogistic sentence—"the best intellect of Ireland" of his time.

ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, February, 1792.

I would have yielded to the lateness of the hour, my own indisposition, and the fatigue of the house, and have let the motion pass without a word from me on the subject, if I had not heard some principles advanced which could not pass without animadversion. I know that a trivial subject of the day would naturally engage you more deeply than any more distant object of however greater importance; but I beg you will recollect that the petty interest of party must expire with yourselves, and that your heirs must be, not statesmen, nor placemen, nor pensioners, but the future people of the country at large. I know of no so awful call upon the justice and wisdom of an assembly as the reflection that they are deliberating on the interests of posterity. On this subject I cannot but lament that the conduct of the administration is so unhappily calculated to disturb and divide the public mind, to prevent the nation from receiving so great a question with the coolness it requires.

At Cork the present viceroy was pleased to reject a most moderate and modest petition from the Catholics of that city. The next step was to create a division among the Catholics themselves; the next was to hold them up as a body formidable to the English government and to their Protestant fellow-subjects; for how else could any man account for the scandalous publication which was hawked about this city, in which his majesty was made to give his royal thanks to an individual of this kingdom, for his protection of the state? But I conjure the house to be upon their guard against those despicable attempts to traduce the people, to alarm their fears, or to inflame their resentment.

Gentlemen have talked as if the question was, whether we may with safety to ourselves relax or repeal the laws which have so long coerced our Catholic fellow-subjects? The real question is whether you can with safety to the

Irish constitution refuse such a measure. It is not a question merely of their sufferings or their relief—it is a question of your own preservation. There are some maxims which an honest Irishman will never abandon, and by which every public measure may be fairly tried. These are, the preservation of the constitution upon the principles established at the Revolution, in church and state; and next the independency of Ireland, connected with Britain as a confederated people, and united indissolubly under a common and inseparable crown.

If you wish to know how these great objects may be affected by a repeal of those laws, see how they were affected by their enactment. Here you have the infallible test of fact and experience; and wretched indeed must you be if false shame, false pride, false fear, or false spirit can prevent you from reading that lesson of wisdom which is written in the blood and the calamities of your country. [Here Mr. Curran went into a detail of the Popery laws, as they affected the Catholics of Ireland.] These laws were destructive of arts, of industry, of private morals and public order. They were fitted to extirpate even the Christian religion from amongst the people, and reduce them to the condition of savages and rebels, disgraceful to humanity and formidable to the state.

[He then traced the progress and effects of those laws from the revolution in 1779.] Let me now ask you, How have those laws affected the Protestant subject and the Protestant constitution? In that interval were they free? Did they possess that liberty which they denied to their brethren? No, sir; where there are inhabitants, but no people, there can be no freedom; unless there be a spirit, and what may be called a pull, in the people, a free government cannot be kept steady or fixed in its seat. You had indeed a government, but it was planted in civil dissension and watered in civil blood, and whilst the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downward to their congenial regions, and were intertwined in hell. Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and their folly.

But are these facts for which we must appeal to history? You all remember the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. What were you then? Your constitution, without resistance, in the hands of the British parliament; your trade in many parts extinguished, in every part coerced. So low were you reduced to beggary and servitude as to declare, that unless the mercy of England was extended to your trade you could not subsist. Here you have an infallible test of the ruinous influence of those laws in the experience of a century: of a constitution surrendered, and commerce utterly extinct. But can you learn nothing on this subject from the events that followed?

In 1778 you somewhat relaxed the severity of those laws, and improved, in some degree, the condition of the Catholics. What was the consequence even of a partial union with your countrymen? The united efforts of the two bodies restored that constitution which had been lost by their separation.

In 1782 you became free. Your Catholic brethren shared the danger of the conflict, but you had not justice or gratitude to let them share the fruits of the victory. You suffered them to relapse into their former insignificance and depression. And, let me ask you, has it not fared with you according to your deserts? Let me ask you if the parliament of Ireland can boast of being now less at the feet of the British minister, than at that period it was of the British parliament? [Here he observed on the conduct of the administration for some years past, in the accumulation of public burdens and parliamentary influence.] But it is not the mere increase of debt; it is not the creation of one hundred and ten placemen and pensioners that forms the real cause of the public malady. The real cause is the exclusion of your people from all influence upon the representative. The question, therefore, is whether you will seek your own safety in the restoration of your fellow-subjects, or whether you will choose rather to perish than to be just?

I now proceed to examine the objections to a general incorporation of the Catholics. On general principles no man can justify the deprivation of civil rights on any ground but that of forfeiture for some offense. The Papist of the last century might forfeit his property for

ever, for that was his own, but he could not forfeit the rights and capacities of his unborn posterity. And let me observe that even those laws against the offender himself were enacted while injuries were recent, and while men were, not unnaturally, alarmed by the consideration of a French monarchy, a pretender, and a pope; things that we now read of but can see no more. But are they disaffected to liberty? On what ground can such an imputation be supported? Do you see any instance of any man's religious theory governing his civil or political conduct? Is Popery an enemy to freedom? Look to France, and be answered. Is Protestantism necessarily its friend? You are Protestants; look to yourselves, and be refuted. But look further; do you find even the religious sentiments of sectaries marked by the supposed characteristics of their sects?

Do you not find that a Protestant Briton can be a bigot, with only two sacraments, and a Catholic Frenchman a Deist, admitting seven? But you affect to think your property in danger by admitting them into the state. That has been already refuted; but you have yourselves refuted your own objection. Thirteen years ago you expressed the same fear, yet you made the experiment; you opened the door to landed property, and the fact has shown the fear to be without foundation.

But another curious topic has been stated again: the Protestant ascendancy is in danger. What do you mean by that word? Do you mean the rights, and property, and dignities of the Church? If you do, you must feel they are safe. They are secured by the law, by the coronation oath, by a Protestant parliament, a Protestant king, a Protestant confederated nation. Do you mean the free and protected exercise of the Protestant religion? You know it has the same security to support it. Or do you mean the just and honorable support of the numerous and meritorious clergy of your own country, who really discharge the labors and duties of the ministry? As to that, let me say that if we felt on that subject as we ought we should not have so many men of talent and virtue struggling under the difficulties of their scanty pittance, and feeling the melancholy conviction that no virtues or talents can give them any hope of advancement.

If you really mean the preservation of every right and every honor that can dignify a Christian priest and give authority to his function, I will protect them as zealously as you. I will ever respect and revere the man who employs himself in diffusing light, hope, and consolation. But if you mean by ascendancy the power of persecution, I detest and abhor it. If you mean the ascendancy of an English school over an Irish university, I cannot look upon it without aversion. An ascendancy of that form raises to my mind a little greasy emblem of stall-fed theology imported from some foreign land, with the graces of a lady's-maid, the dignity of a side-table, the temperance of a larder, its sobriety the dregs of a patron's bottle, and its wisdom the dregs of a patron's understanding, brought hither to devour, to degrade, and to defame. Is it to such a thing you would have it thought that you affixed the idea of the Protestant ascendancy? But it is said, Admit them by degrees, and do not run the risk of too precipitate an incorporation. I conceive both the argument and the fact unfounded. In a mixed government like ours an increase of the democratic power can scarcely ever be dangerous. None of the three powers of our constitution acts singly in the line of its natural direction; each is necessarily tempered and diverted by the action of the other two; and hence it is, that though the power of the crown has, perhaps, far transcended the degree to which theory might confine it, the liberty of the British constitution may not be in much danger.

An increase of power to any of the three acts finally upon the state with a very diminished influence, and therefore great indeed must be that increase in any one of them which can endanger the practical balance of the constitution. Still, however, I contend not against the caution of a general admission. Let me ask you, Can you admit them any otherwise than gradually? The striking and melancholy symptom of the public disease is, that if it recovers at all it can be only through a feeble and lingering convalescence. Yet even this gradual admission your Catholic brethren do not ask, save under every pledge and every restriction which your justice and wisdom can recommend to your adoption.

I call on the house to consider the necessity of acting

with a social and conciliatory mind. Contrary conduct may perhaps protract the unhappy depression of our country, but a partial liberty cannot long subsist. A disunited people cannot long subsist. With infinite regret must any man look forward to the alienation of three millions of our people, and to a degree of subserviency and corruption in a fourth. I am sorry to think it is so very easy to conceive, that in case of such an event the inevitable consequence would be an union with Great Britain.

And if any one desires to know what that would be, I will tell him. It would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen, unless possibly you may add fifteen or twenty couple of Irish members, who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

From the Speech in Defense of A. H. Rowan in the Court of King's Bench, January, 1794.

What then remains? The liberty of the press *only*—that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing, but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth—the public eye is upon him—he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment bears him

down or drives him off and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch. If you doubt of the horrid consequence of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave have any slumber—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning—by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries—one cannot read it without horror—there are officers whose province it is to have the water which is to be drunk by their rulers sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution. You have it at that memorable period when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate

of society, therefore—of peace—of domestic liberty—and the lasting union of the two countries—I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown.

THE DISARMING OF ULSTER.

Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, March, 1797.

[The Lord Lieutenant desired Parliament to assent to his order for the attainder of Ulster, and to put the province under military execution forthwith. Mr. Grattan moved an amendment, which Mr. Curran supported.]

The weakness of my health has kept me silent in the early stage of the debate. As it advanced I felt less inclination to rise, because I saw clearly, whatever a majority might think, how it was resolved to vote: The speech, however, of the last speaker made it impossible for me to sit silent, or to withhold my reprobation of the doctrines which the right honorable gentleman (Mr. Pelham) has advanced. That gentleman has stated that the prerogative was wisely left undefined and unlimited and warranted the disarming the North if such an act was expedient. Before the honorable member becomes a teacher in constitution he would do well to begin by becoming a learner, and he will easily learn that his idea is an utter mistake. A prerogative without limit is a dispensing power; he will learn that for having assumed such a power James II. lost his crown. It is the great merit of the British constitution that no such power exists. It is, on the contrary, the limitation of the prerogative by law that distinguishes a lawful magistrate from a tyrant, and a subject from a slave. Every prerogative is defined in its nature and extent, though the exercise of it, so defined and limited, is very properly left to the discretion of the crown. The king, for example, has the prerogative of making peace or war—or calling or dissolving a parliament. This prerogative rests merely on the authority of law, but the

time or manner of doing any of these things is wisely left to the discretion of the crown; nor is that discretion wild and arbitrary, for the minister is responsible with his head.

The honorable gentleman has made two assertions: first, that the crown has the power of disarming the people by its prerogative; and, next, that in the present instance the act was just and necessary. In fact, the second position of the honorable member is a complete abandonment of his first; for if the people are disarmed by virtue of the prerogative, why come to this house? The truth is, the gentleman's conduct shows he does not know the constitution on this subject. The right honorable attorney-general has done right in declaring that the viceroy has broken the law in the order to disarm the people. The order, as to any man acting under it, was a perfect nullity, and any man was answerable for what he might commit under such an order, as a mere common offender. But examine the second position itself, that at this time it is just and necessary. Why? Because the North is in a state of rebellion, and rebellion may be resisted by an armed force. Are they in open arrayed rebellion? Not so; but they are in secret and organized rebellion, and the prevention is necessary. See the horrors that result when governments are suffered to desert the known laws, and to wander into their own stupid and fantastic analogies. We find the same exactness of knowledge which the minister has shown in the doctrine of prerogative displayed in his curious distinction in the law of treason; he thinks a secret system of treason, unattended by any act, the same with treason arrayed in arms.

Having assumed so monstrous a position in defiance of the known law, that calls nothing treason that is not provable by overt act, see whither his own reasoning must lead him. If open rebellion and this mere treason in intention be the same, then the same remedies must be lawful in both cases. You may assist and resist open rebellion by armed force; you may mow it down in the field—you may burn it in its camp. By the gentleman's own doctrine—having first assumed this intentional treason—he would be justified in covering the North with massacre and conflagration. [On this part of the subject Mr. Curran

went into a variety of observations. He next examined the evidence on which we were to publish to the world, to the enemy, that the most valuable and enlightened part of the nation was in rebellion, without inquiry, without even the assertion of any specific fact.] How can we look the public in the face if we surrender ourselves so meanly to a British agent, or surrender our country to military law, without evidence or inquiry? I will put a serious question:—If the government think fit to supersede all law, and to substitute the bayonet, what must be the consequence? It freezes my blood to think of it; I cannot bring myself to state it in a public assembly. But the government are loud in their invectives on the North.

Is it possible that the detection of their folly can drive ministers, not into self-conviction or amendment, but into fury? The North I am sure, is deeply discontented; but owing to what cause? To your own laws; to your convention act, to your gunpowder act, to your insurrection act. The first denies the natural right of sufferers—the right of petition or complaint; the second, the power of self-defense by arms against brutal force; and the third, the defense of a jury against the attempts of power. What else could you expect? You were in vain warned that you would at last bring the nation to the state in which it is said to be. Such laws can only deprave and infect the people. Put a spaniel in the chain and you corrupt the gentleness of his nature, and make him fierce and ferocious; put a people in the chain and you do the same. And what is the remedy? Only one. Set them both at large, and liberty will infallibly effect a cure. Repeal your cruel and foolish laws, restore the constitution to its natural mildness, and you will soon find the natural effects.

Gentlemen have condemned the idea of an appeal to the sister nation for assistance, and condemned the interference of Lord Moira and Mr. Fox, as trenching on our independence. I commend their conduct as that of the most generous sympathy to our sinking situation, and the most patriotic to their own country. It was not an interference with the freedom of our legislation, but with the ruinous corruption of our own government, in which,

as subjects of the empire, they have an interest, and therefore a right of saying to their sovereign—"Sir, your ministers are degrading the common constitution of Ireland—they are enslaving the people, debauching its parliament, and driving the country to madness."

To censure such a conduct strikes my mind as the last and lowest extreme of degeneracy and shame. To bark at those who had virtue to make a struggle for our safety, which we had not virtue to make for ourselves.—Rare pride! Oh, rare and proud spirit of independence! Oh, pure and jealous representatives of your country! Oh, dignified assertion of a right of suicide! Oh, glorious assertion of your sacred right of abandoning your country, and selling its representation! Oh, high-souled declaration, worthy to be recorded, and worthy of those that make it! We *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save us.

FAREWELL TO THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Delivered in the Irish House of Commons, 1797.

I consider this as a measure of justice with respect to the Catholics and the people at large. The Catholics in former times groaned under the malignant folly of penal laws—wandered like herds upon the earth, or gathered under some threadbare grandee who came to Dublin, danced attendance at the Castle, was smiled on by the secretary, and carried back to his miserable countrymen the gracious promise of favor and protection. They are no longer mean dependents, but owners of their country, and claiming simply and boldly, as Irishmen, the natural privileges of men and natives of their country. . . .

I now proceed to answer the objections to the measure. I was extremely shocked to see the agent of a foreign cabinet rise up in the assembly that ought to represent the Irish nation and oppose a motion that was made on the acknowledged and deplored corruption which has been imported from his country. Such an opposition is a proof of the charge, which I am astonished he could venture upon at so awful a crisis. I doubt whether the charge, or this

proof of it, would appear most odious. However, I will examine the objections. It is said—"It is not the time." This argument has become a jest in Ireland, for it has been used in all times: in war, in peace, in quiet, and in disturbance. It is the miserable, dilatory plea of persevering and stupid corruption, that wishes to postpone its fate by a promise of amendment, which it is resolved never to perform. Reform has become an exception to the proverb that says there is a time for all things; but for reform there is no time, because at all times corruption is more profitable to its authors than public virtue and propriety, which they know must be fatal to their views. As to the present time, the objections to it are a compound of the most unblushing impudence and folly. Forsooth, it would seem as if the house had yielded through fear. Personal bravery or fear are inapplicable to a public assembly. I know no cowardice so despicable as the fear of seeming to be afraid. To be afraid of danger is not an unnatural sensation; but to be brave in absurdity and injustice, merely from fear of having your sense of honesty imputed to your own apprehension, is a stretch of folly which I have never heard of before. But the time is pregnant with arguments very different indeed from those I have heard; I mean the report of the Secret Committee and the dreadful state of the country. The allegation is that the people are not to have justice, because a rebellion exists within, and because we have an enemy at our gate; because, forsooth, reform is only a pretext, and separation is the object of the leaders. If a rebellion exist, every good subject ought to be detached from it. But if an enemy threaten to invade us, it is only common sense to detach every subject from the hostile standard and bring him back to his duty and his country.

The present miserable state of Ireland—its distractions, its distresses, its bankruptcy—are the effects of the war, and it is the duty of the authors of that war to reconcile the people by the most timely and liberal justice; the utmost physical strength should be called forth, and that can be done only by union. This is a subject so tremendous I do not wish to dwell on it; I will therefore leave it. I will support a reform on its own merits, and as a measure of internal peace, at this momentous juncture. Its merits

are admitted by the objection to the time, because the objection admits that at any other time it would be proper. For twenty years past there was no man of any note in England or Ireland who did not consider the necessity of it as a maxim; they all saw and confessed that the people are not represented, and that they have not the benefit of a mixed monarchy. They have a monarchy which absorbs the two other estates, and, therefore, they have the insupportable expense of a monarchy, an aristocracy, and a democracy, without the simplicity or energy of any one of those forms of government. In Ireland this is peculiarly fatal, because the honest representation of the people is swallowed in the corruption and intrigue of a cabinet of another country. From this may be deduced the low estate of the Irish people; their honest labor is wasted in pampering their betrayers, instead of being employed, as it ought to be, in accommodating themselves and their children. On these miserable consequences of corruption, which are all the fatal effects of inadequate representation, I do not wish to dwell. To expatiate too much on them might be unfair, but to suppress them might be treason to the public. It is said that reform is only a pretense, and that separation is the real object of leaders; if this be so, confound the leaders by destroying the pretext, and take the followers to yourselves. You say there are one hundred thousand; I firmly believe there are three times the number. So much the better for you; if these seducers can attach so many followers to rebellion by the hope of reform through blood, how much more readily will you engage them, not by the promise, but the possession, and without blood? You allude to the British fleet; learn from it to avoid the fatal consequence that may follow even a few days' delay of justice.

It is said to be only a pretext; I am convinced of the contrary. I am convinced the people are sincere, and would be satisfied by it. I think so from the perseverance in petitioning for it for a number of years; I think so, because I think a monarchy, properly balanced by a fair representation of the people, gives as perfect liberty as the most celebrated republics of old. But of the real attraction of this object of reform you have a proof almost miraculous; the desire of reform has annihilated religious antipathy

and united the country. In the history of mankind it is the only instance of so fatal a religious fanaticism being discarded by the good sense of mankind, instead of dying slowly by the development of its folly. And I am persuaded the hints thrown out this night to make the different sects jealous of each other will be a detected trick and will only unite them still more closely. The Catholics have given a pledge to their countrymen of their sincerity and their zeal, which cannot fail of producing the most firm reliance; they have solemnly disclaimed all idea of what is called emancipation, except as a part of that reform without which their Presbyterian brethren could not be free. Reform is a necessary change of mildness for coercion. The latter has been tried; what is its success?

The convention bill was passed to punish the meetings at Dungannon and those of the Catholics; the government considered the Catholic concessions as defeats that called for vengeance, and cruelly have they avenged them. But did that act, or those which followed it, put down those meetings? The contrary was the fact. It concealed them most foolishly. When popular discontents are abroad, a wise government should put them into a hive of glass. You hid them. The association at first was small; the earth seemed to drink it as a rivulet, but it only disappeared for a season. A thousand streams, through the secret windings of the earth, found their way to one course, and swelled its waters, until at last, too mighty to be contained, it burst out a great river, fertilizing by its exudations or terrifying by its cataracts. This is the effect of our penal code; it swells sedition into rebellion. What else could be hoped from a system of terrorism? Fear is the most transient of all the passions; it is the warning that nature gives for self-preservation. But when safety is unattainable the warning must be useless, and nature does not, therefore, give it. Administration, therefore, mistook the quality of penal laws; they were sent out to abolish conventions, but they did not pass the threshold; they stood sentinels at the gates. You think that penal laws, like great dogs, will wag their tails to their masters and bark only at their enemies. You are mistaken; they turn and devour those they are meant to protect and are harmless where they are intended to destroy.

I see gentlemen laugh; I see they are still very ignorant of the nature of fear; it cannot last; neither while it does can it be concealed. The feeble glimmering of a forced smile is a light that makes the cheek look paler. Trust me, the times are too humanized for such systems of government. Humanity will not execute them, but humanity will abhor them and those who wish to rule by such means. This is not theory; the experiment has been tried and proved. You hoped much, and, I doubt not, meant well by those laws; but they have miserably failed you; it is time to try milder methods. You have tried to force the people; the rage of your penal laws was a storm that only drove them in groups to shelter. Your convention law gave them that organization which is justly an object of such alarm; and the very proclamation seems to have given them arms. Before it is too late, therefore, try the better force of reason, and conciliate them by justice and humanity. The period of coercion in Ireland is gone, nor can it ever return until the people shall return to the folly and to the natural weakness of disunion. Neither let us talk of innovation; the progress of nature is no innovation. The increase of people, with the growth of the mind, is no innovation; it is no way alarming unless the growth of our minds lag behind. If we think otherwise, and think it an innovation to depart from the folly of our infancy, we should come here in our swaddling-clothes; we should not innovate upon the dress, more than the understanding of the cradle.

As to the system of peace now proposed, we must take it on principles; they are simply two—the abolition of religious disabilities and the representation of the people. I am confident the effects would be everything to be wished. The present alarming discontent will vanish, the good will be separated from the evil-intentioned; the friends of mixed government in Ireland are many; every sensible man must see that it gives all the enjoyment of rational liberty if the people have their due place in the state. This system would make us invincible against a foreign or domestic enemy; it would make the empire strong at this important crisis; it would restore us to liberty, industry, and peace, which I am satisfied can never, by any other means, be restored. Instead, therefore, of abusing the

people, let us remember that there is no physical strength but theirs, and conciliate them by justice and reason.

I am censured heavily for having acted for them in the late prosecutions. I feel no shame at such a charge, except that, at such a time as this, to defend the people should be held out as an imputation upon a king's counsel, when the people are prosecuted by the state. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his majesty's gown, I had declined my duty or done it weakly or treacherously; if I had made that gown a mantle of hypocrisy, and betrayed my client or sacrificed him to any personal view, I might, perhaps, have been thought wiser by those who have blamed me; but I should have thought myself the basest villain upon earth. The plan of peace, proposed by a reform, is the only means that I and my friends can see left to save us. It is certainly a time for decision, and not for half measures. I agree that unanimity is indispensable. The house seems pretty nearly unanimous for force; I am sorry for it, for I bode the worst from it. I will retire from a scene where I can do no good—where I certainly would interrupt that unanimity. I cannot, however, go without a parting entreaty that gentlemen will reflect on the awful responsibility in which they stand to their country and to their conscience, before they set the example to the people of abandoning the constitution and the law, and resorting to the terrible expedient of force.

SPEECH AT NEWRY ELECTION.

[At the general election in 1812 Curran contested the borough of Newry against General Needham, but on the sixth day of the election he saw that the borough was lost and withdrew from the contest. We give the principal part of the speech he then addressed to the electors, which Mr. Phillips says is the only one extant which he ever addressed to a purely popular assembly.]

. . . Let me rapidly sketch the first dawn of dissension in Ireland, and the relations of the conqueror and the conquered. That conquest was obtained, like all the victories over Ireland, by the triumph of guilt over innocence.



THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
(Now The Bank of Ireland)

This dissension was followed up by the natural hatred of the spoiler and the despoiled; followed up further by the absurd antipathies of religious sects; and still further followed by the rivalries of trade, the cruel tyrants of Ireland dreading that if Irish industry had not her hands tied behind her back she might become impatient of servitude, and those hands might work her deliverance.

To this growing accumulation of Irish dissension the miserable James II., his heart rotted by the depravity of that France which had given him an interested shelter from the just indignation of his betrayed subjects, put the last hand; and an additional dissension, calling itself political as well as religious, was superadded.

Under this sad coalition of confederating dissensions, nursed and fomented by the policy of England, this devoted country has continued to languish with small fluctuations of national destiny, from the invasion of the Second Henry to the present time.

And here let me be just while I am indignant. Let me candidly own that to the noble examples of British virtue—to the splendid exertions of British courage—to their splendid sacrifices am I probably indebted for my feelings as an Irishman and my devotion to my country. They thought it madness to trust themselves to the influence of any foreign country; they thought the circulation of the political blood could be carried on only by the action of the heart within the body, and could not be maintained from without. Events have shown you that what they thought was just, and that what they did was indispensable. They thought they ought to govern themselves—they thought that at every hazard they ought to make the effort—they thought it more eligible to perish than to fail—and to the God of heaven I pray that the authority of so splendid an example may not be lost upon Ireland.

At length, in 1782, a noble effort was made—and deathless ought to be the name of him¹ that made it, and deathless ought to be the gratitude of the country for which it was made—the independence of Ireland was acknowledged.

Under this system of asserted independence our pro-

¹ Henry Grattan.

gress in prosperity was much more rapid than could have been expected, when we remember the conduct of a very leading noble person¹ upon that occasion. Never was a more generous mind or a purer heart; but his mind had more purity than strength. He had all that belonged to taste, and courtesy, and refinement; but the grand and the sublime of national reform were composed of colors too strong for his eye, and comprised a horizon too outstretched for his vision. The Catholics of Ireland were, in fact, excluded from the asserted independence of their country. Thus far the result comes to this—that wherever perfect union is not found, complete redress must be sought in vain.

The union was the last and mortal blow to the existence of Ireland as a nation—a consummation of our destruction achieved by that perpetual instrument of our ruin, our own dissensions.

The whole history of mankind records no instance of any hostile cabinet, perhaps of any even internal cabinet, so destitute of all principles of honor or of shame. The Irish Catholic was taught to believe that if he surrendered his country he would cease to be a slave. The Irish Protestant was cajoled into the belief that if he concurred in the surrender he would be placed upon the neck of a hostile faction. Wretched dupe! You might as well persuade the jailer that he is less a prisoner than the captives he locks up, merely because he carries the key of the prison in his pocket.

By that reciprocal animosity, however, Ireland was surrendered; the guilt of the surrender was most atrocious—the consequences of the crime most tremendous and exemplary. We put ourselves into a condition of the most unqualified servitude; we sold our country, and we levied upon ourselves the price of the purchase; we gave up the right of disposing of our properties; we yielded to a foreign legislature to decide whether the funds necessary to their projects or their profligacy should be extracted from us or be furnished by themselves. The consequence has been, our scanty means have been squandered in her internal corruption as profusely as our best blood has been wasted in the madness of her aggressions, or the feeble

¹ Lord Charlemont.

folly of her resistance—our debt has accordingly been increased more than tenfold—the common comforts of life have been vanishing—we are sinking into beggary—our poor people have been worried by cruel and unprincipled prosecutions—and the instruments of our government have been almost simplified into the tax-gatherer and the hangman.

At length, after this long night of suffering, the morning-star of our redemption cast its light upon us—the mist was dissolved—and all men perceived that those whom they had been blindly attacking in the dark were in reality their fellow-sufferers and their friends. We have made a discovery of the grand principle in politics, that the tyrant is in every instance the creature of the slave—that he is a cowardly and a computing animal—and that, in every instance, he calculates between the expenditure to be made and the advantage to be acquired.

I, therefore, do not hesitate to say that if the wretched Island of Man, that *refugium peccatorum* (refuge of sinners) had sense and spirit to see the force of this truth she could not be enslaved by the whole power of England. The oppressor would see that the necessary expenditure in whips, and chains, and gibbets would infinitely counter-vail the ultimate value of the acquisition; and it is owing to the ignorance of this unquestionable truth that so much of this agitated globe has, in all ages, been crawled over by a Manx population. This discovery, at last, Ireland has made; the Catholic claimed his rights; the Protestant generously and nobly felt as he ought, and seconded the claim. A silly government was driven to the despicable courage of cowardice, and resorted to the odious artillery of prosecutions; the expedient failed; the question made its way to the discussion of the senate. I will not tire you with a detail. A House of Commons, who, at least, represented themselves—perhaps afraid, perhaps ashamed, of their employers—became unmanageable tools in the hands of such awkward artists, and were dissolved; just as a beaten gamester throws the cards into the fire, in hopes in a new pack to find better fortune.

Gentlemen, I was well aware at my rising that you expected nothing like amusement from what I had to say; that my duty was to tell you plain and important truths;

to lay before you, without exaggeration or reserve, a fair statement of the causes that have acted upon the national fortune—of the causes that have put you down, and that may raise you up; to possess you with a fair idea of your present position—of what you have to fear, of what you have to hope, and how you ought to act. When I speak of your present position I would not have you suppose that I mean the actual situation of the borough of Newry, or that I think it much worth while to dwell upon the foolish insolence with which a besotted cabinet has thought fit to insult you by sending a stranger to your country and your interests, to obtain a momentary victory over your integrity by means of which none of you are ignorant. [Here Mr. Curran was interrupted, and then resumed.]

I do not wonder at having provoked interruption when I spoke of your borough. I told you that from this moment it is free. Never in my life have I so felt the spirit of the people as among you; never have I so felt the throbs of returning life. I almost forgot my own habitual estimate of my own small importance; I almost thought it was owing to some energy within myself when I was lifted and borne on upon the buoyant surge of popular sympathy and enthusiasm. I, therefore, again repeat it, it is the moment of your new birth unto righteousness. Your proved friends are high among you—your developed enemies are expunged for ever—your liberty has been taken from the grave, and if she is put back into the tomb, it can be only by your own parricide, and she must be buried alive.

I have to add, for your satisfaction, a statement has been laid before me of the grossest bribery, which will be proved beyond all doubt, and make the return a nullity. I have also received a statement of evidence to show that more than one-third of those who voted against us had been trained by bribe and terror into perjury when they swore to the value of their qualifications. Some of those houses had actually no existence whatsoever. They might as well have voted from their pasture to give their suffrage; and Nebuchadnezzar, in the last year of his feeding on grass, would have been as competent as they were to vote in Ireland. But I enlarge not upon this topic.

To touch upon it is enough for the present; the detail must be reserved for a future occasion and another place.

It belongs only to the hopeless to be angry. Do not you, therefore, be angry where you cannot be surprised. You have been insulted, and oppressed, and betrayed; but what better could you hope from such a ministry as their own nation is cursed withal? They hear the voice of suffering England now thundering in their ears; they feel they cannot retain—they are anxious to destroy—they are acting upon the principle of Russian retreat. . . .

Shall I, my friends, say one serious word to you upon this serious subject? Patriotism is of no one religion; Christianity belongs exclusively to no sect; and moral virtue and social duty are taught with equal exactness by every sect, and practiced with equal imperfection by all; and therefore, wherever you find a little interested bustling bigot, do not hate him, do not imitate him, pity him if you can. I scarcely wish you not to laugh when you look at one of these pearl-divers in theology, his head barely under water, his eyes shut, and an index floating behind him, displaying the precise degree of his purity and his depth.

A word or two upon your actual position; and what upon that subject but a word of sadness, the monumental inscription upon the headstone of our grave? all semblance of national independence buried in that grave in which our legislature is interred, our property and our persons are disposed of by laws made in another clime, and made like boots and shoes for exportation, to fit the wearers as they may. If you were now to consult my learned friend here, and ask him how much of your property belongs to yourself, or for what crime you may be whipped, or hanged, or transported, his answer would be, "It is impossible, sir, to tell you now, but I am told that the packet is in the bay." It was, in fact, the real design of a rash, and arbitrary, and short-sighted projector at once to deprive you of all power as to your own taxation, and of another power of not very inferior importance, and which, indeed, is inseparably connected with taxation, to rob you of all influence upon the vital question of peace or war; and to bring all within the control of an English minister. This very power, thus acquired by that detested union,

has been a millstone about the neck of England. From that hour to this she has been flaring away in her ruinous and wasteful war: her allies no more—her enemies multiplied—her finances reduced to rags—her people depressed and discontented—her artisans reduced to the last ebb, and her discontents methodized into the most terrific combinations; her laborers without employment—her manufactures without a market, the last entrance in the North to which they could have looked being now shut against them, and fastened by a bar that has been reddened in the flames of Moscow. But this, gentlemen, is a picture too heart-rending to dilate upon; you cannot but know it already; and I do not wish to anticipate the direful consequences by which you are too probably destined to feel it further to the quick. I find it a sort of refuge to pass to the next topic which I mentioned as calling for your attention, namely, what foundation, what ground we had for hope.

Nothing but the noblest and most disinterested patriotism led the Protestants of Ireland to ally themselves, offensively and defensively, with their afflicted, oppressed Catholic countrymen.

Without the aid of its rank, its intellect, and its property, Ireland could do no more for herself now than she has done for centuries heretofore, when she lay a helpless hulk upon the water; but now, for the first time, we are indebted to a Protestant spirit for the delicious spectacle of seeing her at length equipped with masts, and sails, and compass, and helm—at length she is seaworthy.

Whether she is to escape the tempest or gain the port is an event to be disposed of by the Great Ruler of the waters and the winds. If our voyage be prosperous our success will be doubled by our unanimity; but even if we are doomed to sink, we shall sink with honor. But am I over-sanguine in counting our Protestant allies? Your own country gives you a cheering instance in a noble marquis¹ retiring from the dissipation of an English court, making his country his residence, and giving his first entrance into manhood to the cause of Ireland. It is not from any association of place that my mind is turned to the name of Moira; to name him is to recognize what your idolatry has given to him for so many years. . . .

¹ The Marquis of Downshire.

Let me pass to another splendid accession to our force in the noble conduct of our rising youth in the election of our university. With what tenderness and admiration must the eye dwell upon the exalted band of young men, the rosy blush of opening life glowing upon their cheeks, advancing in patriotic procession, bringing the first-fruits of unfolding virtue a sacred offering on the altar of their country, and conducted by a priest in every point worthy of the votaries and of the offering. The choice which they have made of a man of such tried public virtue and such transcendent talents as Mr. Plunket is a proof of their early proficiency in sense and virtue.

If Mr. Plunket had been sent alone as the representative of his country, and was not accompanied by the illustrious Henry Grattan, I should hesitate to say of him what the historian said of Gylippus when he was sent alone as a military reinforcement to a distressed ally who had applied for aid to Sparta: Gylippus alone (says the writer) was sent, in whom was concentrated all the energies and all the talents of his country. . . . It is only due to justice that upon this subject I add, with whatsoever regret, another word; it would not be candid if I left it possibly for you to suspect that my attestation could have been dictated by mere private attachment, instead of being measured by the most impartial judgment. Little remains for me to add to what I have already said. I said you should consider how you ought to act, I will give you my humble idea upon that point: do not exhaust the resources of your spirit by idle anger or idle disgust; forgive those that have voted against you here, they will not forgive themselves. I understand they are to be packed up in tumbrils, with layers of salt between them, and carted to the election for the county, to appear again in patriotic support of the noble projector of the glories of Walcheren.

Do not envy him the precious cargo of the raw materials of virtuous legislation; be assured all this is of use. Let me remind you before I go of that precept, equally profound and beneficent, which the meek and modest Author of our blessed religion left to the world: "And one commandment I give you, that you love one another." Be assured that of this love the true spirit can be no other than probity and honor. The great analogies of the moral

and the physical world are surprisingly coincident: you cannot glue two pieces of board together unless the joint be clean—you cannot unite two men together unless the cement be virtue, for vice can give no sanction to compact, she can form no bond of affection.

And now, my friends, I bid you adieu, with a feeling at my heart that can never leave it, and which my tongue cannot attempt the abortive effort of expressing. If my death do not prevent it we shall meet again in this place. If you feel as kindly to me as I do to you, relinquish the attestations which I know you had reserved for my departure. Our enemy has, I think, received the mortal blow, but though he reels he has not fallen, and we have seen too much, on a greater scale, of the wretchedness of anticipated triumph. Let me, therefore, retire from among you in the way that becomes me and becomes you, uncheered by a single voice, and unaccompanied by a single man. May the blessing of God preserve you in the affection of one another!

THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
 Could more than drinking my cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
 But as in wailing there's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
 In ev'ry danger my course I've run;
 Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
 His last aid lending, my cares are done;
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over—my glass runs low;
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.¹

When Saint Patrick this order established,
He called us the "Monks of the Screw;"
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot
To guide us in what we should do;
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he said, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the Convent you come,
Leave your favorite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your Convent,
Unless on a festival found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted;
While sober, be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting,
As oft as you've nothing to eat.
Yet, in honor of fasting, one lean face
Among you I'd always require;
If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
If not, let it come to the Prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.

¹ The "Order of St. Patrick," or "Monks of the Screw," was a society partly convivial, but intended also to discover and encourage the wit, humor, and intellectual power of its members. The Convent, as it was called, or place of meeting, was in St. Kevin Street, Dublin, and it was the custom for the members to assemble every Saturday evening during the law term. They had also another meeting-place near Rathfarnham, Curran's country seat, which he appropriately called The Priory, he being elected Prior. The furniture of the festive apartment in Dublin was completely monkish, and at the meetings all the members appeared in the habit of the order, a black tabinet domino. The members of the club were nearly all distinguished men, including Lord Mornington (composer of the celebrated glee "Here in Cool Grot"), the Marquis of Townshend (when Viceroy), Yelverton (afterward Lord Avonmore), Dr. O'Leary, Grattan, Flood, George Ogle, Judge Johnson, Hussey Burgh, Lord Kilwarden, and the Earl of Arran. The society lasted till 1795.

See, also, the story with this title by Charles J. Lever.

May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew,
 To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw!

SOME OF CURRAN'S WITTICISMS.

Reference has been made to the jokes and witticisms of the great orator, who would not be adequately represented without some examples of them. The following are only a very small part of the great number which are accredited to him:—

A tall and portly Irish barrister remarked to him:

“If you go on so I’ll put you in my pocket.”

“Egad! if you do, you’ll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head,” was the neat retort.

He often raised a laugh at Lord Norbury’s expense. The laws, at that period, made capital punishment so general that nearly all crimes were punishable with death by the rope. It was remarked that Lord Norbury never hesitated to condemn the convicted prisoner to the gallows. Dining in company with Curran, who was carving some corned beef, Lord Norbury inquired, “Is that hung beef, Mr. Curran?” “Not yet, my lord,” was the reply, “you have not tried it.”

One day, when out riding with Lord Norbury, they came to a gallows, and pointing to it the judge said, “Where would you be, Curran, if that scaffold had its due?” “Riding alone, my lord,” was Curran’s prompt reply.

Declaiming against the spies brought up from prisons after the rebellion of ’98, Curran finally spoke of “Those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till the heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up an informer.”

A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an iron leg. “His leg,” said Curran, “is the *softest* part about him.”

Retorting upon a speaker who had given utterance to a piece of empty self-glorification, Curran said: “The honorable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honor—I wish him joy of *his sinecure*.”

Of a learned sergeant who gave a confused explanation of some point of law, Curran remarked that "Whenever that grave counselor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw trying to open an oyster with a rolling-pin."

Asked for a definition of "Nothing," Curran said: "Nothing defines it better than a footless boot without a leg, or a bodiless shirt without neck or sleeves."

A barrister, having entered the court with his wig awry and having endured chaff from a number of persons he met, at length addressed himself to Curran, saying—

"Do *you* see anything ridiculous in this wig?"

"Nothing but *the head*," was the reply.

Curran, having made a statement in support of one of his cases, Lord Clare curtly exclaimed—

"Oh! if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law-books!"

"Better *read* them, my lord," was the sly rejoinder.

Hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, Curran promptly observed, "He'll not *change* either till he comes back."

At the assizes at Cork, Curran had once just entered upon his case, and stated the facts to the jury. He then, with his usual impressiveness and pathos, appealed to their feelings, and was concluding the whole with this sentence: "Thus, gentlemen, I trust I have made the innocence of that persecuted man as clear to you as"—at that instant the sun, which had hitherto been overclouded, shot its rays into the courthouse—"as clear to you," continued he, "as yonder sunbeam, which now bursts in upon us, and supplies me with its splendid illustration."

Curran, having quarreled with another barrister, ended by calling him out. Now Curran was a very small man, and his opponent, who was a very stout one, objected, saying: "You are so little that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas the chance is that you may shoot me at the first fire."

"To convince you that I don't wish to take any advantage," said Curran, "you shall *chalk* my size on *your* body and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

During Curran's last illness his physician observed one morning that he coughed with more difficulty.

"That is rather surprising," said he, "as I have been *practicing* all night."

Curran was at Cheltenham when his friends drew attention to a fashionable Irish gentleman who had the ugly habit of keeping his tongue exposed as he went along. On being asked what his countryman's motive could be, Curran readily hazarded the reply: "Oh! he's evidently trying to catch the English accent."

Curran's hatred of the Union is shown in his answer to a peer who got his title for supporting the Government measure.

Meeting the orator near the Parliament House on College Green, his lordship said to him—

"What do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part I hate the very sight of it."

"I do not wonder at it, my lord," said Curran; "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*."

A rich barrister who had no overplus of brains once said sententiously that "No one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property."

"And pray, sir," said Curran, "may I ask how many acres make a *wise-acre*?"

Having had a violent discussion with a schoolmaster, Curran worsted him, and the pedagogue, loth to admit his defeat, said, with an evident show of temper, that he would lose no more time, but must return to his scholars.

"Do, my dear doctor," said the witty barrister, "*but don't indorse my sins upon their backs*."

When Lundy Foot, the tobacconist, set up his coach, he asked Curran to suggest a motto for it.

"I have just hit on it," said the wit; "it is only two words, and it will explain your profession, your elevation, and contempt for the people's ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up '*Quid rides*' upon your carriage."

During a case in which Curran was concerned, and while he was addressing the jury, an ass brayed, whereupon the judge interposed—

"One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please."

Later on, when the judge was summing up, the donkey was again heard braying outside, whereupon Curran seized the opportunity of a retort, and inquired of the judge—

“Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo in the court?*”

A certain actor, known for his meanness, billeted himself during a professional visit to Dublin upon all his acquaintances in the town.

Later on in the year he encountered Curran in London, and referring to *his great expenses*, asked the wit what he supposed he had spent during his visit to the Irish capital.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” said Curran, “but probably *a fortnight.*”

A person with whom Curran was conversing, and who was very precise in his pronunciation, cried out on one of the company, who had just cut down *curiosity* into *curosimy*. “Oh,” said he in a low voice to Curran, “how that man murders the language!” “Not exactly so bad,” was the reply, “he has only knocked an *I* out of it.”

Curran once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen-eyed son of Erin, who was up as a witness in a case of dispute in the matter of a horse deal. Curran much desired to break down the credibility of his witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself—by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions—but to no avail.

The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense, and his equanimity and good nature, were not to be overturned. By-and-by Curran, in a towering wrath, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:—

“Sirrah, you are incorrigible! The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face!”

“Faith, yer honor,” said the witness, with the utmost simplicity of truth and honesty, “my face must be moity clane and shinin’, indade, if it can reflect like that.”

For once in his life the great barrister was floored by a simple witness. He could not recover from that repartee, and the case went against him.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Next day he applied for the money, but the host affected to know nothing

of the business. In this dilemma, the farmer consulted Curran. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred, and then come to me." The dupe doubted the advice; but, moved by the authority or rhetoric of the learned counsel, he at length followed it. "And now, sir," said he to Curran, "I don't see as I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I've afraid, without my witness, at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said Curran: "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer did so, and came back with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. "Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." It need not be added that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, whilst the farmer returned exultingly to thank his counsel, with both hundreds in his pocket.

JOHN D'ALTON.

(1792—1867.)

JOHN D'ALTON was born at Bessville, Westmeath, in 1792; was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and was afterward called to the bar. He had a strong literary turn, and was familiar with the Irish language. A number of his translations from the works of the old Celtic bards are preserved in Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.' In 1814 he published 'Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boroinhe'—a metrical romance in twelve cantos, in which the manners and customs of the period are poetically portrayed.

In 1835 Mr. D'Alton was appointed Commissioner of the Loan Fund Board in Dublin; he was then able to devote himself more closely than ever to the study of Irish antiquities and archæology, and the following books resulted: 'Annals of Boyle,' 'History of County Dublin,' 'King James the Second's Army List,' and 'The Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin.' For years he was a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and his essay on 'The Social and Political State of Ireland from the First to the Twelfth Century' obtained the highest prize of the Royal Irish Academy and the Cunningham gold medal. 'The History of Drogheda' next appeared, and in 1861 'The History of Dundalk,' written in conjunction with Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan, M. R. I. A.

Mr. D'Alton passed his life in Dublin, only leaving it for an occasional tour in England and Wales. He died in Dublin, Jan. 20, 1867. As poet, historian, and antiquarian, he made noteworthy additions to Irish literature.

CLARAGH'S LAMENT.

Translated from the Irish of John MacDonnell.

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed, and my thoughts are sad;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

Chorus.—My heart it danced when he was near,
My hero! my Cæsar! my Chevalier!
But while he wanders o'er the sea
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew
For the lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
The harp forgets its thrilling tone;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone.

The sun refused to lend his light,
And clouds obscured the face of day;
The tiger's whelps preyed day and night,
For the lion of the forest was far away.

The gallant, graceful, young Chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine
Like dewdrops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
Like beams on youthful Phœbus' brow,
Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Like Engus is he in his youthful days,
Or Mac Cein, whose deeds all Erin knows,
Mac Dary's chiefs, of deathless praise,
Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Like Connall the besieger, pride of his race,
Or Fergus, son of a glorious sire,
Or blameless Connor, son of courteous Nais,
The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove,
Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
Since far—far away is the youth of our love.

The name of my darling none must declare,
Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore;
But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer!
And waft the hero to my arms once more.

Chorus.—My heart—it danced when he was near,
Ah! now my woe is the young Chevalier;
'T is a pang that solace ne'er can know,
That he should be banished by a rightless foe.

WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE?

From the Irish of Turlough O'Carolan.

The Bard addresses whisky—

Why, liquor of life! do I love you so;
 When in all our encounters you lay me low?
 More stupid and senseless I every day grow,
 What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!
 Tattered and torn you've left my coat,
 I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
 Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
 If you'd cheer me again in the morning!

Whisky replies—

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
 With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
 Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
 And though thousands of cares assault you,
 You'll find tippling there—till morals mend,
 A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
 The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
 And give you a "*Kead mille faulté*."¹

The Bard resumes his address—

You're my soul and my treasure, without and within,
 My sister and cousin and all my kin;
 'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—
 But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
 My barley ricks all turn to you—
 My tillage—my plow—and my horses too—
 My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,
 I care not while you remain, love!

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,
 You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
 My forefathers all had the very same taste—
 For the genuine dew of the mountain.

Oh! Usquebaugh! I love its kiss!—
 My guardian spirit, I think it is.
 Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
 I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
 And many a time you made me mad,

¹ *Kead mille faulté*, a thousand welcomes.

But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,
 When you smile at me full on the table;
 Surely you are my wife and brother—
 My only child—my father and mother—
 My outside coat—I have no other!
 Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,
 I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—
 Brandy and Usquebaugh, and Ale!

But Claret untasted may pass us;
 To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
 So, for righteousness' sake, I leave them this,
 For Claret the gownsman's comfort is,
 When they've sayed us with matins and masses.

GEORGE DARLEY.

(1785—1846.)

GEORGE DARLEY, poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin in 1785. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1815, and was graduated in 1820. In 1822 he settled in London and in the same year produced his 'Errors of Ecstacie' (a dialogue with the moon). Then followed 'The Labors of Idleness' (prose and verse) by 'Guy Penseval,' 1826; 'Sylvia' (a fairy drama) in 1827; and 'Nepenthe' in 1839. Two dramas, 'Thomas à Becket' and 'Ethelstan,' were published in 1840 and 1841. He died in London in 1846.

A memorial volume of his poems containing several till then unprinted pieces has been published for private circulation. This comprises the chief of his poetical works. In the domain of science he wrote 'Familiar Astronomy,' first published in 1830, followed by 'Popular Algebra,' 'Geometrical Companion,' 'Geometry,' and 'Trigonometry,' which all ran through several editions.

"He was," says Mr. T. W. Rolleston, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "misanthropic, wayward, and afflicted with an exceptionally painful impediment in his speech, which drove him from society in morbid isolation." He "seems never to have met his peers in wholesome human contact, and lived alone, burying himself in the study of mathematics, of Gaelic, and what not, weaving his rich and strange fancies, apparently indifferent to public approval or criticism, which indeed the public spared him by entirely ignoring him. . . . The Celtic intoxication of sounding rhythm and glittering phrase," he continues, "was never better illustrated than by George Darley. Frequently it happens that his verse, though always preserving in some curious way the outward characteristics of fine poetry, becomes a sort of *caput mortuum*; the glow of life fades out of it. Or, again, it gives us only 'splendors that perplex' and leaves the spirit faint and bewildered. But when, as sometimes happens, spirit and sound, light and life, come together in their miraculous accord and form a living creation of spiritual ecstasy, then indeed we can yield ourselves wholly to the spell of the Celtic enchantment."

George Darley's work won cordial recognition from his brother poets of the day. Tennyson offered to pay the expenses of publishing his verse; Browning was inspired by 'Sylvia'; and Carey, the translator of Dante, thought that drama the finest poem of the day.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds. Nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youths to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's nought within,
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose.

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay for sympathy.

SONG.

From 'Ethelstan.'

O'er the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse coursers!
O'er the whale's heritage
Gloriously steering!
With beaked heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high-rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed,
Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the Norse coursers!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,
Fraught with mailed riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-reined
Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the wind's plowing-field
Come the Norse coursers!
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravin all round them!
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
Steeds of the ocean!

THE FAIRY COURT.

Song from 'Sylvia.'

Gently!—gently!—down!—down
From the starry courts on high,
Gently step adown, down
The ladder of the sky.

Sunbeam steps are strong enough
For such airy feet!—
Spirits blow your trumpets rough,
So as they be sweet!

Breathe them loud the queen descending,
Yet a lowly welcome breathe
Like so many flowerets bending
Zephyr's breezy foot beneath!

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